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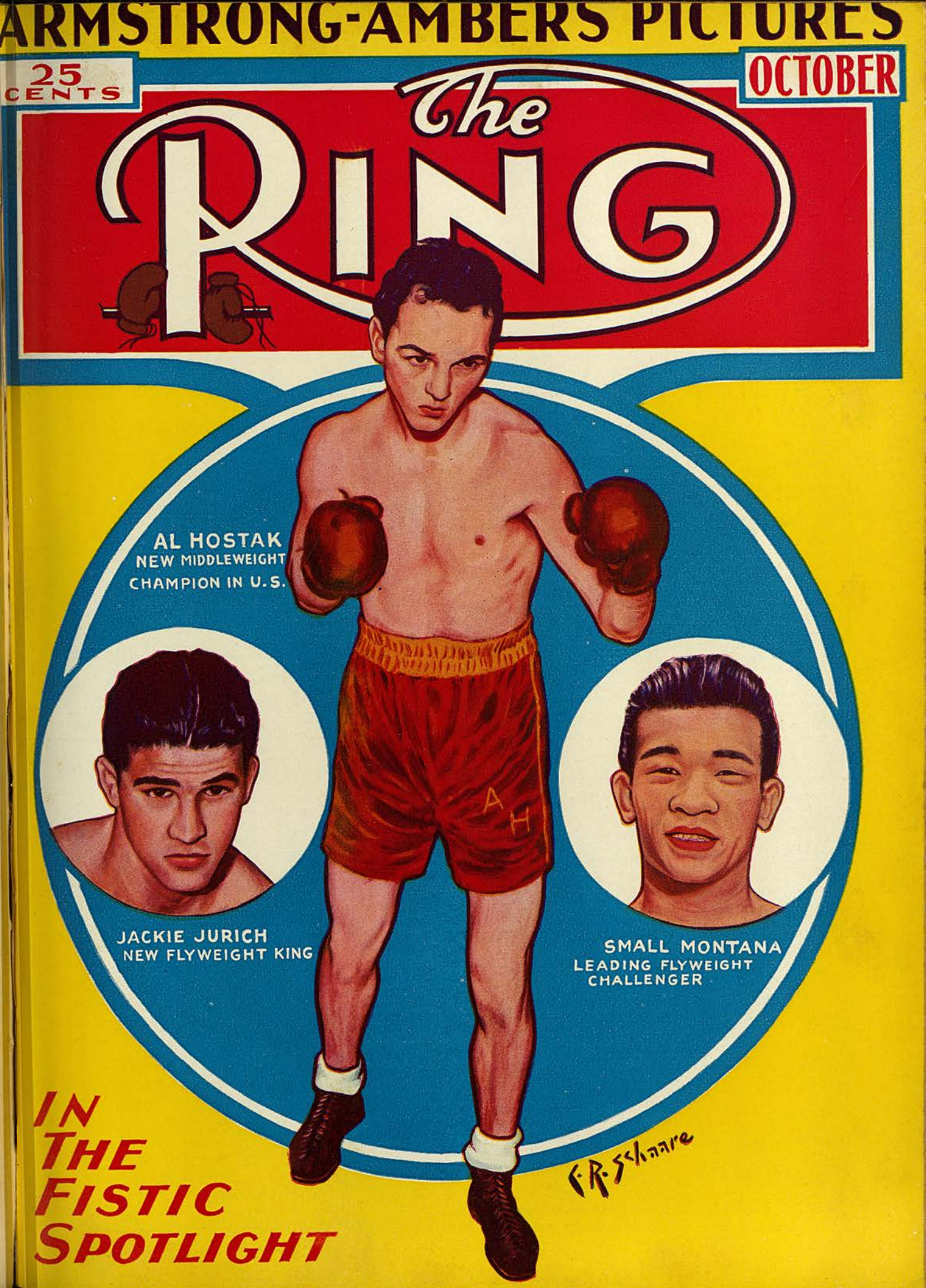

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The RING

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In Our Next Issue

The indoor season is in full swing again. Boxers in all divisions are seeking the spotlight for what appears on the horizon as one of the busiest winters the sport has had in years. What fighters and fights loom up as the headliners? You'll find that answered for you in "The Winter Season is On."

Fat Men—what place in boxing have they occupied? George T. Pardy, one of the veteran scribes of the old school, gives the stout boys a good send-off in "Fat Fighters Who Found Fistic Fame."

The Finns are on the map fistically speaking—Gunnar Barlund, former amateur king, has placed his country in an envious spot in the scramble for heavyweight honors. Barlund's rise has gained for him the No. 2 post in the challenger's list. You'll find an interesting story about him by Murray Lewin in the November issue.

In addition to special articles and stories by the world's leaders in boxing reporting, including Nat Fleischer, Daniel M. Daniel, Eddie Borden, Bill Doherty and Bob Edgren — are plenty of pictures.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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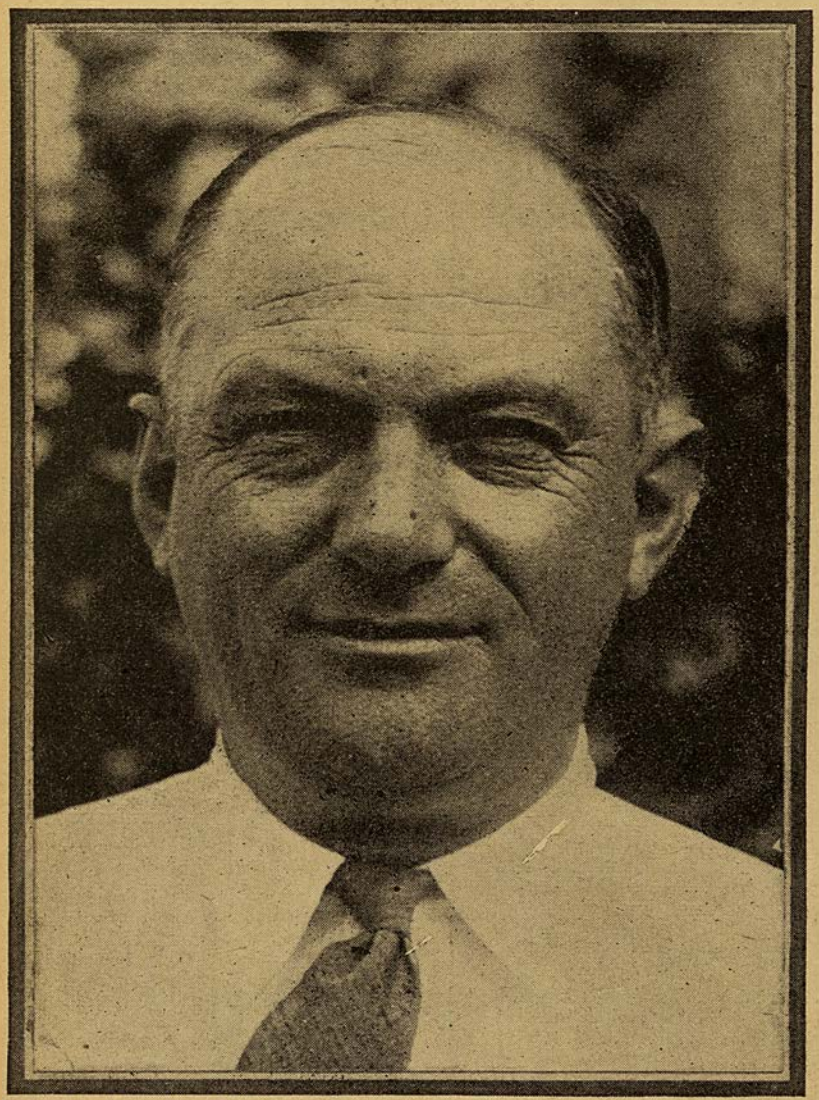
UNCLE SAM PULLS *Heavyweight Strings*



Mike Jacobs, who finds himself in a tight spot for talent to face Joe Louis.

THE boxing gloves, training paraphernalia and ring shoes of Joseph Barrow Louis, world's heavyweight champion, are in camphor. The expected fight between Louis and Max Baer has been held up. Apparently abandoned. It turns out that it had no strong footing, anyway. The Louis connections do not like the tremendous take of the government tax bureau out of every fight Joe goes into.

When talk of a Louis-Baer fight was in the air, Mike Jacobs seemed to have little respect for Tony Galento, who, he said, would be belted out by John Henry Lewis.

But when the Baer-Louis negotiations fell by the wayside, Mike turned to Galento as an anchor to the windward. Jacobs began to rig up a fight between Baer and Beer-Barrel Antonio. That, too, fell to pieces. Galento made the mistake of falling a victim to pneumonia.

This sent Mike off on a hunt for a substitute attraction and he got the idea that folks would want to see Tommy Farr and Gunnar Barlund. The latter is sitting pretty right now. He has earned his spurs and undoubtedly will be used by Jacobs in his winter elimination tourney.

So, you see, Mike's long skein of plans have been snapped by the Fates. The Galento-Lewis fight did not take place, so the winner could not meet Baer, and the winner of that could not be matched with Louis.

All of which means that Joe Louis will not fight again this year, unless he decides to take on a couple of minor opponents in New York, in the Garden before Christmas.

This is to be deplored because in the quick knockout over Schmeling, Joe proved himself a great fighter, well on the way to even more remarkable fistic stature. Joe should keep right on fighting. But there is a vital consideration. Money. Finance. This consideration has hurt many a great fighter and it behooves the Louis connection to protect Joe from its malign effects.

* * *

WHEN a fighter is trying to make his way in the world he will eat a crust of bread. He will walk miles to see a promoter. He will have that lean, determined look—the look of desperation which Jack Dempsey had when he walked into New York and asked for a chance.

When a fighter makes headway, he becomes imbued with ideas. It is very bad for a fighter to become imbued with ideas.

And when a battler becomes champion of the world, a long train of events is set in motion.

He loses that lean, hungry, desperate look. His face becomes rounded. His clothes become tailored. He buys a limousine and hires a chauffeur. He buys a house, or rents a magnificent apartment.

Of course, he has managers. They look after the take. They wrestle with divisions and subtractions, and they discuss with accountants the matter of taxes.

The time was when a champion did not have to worry much about the U. S. Government. But now—gosh! Ask the men who run Louis!

And so we discover a situation which is strange. A fighter who should be fighting is kept from fighting because his handlers feel that he would be risking his title for peanuts.

You see, the more money Louis earns in one year, the greater the percentage that he must turn over to the government. Ergo, it would seem that to avoid giving it all away, Joe must lazy around. Get heavy. Pick up weight he should not pick up. Joe is inclined to get thick around the thighs. This tendency slows up a fighter to the gait of a baseball catcher. Incidentally, Joe was a catcher himself in school in Detroit.

* * *

LOUIS is playing softball. He has recruited a team of lads from his old neighborhood in Detroit, and he tours with them. They must be good because they held one of the best softball teams in the country, in Cleveland, to a victory by a one-run margin.

However, playing softball occasionally, just to give the boys of the old neighborhood a chance to pick up some dough, and training and fighting are different propositions. Joe has picked up ten pounds since the Schmeling fight.

Louis' Decision Not to Make Too Much Money And Too Big a Tax Return Has Vital Bearing On Boxing Situation

By
DANIEL M. DANIEL

In the meantime, Jacobs is wondering what he is going to do to live up to his Garden franchise, which calls for sixteen fights a year.

He has Baer and Gunnar Barlund, admittedly an attraction, and admittedly tough for anyone but Louis. This pair would draw well and the winner would furnish a good opponent for the Brown Bomber.

He has Pastor, who got a draw with Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom in ten heats in Hollywood, but really, if reports are correct, beat the veteran and should have gotten the verdict.

Mike has Adamick, Godoy, Farr, Strickland and a lot of others who may fill up the schedule, but perhaps not fill the coffers.

The chances are that Mike will organize a tournament, a la those White Hope carnivals we had all over the country before Willard took the title from Jack Johnson.

* * *

IT is to be regretted greatly that Galento was so careless as to get that attack of pneumonia, which almost did for the Italian rolypoly.

That illness cost Tony and his mentor, Joe Jacobs, plenty. In the first place, it lost him the purse in the Lewis fight, and the chance, which many experts rated a good one, of beating the Negro light-heavy and becoming the No. 1 man for Louis in a September mill.

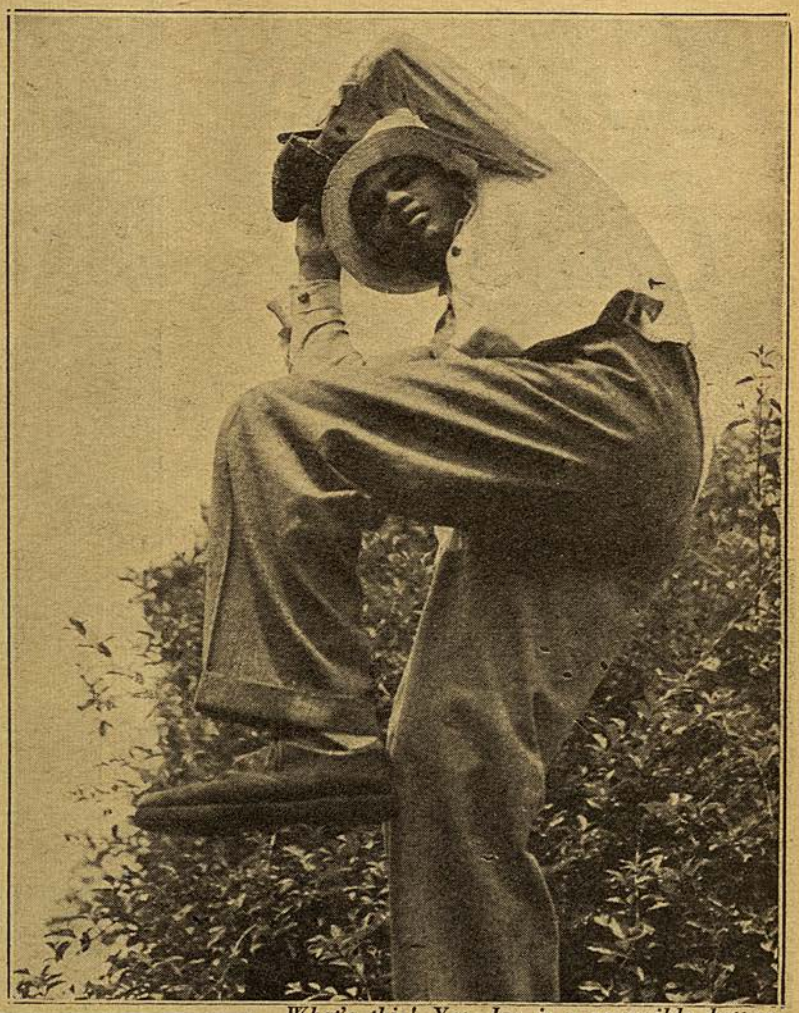
Losing that opportunity, Galento was shunted out of the picture. It is conceivable that he will recover his full strength and by Fall, once more become a colorful member of the heavyweight ensemble.

Galento leaves much to be desired in boxing skill. But there is no getting away from the power he carries in those bludgeon arms of his.

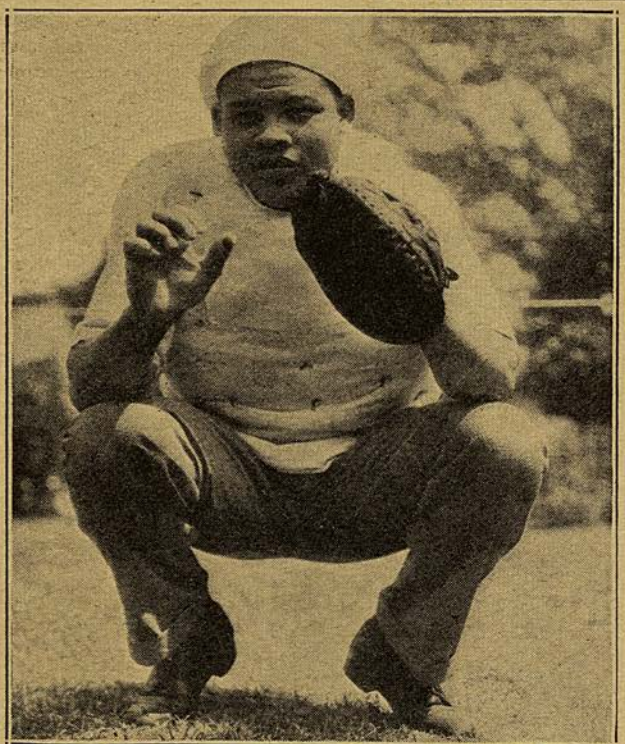
To see Tony hoist a jab is a treat. He pulls up his left leg and manipulates that left hand as if it were about to pull a cork out of a bottle. Or uncap another schoppen of brew.

He has all the grace of a baby elephant browsing in the jungle. But he has a punch — and nowadays the clients are willing to overlook this matter of cleverness and the lack of it, for the superior flair of a punch.

That is not in boxing alone. It is the situation in all of our sports. They want to see socking Budge in tennis, slugging Guldahl in golf, walloping Greenberg in baseball. The niceties may be left for some other time, when folks are more in the mood for the subtle. Right now they seek the more obvious, more trenchant, weapons.



What's this! Yes, Joe is a reversible battery. He can pitch as well as catch. He's playing ball during his boxing layoff.



Here is Joe Louis back at his old job of catching. He would have been a professional ball player if he hadn't gone into the ring.

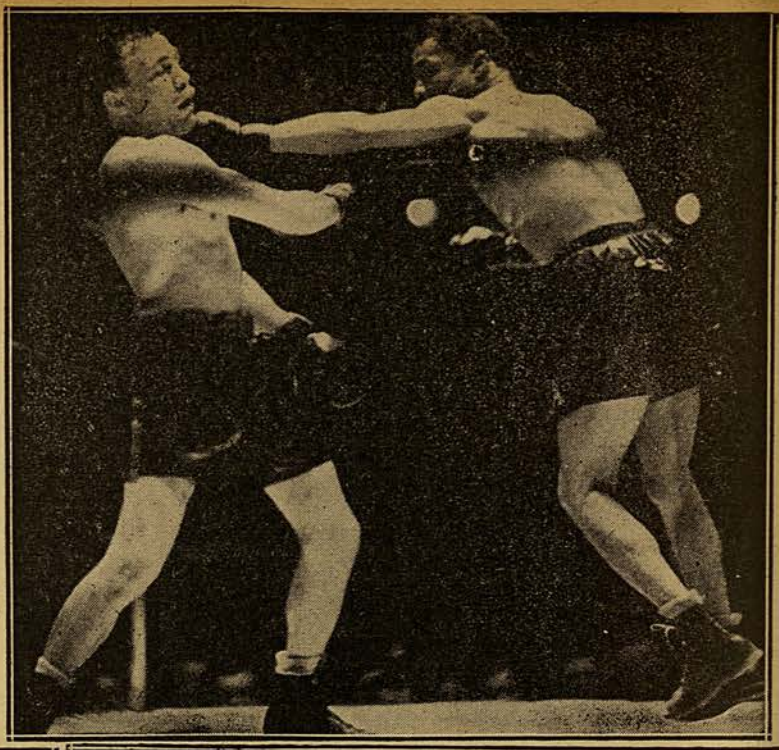
* * *

BOXING had hoped to see Louis in action again before October. But now that is all off, and we will sit back and wait for the Fates to operate again. They developed Louis when the air was loaded with pessimism. They gave us Dempsey when the outlook wasn't so good. They lifted up Tunney when the world figured Dempsey invincible.

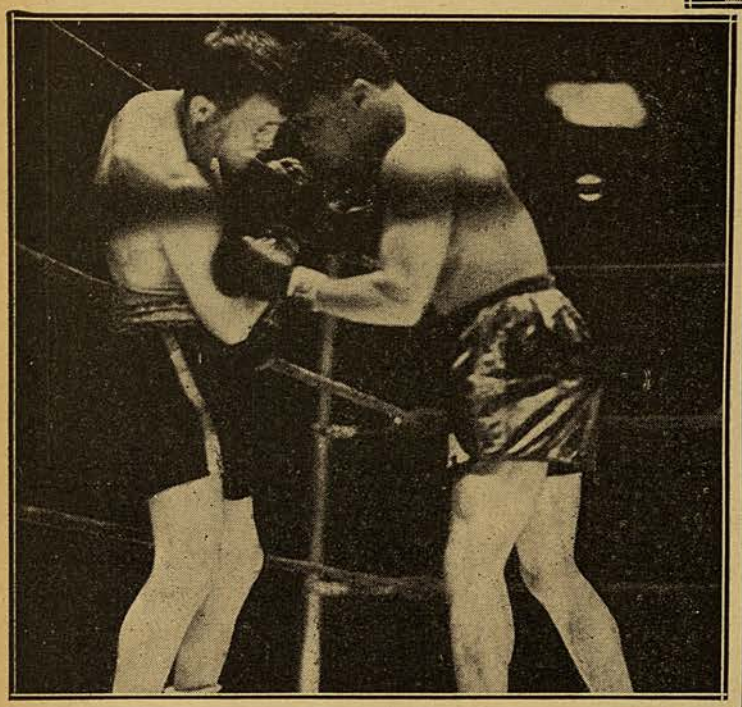
Perhaps those same Fates are very busy now picking out a youngster on a wheat farm, a lad in a machine shop, a taxi chauffeur, a lad selling neckties—to lift him up even as they lifted Louis.

So we must not grumble against the Fates. It is the inevitable. The champions get prosperous and soft, and get to thinking and worrying about taxes, and along comes some young man with ambition, and an empty stomach—and the old process, the old cycle, are repeated.

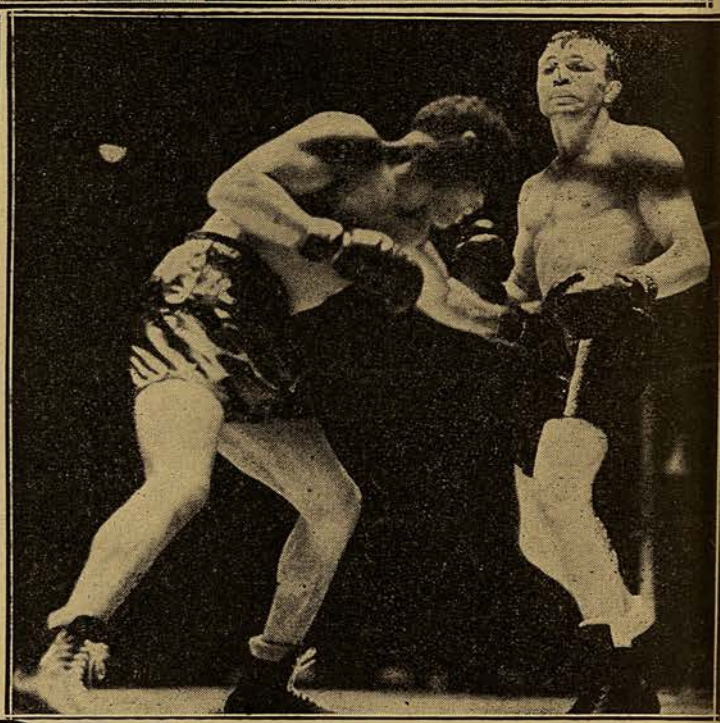
When Champs Clashed



Lou catches a long left on the chin in the third round.



Here Armstrong is seen using his most effective mode of attack as he pounds away at Ambers' body in the first round.



Poor marksmanship. Henry's left lands below the belt and provokes the boos of the crowd. This happened in the seventh round and the referee penalized him.

The smiling face of a defeated champion. Lou Ambers lost his lightweight crown, but gained the admiration of 20,000 fight fans by his courageous, fighting stand against Hurricane Henry. Few champions have passed out of the picture in the blaze of glory as did Herkimer Lou.

WHO WILL HALT HENRY?

Armstrong, first fighter to gain three world titles, comes out of Ambers fight resplendent in added prestige, winner beyond question

By NAT FLEISCHER

WHO is going to stop Henry Armstrong? The cry, "Who has a ghost of a chance with Joe Louis?" hardly had died out after the heavyweight's triumph over Max Schmeling, than Armstrong trounced Lou Ambers for the lightweight championship of the world, and attention shifted from Joe to Homicide Hank.

There is in this scrapper Armstrong, who comes in under 135 pounds, the protean quality of George Dixon. There is in this Homicidal Hank the disdain for giving away weight which was Joe Walcott's. There is in this new sensation the cleverness and skill which made the glory of Joe Gans. Who is there to quell this deadly combination?

First, Armstrong whipped Petey Sarron for the featherweight title. Then Henry astonished everybody by giving Barney Ross an unmerciful whaling and taking the welter championship from him. Finally Armstrong took Ambers into camp, thus becoming the first fighter to gain three world titles.

Ring history was written brilliantly when Armstrong carried off his third world championship within a space of ten months by gaining a fifteen-round decision over Ambers. Armstrong was forced to battle as never before. He won, despite the handicap of a deep cut in his mouth that required twelve stitches after the fight, and the loss of three rounds for being over-anxious and letting several punches land below the belt.

Ambers went into the ring with little support, the betting gentry quoting him at three to one, and even money that he would not go the route. But when the smoke of battle cleared, it was Herkimer Lou who received the plaudits of the 20,000 onlookers. Amid cheers that rent the air so that one could not hear his own voice in speaking to a neighbor, the name of Armstrong was drowned in a din as Announcer Harry Ballough proclaimed him the winner of a split decision, 2 to 1.

Then followed boos for the triple title-holder—a sad, unsportsmanlike demonstration after a glorious fight. The noisy protest that rang in Henry's ears and brought tears to his eyes as he stood baffled, was no just reward for a fighting fury who had given his best and treated the spectators to as fast a fight as has been seen in lightweight competition.

Perhaps he was booed because he was penalized three times and because of the great comeback of his opponent after he was dropped twice. Whatever the cause, Armstrong was not treated fairly. None of Henry's blows was sufficiently low to cause any damage.

* * *

A DEMON fought Ambers that night. The Human Inferno started off at a whirlwind pace and never let up until exhaustion partially halted him in the last three rounds. Even then, he continued tossing punches so that Ambers was leg and arm weary as the fourteenth round began. Yet when the final gong clanged, Ambers looked the fresher. He had taken everything Henry could deliver, had gone to the canvas two times, but was still on his feet at the end of the 15th session, with scarcely a mark on his body. How he felt within is something no one will know.

Lou gave Hank a better fight and more punishment than any boxer the Negro had met in his meteoric career. That one of the judges and the referee voted in Henry's favor and one for Ambers is an indication of the closeness of the fight, but only because of the three rounds taken from Armstrong for low hitting. My score card, counting the penalties, showed Armstrong the winner by eight rounds to six with one even.

The battle Henry fought was superb. He jammed Ambers against the ropes, where he forced him on the defensive. It was during these attacks, in which he kept up a steady bombardment, that the penalties were meted out to him.

By winning the lightweight championship, Henry not only gained his third successive crown in less than a year, but regained for the Negro race the championship which Gans, suffering from tuberculosis, dropped to another durable battler, Battling Nelson, back in 1908. So terrific was the pace and so hot the punishment meted out, that on two occasions Armstrong acted as if he were groggy from the constant motion, as he started to walk to the wrong corner when the bell sounded.

Armstrong had Lou down in the fifth round from a crushing right to the jaw. The blow crashed home just as the bell sounded. Knockdown Timer Frank Fullum counted one when Al Weill, manager of Lou, leaped into the ring and dragged the groggy victim to his corner. Again in the next round Ambers hit the canvas, this time not as badly hurt as previously, and he took a count of eight before getting to his feet. A fusillade of punches, with a final right and left to the jaw, did the trick.

Then followed a remarkable demonstration by the lightweight king. Though still under the influence of those wallops, he fended off Hank's furious attack in a bid for a knockout, and managed to remain on his feet for the duration of the round.

That was the last time Lou was dropped. He seemed to take on a new lease of life and thereafter fought back viciously at every step, exchanging blows at close range, shooting out his left to Hank's sore mouth and uppercutting time and again as they fought in close against the ropes. It was that comeback that apparently gained for the defending champion the sympathy of the crowd.

* * *

AMBERS fought a better battle than he did in his contests with Tony Canzoneri, from whom he won the crown, and Pedro Montanez, the Puerto Rican destroyer, whom he so handily whipped on the "Carnival of Champions" card. Lou was a pleasant surprise.

There would have been no question of superiority had not Armstrong lost those rounds on fouls. In all-around ability he was tops. He fought his usual battle, always on the attack. The gathering of 18,240, who paid $102,280.94 seemed to be pro-Ambers from the start. Regardless of what part of the body Armstrong hit, the customers yelled "Foul."

Armstrong bridged the gap between the featherweight title and the welterweight crown, which he held, with an exhibition that had the fans on the verge of collapse. His deadly short rights and lefts played havoc with the defending champion, who in early rounds was forced to defend himself with his back against the ropes or else keep stepping at a lively pace out of range of Hank's artillery.

At times when Henry cornered Lou, Armstrong used elbows and shoulders in the attack. That didn't go well with the crowd.

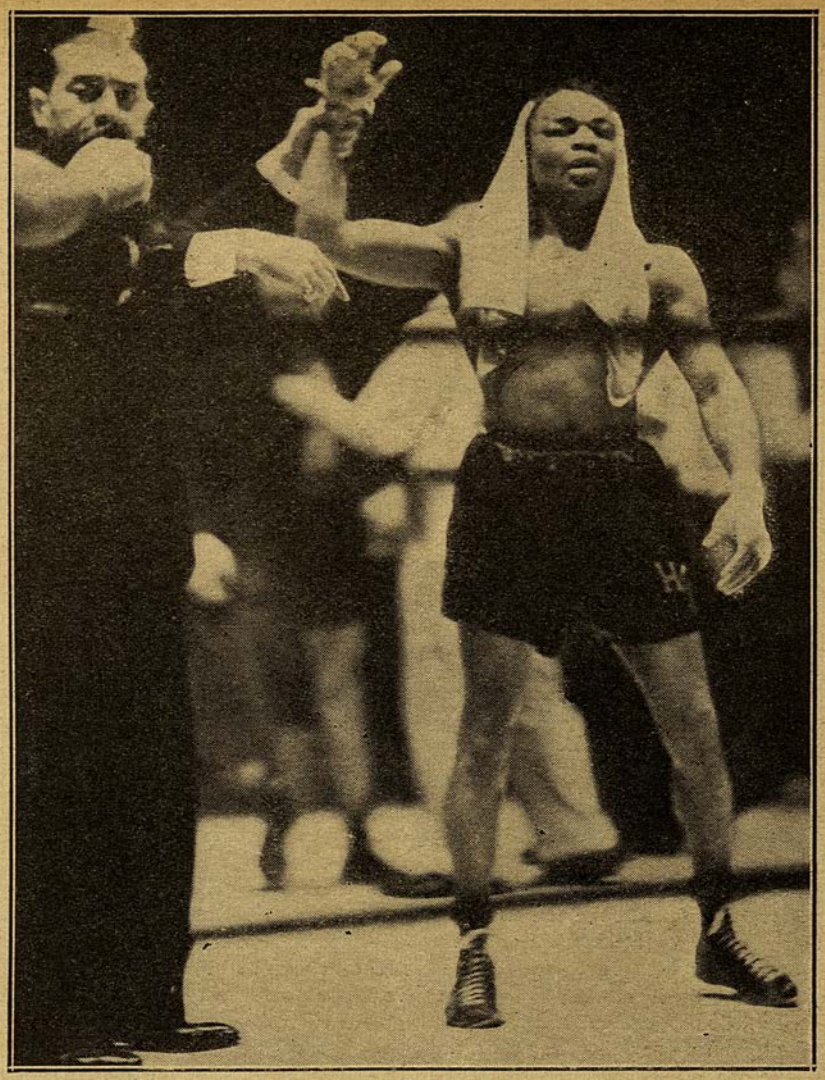
As the fight progressed, Armstrong lost the power of his punch, and his accuracy. He tossed wildly and often missed, but so did his opponent. The pressure had begun to tell on both. He was bent on gaining a victory by the knockout route, and he went pell-mell into the fray, each round being a repetition of the previous one.

THE most amazing display came in the thirteenth round, in which Herkimer Lou made his grandest stand. He came forth with a brand of attack such as he had never before exhibited, and fought Armstrong to a standstill.

He had tasted the best shots of his opponent, and after he had survived the two knockdowns, he decided that, after all, Homicidal Hank was not the murderous puncher he had been depicted and Lou decided to gamble his chances.

Ambers tore into Armstrong like a madman as the bell unleashed them, and for three minutes the crowd was on its feet, pandemonium reigning. Hats flew into the air, seats were upturned and vocal encouragement was at its height as the gathering sensed the possibility that the double champion might be knocked out.

At least it seemed that way as Lou tore into his man. Whereas Armstrong's amazing store of energy was ebbing, Ambers had gained his second wind. He received a powerful right to the chin to start the round and retaliated with two left hooks to the jaw. Then the fireworks began. There was one continuous round of snappy punching by Lou that actually had Armstrong backing away for the first time in his career. He whipped savage blows to the Negro's face and had Henry wobbly.



Announcer Harry Ballough holds aloft the mighty duke of Henry Armstrong in acknowledgement of Hank's victory over Lou Ambers.

Armstrong kept coming forward, and with each move, he was tossed back with a vicious punch, the hardest Ambers has been known to land. As Henry swayed, he received two lefts to the already battered mouth and blood spurted from a deep gash.

A two-handed attack slowed up Henry. He attempted to come in again to corner Lou, but Ambers sidestepped and crashed home a left to the body and a right to the mouth and Henry had to back away. They were fighting it out, nip and tuck fashion, when the bell sounded and so noisy was the crowd that not even the referee heard the bell and the fighting continued for fourteen seconds after the round had ended. A right to the jaw caused Armstrong's knees to buckle as his seconds reached him and pried him away from his opponent. It was Ambers' best round and the most sensational of the fight, excepting the rounds in which the knockdowns were scored.

* * *

BUT that thirteenth session took its toll from Ambers. He had shot his bolt. The sensational spurt had sapped the energy of the defending title-holder. He was practically out on his feet as he started the fourteenth round when he took a severe shellacking. Armstrong was making a desperate effort to turn the tide because of the loss of rounds as penalties for low hitting.

On several occasions Ambers essayed a rally but it was short-lived as Armstrong stepped in and waded away with both fists. Lou fought back and tried to slug with the Human Dynamite, but he did little damage and was forced to retreat.

Armstrong again proved that though he is a great fighter, he has no classic knockout punch. Had Benny Leonard, Joe Gans, George Dixon or Joe Walcott been in the ring with Ambers and accomplished what Armstrong had in those earlier rounds, Herkimer Lou never would have survived 15 rounds. Barney Ross showed that, when, dead on his feet, he lasted the route, and Ambers added to that observation.

* * *

THOUGH those who saw the Armstrong-Ambers fight hooted the decision in favor of the Negro, New York fight experts were unanimous in supporting the verdict. Here are excerpts from their stories of the contest:

Caswell Adams, *Herald-Tribune:*

"Armstrong's feat of beating Ambers for the third title in ten months is remarkable, and no matter how the 18,240 customers in Colonel John Reed Kilpatrick's steam room reacted to the verdict, the decision was correct. The judges split, with Marty Monroe giving Ambers the fight and George Le Cron handing the title to Armstrong. It was the vote of Billy Cavanaugh, referee, that switched the lease on the title to the great collector."

Will Corum, *Journal-American:*

"There were two lightweight champions of the world when Lou Ambers and Henry Armstrong had finished a furious, pop-eyed hat-throwing fifteen-round fight in Madison Square Garden last night.

"Lou Ambers was one in the hearts of almost 20,000 thrilled and screaming spectators; Armstrong the other by virtue of winning the toughest fight of his long and tough career.

"And Armstrong won it. The decision of the officials, though unpopular, was wholly fair. Fairness frequently is unpopular, especially where sentiment is involved."

James P. Dawson, *The Times:*

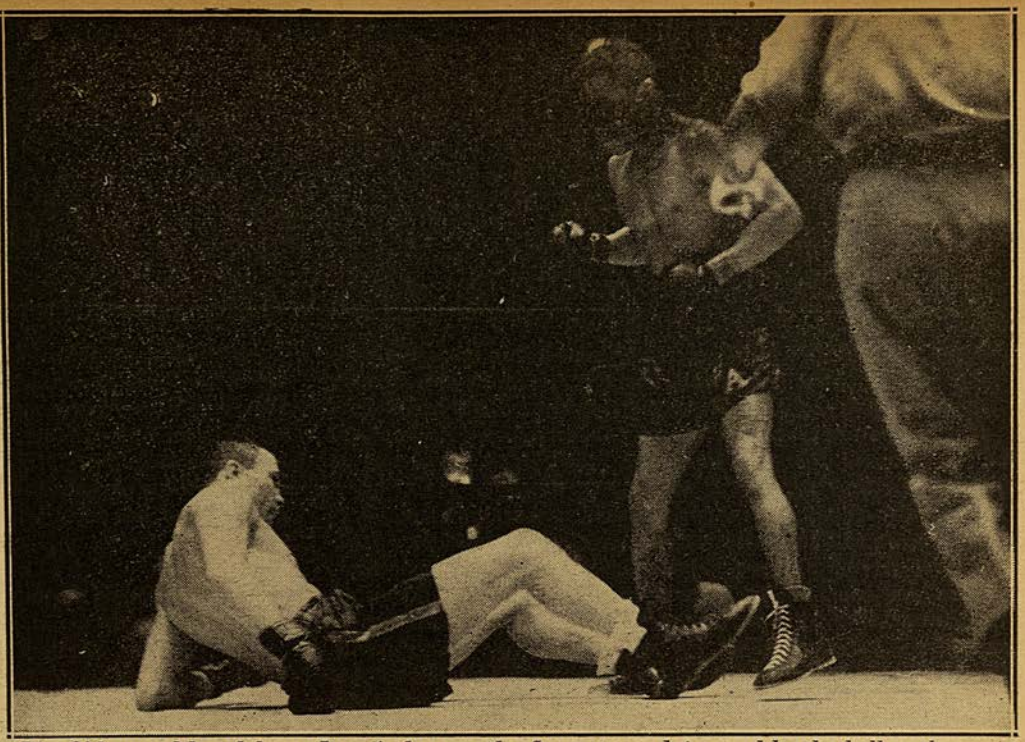
"Entering the ring with the signal distinction of being the world featherweight and welterweight champion, Armstrong annexed the world lightweight title when he battered his way to a divided, disputed decision over Ambers after doing everything but knock out the defending champion.

"Homicidal Henry or Hammering Henry, whichever you will, because he is a combination of both, won a 2-to-1 verdict from the bout officials. He left the ring with the derisive shouts of noisy protests ringing in his ears, victim of a sad demonstration after a glorious bout.

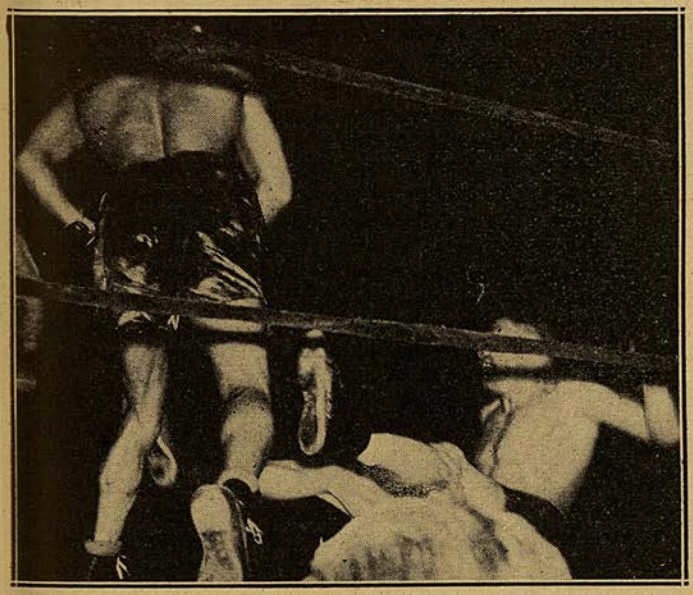
"Why the ballot slips on the decision should have been divided is a mystery. Henry won ten of the fifteen rounds, and three of the five he lost he dropped through accidental fouls."

Al Buck, *The Post:* "Bill Brown, the lone private among the brass hats on the State Athletic Commission, said that from where he sat it looked like a draw. If it were not for the knockdowns I would, strange though it may seem, have to agree with Willie."

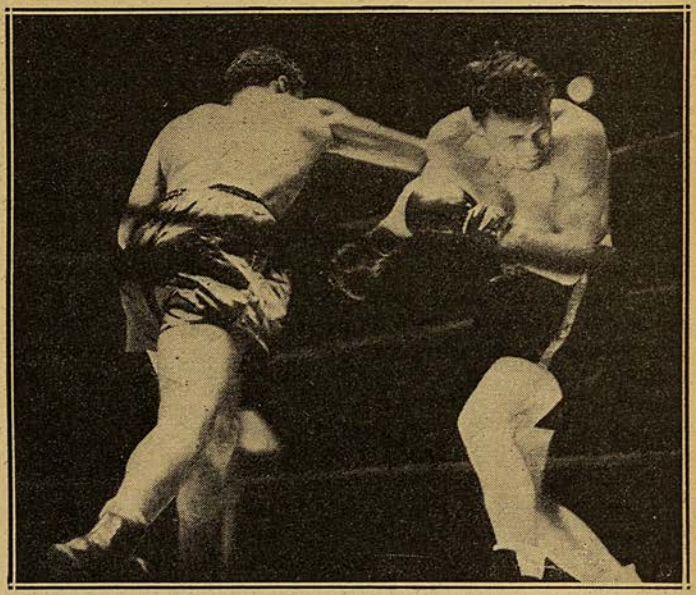
Crowned Triple Champ



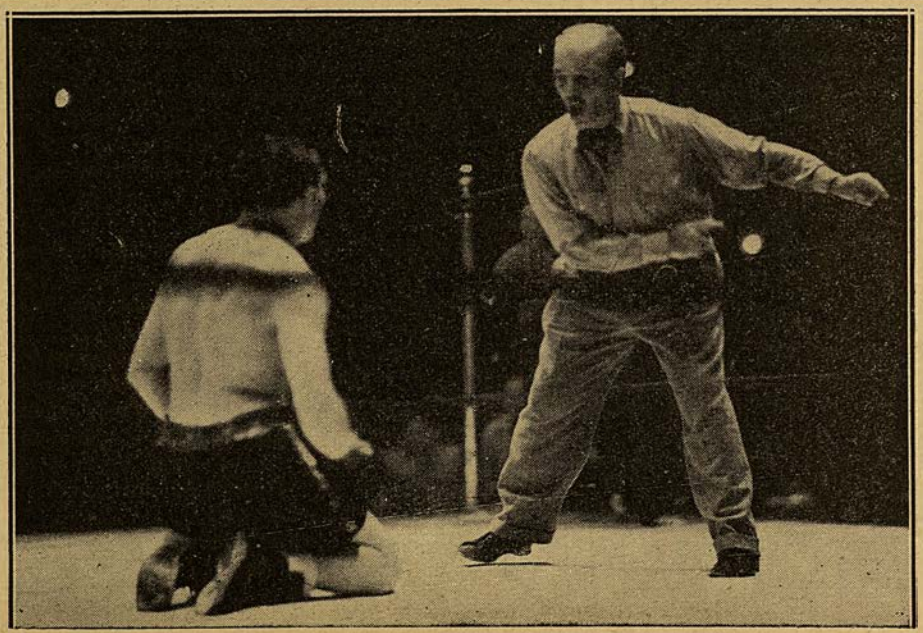
The fifth round knockdown. Lou Ambers on the floor, stunned, is saved by the bell as the count gets under way. Referee Cavanaugh orders Armstrong to a neutral corner.



Ambers goes bouncing to the canvas for a count of eight in the sixth round



Ambers cringes as he catches a belt on the chin from "Homicide Hank" in the fourteenth round.



Ambers assumes a prayerful pose as he lands on the canvas in the sixth round and takes a count of eight.

JOE LOUIS COMPARED *to* TITANS *of the* PAST

By TED CARROLL

JOE LOUIS' smashing triumph over his erstwhile conqueror, Max Schmeling, has placed the Brown Bomber in a class by himself, at the moment, so far as his contemporary rivals are concerned. None of the great champions of the past dominated his field as completely as Detroit's Dark Angel does at the present time.

Sullivan's claims to complete world supremacy have been clouded down to this day by the shadow of the great Peter Jackson. Corbett and Fitz were never lacking strenuous opposition. Jeffries was menaced by Johnson even before Jeff relinquished the crown. Lil' Artha was never "at home" to the challenges of squat Sam Langford. Dempsey was plagued by Harry Wills. Tunney chose Heeney and left Sharkey in the cold, and so it has been with all the others. Louis and Louis alone has swept the field as clear of serious opposition as the polar region is of palm trees.

With the Detroiter towering over his present day rivals like a Colossus, boxing fans and critics have turned to the past and its heroes for the inevitable comparisons between the mighty men of days gone by and the great contemporary fighter. Of course such titanic struggles as Louis-Dempsey, Louis-Langford or Louis-Corbett can exist only in the realm of make-believe, but doping the probable outcome of such "dream battles" makes an absorbing topic for sport followers.

The opinions and ideas of those whose lives have been spent among fighting men are always interesting, even if they can never be brought to trial and tested. The younger generation of boxing bugs, long subjected to a never-ending recital of the legendary prowess of yesterday's heroes, must of necessity believe only what they see, and in the current heavyweight champion they see a man of great pugilistic talent, who, they are beginning to believe, would have been more than a match for any of the time-tinted titans of years gone by.

* * *

WHILE conceding Louis his just due, the old guard of pugilism in the main cling to their vanished idols and refuse to concede Louis' superiority to the old-time champions. Typical of this trend toward the former champions among the veterans of the ring game, is this opinion of Patsy Haley, a ranking featherweight star of 40 years ago, boxing official, judge and referee for the past three decades.

Mr. Haley doesn't believe that the Bomber could have beaten Corbett, Johnson, Langford, Jeffries, Dempsey or Tunney. "Corbett undoubtedly was the cleverest boxer that ever lived," declares Haley. "Johnson was right behind him as a defensive boxer and either would have been too skillful for Louis.

"Jeffries would have been too big. His peculiar crouch and awkward style made him almost impossible to hit with a right. Dempsey, who was always ripping and tearing, wouldn't have given Joe a chance to get set.

"Sam Langford was a better puncher than Louis, and a wonderful judge of pace and distance. Fitz was the hardest puncher of them all. I don't think Louis would have had any too much trouble with McVea, Jeannette or Wills, but I think Gene Tunney would have beaten him on all around ability.

"Tunney had the best right-hand punch for the heart of any heavyweight that ever lived. A blow to the heart is one of the best in boxing. It doesn't look spectacular but as the fight progresses, it proves of great value. It finally gets you in such a condition that you cannot lift your left very high. Tunney also was a fighter who was always in perfect condition," concluded Mr. Haley.

Although most of the old-timers' ideas on the subject run along the same lines as Haley's, there are deviations in their ranks here and there. Such an opinion is that of the respected and highly intelligent Jimmy Bronson, boxing student of long and honorable standing. "I think Louis would have been too much of a hitter for almost all of them with the exception of Tunney," averred the one-time pride of Joplin, Mo.

* * *

"IT'S my honest belief that Louis would have knocked out even the rugged Jeffries, broken the wide-open Tom Sharkey in two, and knocked out Jeannette, Wills or McVea," continued Bronson, carefully adjusting his bow tie. "A fight between Louis and Johnson would have been worth going miles to see. Johnson was a marvelous boxer but after all is said and done, he was not a puncher. He really never did any damage until the other fellow was pretty far gone. I won't commit myself so far as Langford is concerned. You know he was a really great fighter, but I give Louis an even chance with him. Fitz, who was a puncher, too, would have made a great fight of it, but I think Louis would have won."

"You know," philosophized the suave Mr. Bronson, "the past and all that belongs to it always looks more rosy to the veterans in this business or any other. When I was a youngster, the older people always claimed the firecrackers they used to shoot off on the Fourth of July were much louder than ours, and that goes for everything. Louis is too much the hitter for any of them but Tunney. Tunney would have tied him into knots. He was too smart. Tunney quit at his peak. Had he gone on, I don't think any fighter would rate with Gene," concluded the gentlemanly Jim, who was in Tunney's corner in both the Dempsey fights.

* * *

AT this point a familiar figure hove into view. Lou Raymond, long an exile from his native New York. He edged into the proceedings with a boost for Harry Wills.

"When Wills was young, he was a master boxer and a great ring general," began the canny Lou, who started the cigar vogue among boxing men, as he shifted his perennial stogie from one side of his mouth to the other. "In his prime, Wills and Louis would have been an even thing. Louis would have beaten Dempsey because Louis is a puncher, and Jack always had his hands full with a puncher. Remember Firpo? That's because Dempsey was very easy to hit," and with these few words, Lou moved off to renew some old acquaintances of his days in the old Pioneer Sporting Club when he was New York's most successful small club matchmaker.

* * *

WHEN interviewed on this subject, talkative Dumb Dan Morgan, who managed many world's champions in his day, took time out from mopping his perspiring pate, while letting lose a conversational torrent.

"Well," began Daniel, "Dempsey was easy to hit with a jab. I believe that if Louis kept stepping around and jabbing, he would have beaten him. Louis couldn't afford to stand still because Dempsey's weave would have puzzled him, and Dempsey always threw punches while he weaved. If Louis could have held him off, he would have won, but Louis would have had to keep stepping around."

The veteran Morgan didn't think much of Bronson's stand on Tunney. "Tunney backed up too much, and he couldn't hit hard enough to beat a puncher like Louis. I give him no chance against Louis if they had ever met."

Warming up to his subject, Mr. Morgan went on, "a fight between Johnson and Louis is hard to figure because Johnson wouldn't lead. I think a fight between them would have gone the distance.

"Sam Langford was a scientific knockout artist who knew his boxing. He was hard to hurt and could knock a man out with a three-inch punch. He would have been too much for Louis.

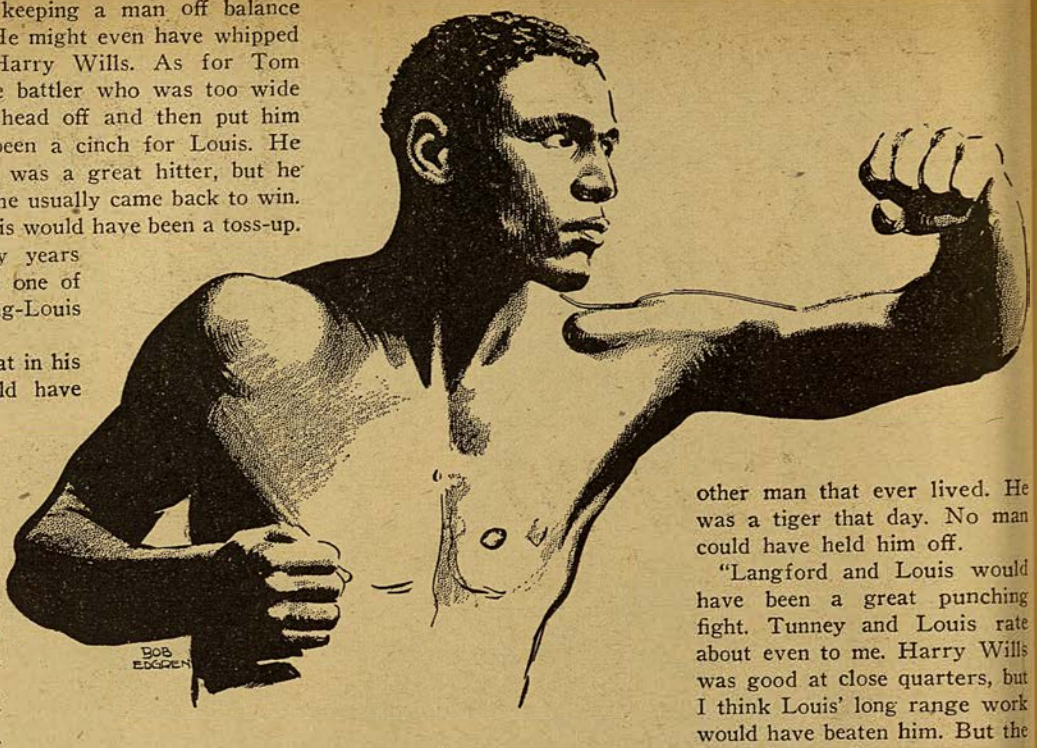
"Jeffries would have taken Louis' best blows, worn him down and would have beaten him. Jeff was a human battering ram. Joe Jeannette would have been plenty tough for Louis. Jeannette

knew his boxing, was a master at keeping a man off balance and had great recuperative powers. He might even have whipped Louis. Louis would have beaten Harry Wills. As for Tom Sharkey, he was just a rough-house battler who was too wide open. Louis would have jabbed his head off and then put him out. Tunney, I think, would have been a cinch for Louis. He lacked the punch. Bob Fitzsimmons was a great hitter, but he was on the floor plenty even though he usually came back to win. I think a match between Fitz and Louis would have been a toss-up.

Eddie Forbes, a veteran of fifty years association with the fight game and one of the judges in the recent Schmeling-Louis affair, was asked for an opinion.

Forbes didn't hesitate in stating that in his opinion the present champion would have beaten all the former title-holders with the exception of Gene Tunney.

"Louis is too much of a sharpshooter for any of them," he declared. "Dempsey was a hard puncher but he never seemed to know or care where his punches were going to land. On the other hand, every punch Louis starts, reaches its destination as accurate as the Twentieth Century Limited hits New York. Louis is bigger, faster and a better boxer in my opinion than Sam Langford. I never thought Corbett could take a real hard punch. Fitz needed plenty of time to work his shift. Jeff would have been an open target for Louis. Willard wouldn't even have given him a good workout. Tunney, a great boxer and a much better puncher than he was ever given credit for being, is the only man I think who would have beaten Joe."



Coming from a time tested member of the old guard like Eddie Forbes who has seen or officiated at all the great prize fights of the last 40 years, these opinions were most surprising, so I determined to find out just how many others of the old guard felt the same way.

* * *

JOE WOODMAN, manager of Sam Langford for 19 years of the Boston man's career, and a real veteran of the boxing business, had ideas along different lines regarding Louis and the old champs.

"Johnson would have been too clever for him, Dempsey's weave would have befuddled Louis completely, and Jack would have won easily. Jeff could take it till the cows come home, and come back to win. He proved this against Jim Corbett, whom he knocked out after losing the first twenty rounds. I believe he'd have beaten Louis.

"Corbett, a marvelous boxer, would have fought Louis like Farr did but much more scientifically, and I believe he would have won. Fitz, a great puncher, was an old man when he reached America, but I also favor him over Louis.

"Australia also produced a great fighter of whom little is heard now, who would have given Louis plenty of trouble, Jem Hall. Only a light-heavy, he was a great puncher and a fine boxer. Sam M'Vea was a fine boxer but I don't believe he could have taken Louis' blows. Jeannette could take plenty and would have made a great go with Louis, with Joe the winner, in my opinion."

Finding these conflicting ideas and opinions most interesting and at the same time feeling that the younger generation of readers of The Ring might garner as much knowledge of the former ring kings as I was from boxing's old line managers and critics, I decided to carry my queries along to others. That night in Madison Square Garden, I buttonholed the former world featherweight champion, Johnny Dundee, for his pronouncements on the topic of Louis vs. the old-timers. The wary Johnny at first declined to commit himself but after a bit of urging made this statement:

"The Dempsey of Toledo would have beaten Louis or any other man that ever lived. He was a tiger that day. No man could have held him off.

"Langford and Louis would have been a great punching fight. Tunney and Louis rate about even to me. Harry Wills was good at close quarters, but I think Louis' long range work would have beaten him. But the Dempsey I saw beat Willard, he was the tops."

* * *

SPYING the Australian promoter, Charley Lucas, sitting quietly enjoying the fights, I disturbed his complacency with a few questions on the subject. Mr. Lucas, whose trips from far-off Sydney to New York have been as frequent as Schmeling's trans-Atlantic crossings, proved to be the staunchest supporter of the old-time warriors. The quiet man from Down Under doesn't believe that Louis possesses sufficient gray matter to have beaten any of the old top-notchers.

"I don't think that even Ketchel, a middleweight, would have had too much trouble with Louis. Old Sam M'Vea would have been too smart for him. While I admire Louis a great deal for his personal qualities, I don't think he belongs in the same class with Fitz, Langford, Johnson, Dempsey or Tunney. Can you imagine Tommy Farr making trouble for any of those men?"

* * *

AT Charley Doessereck's Pioneer Gymnasium I located the ancient Welshman, Dia Dollings, old-time professional distance runner and boxer of fifty years ago, who has been conditioning fighters and athletes both here and abroad for half a century. The seventy-five-year-old Welshman was emphatic in his statements. Here is what he thought:

"Langford would have knocked Louis out, and with a left hook. Louis would have beaten Peter Jackson. Louis is a better puncher, just as good a boxer, and takes it better.

"Fitz would have put Louis away. He was a better fighter. Charley Mitchell was too small to trouble a man like Louis," finished the aged Dia in his strange Welsh accent.

* * *

SEEKING another septuagenarian who had seen Peter Jackson in action, I uncovered Izzy the Painter Faber, who, until suffering a leg injury a few years back, was one of the most active of boxing trainers.

"I saw Jackson in several exhibitions," began the venerable Painter, "and my recollection of him is that he was a great boxer who would have dazzled Louis and outstabbed him. Langford would have beaten Louis, but Joe would have beaten Dempsey."

Interrupting a conversation between Clarence Gillespie and young Tex Sullivan, Joe Gould's popular aide-de-camp, I put the inevitable query to Gillespie,

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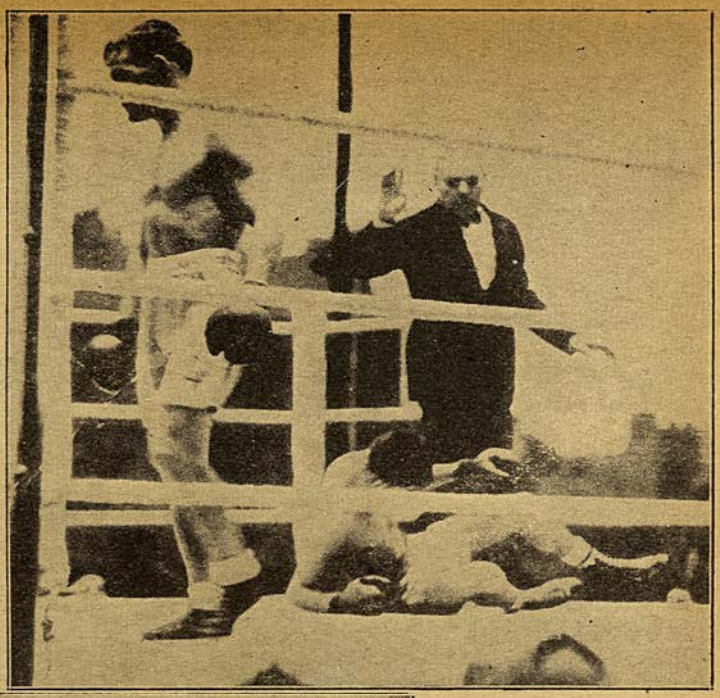
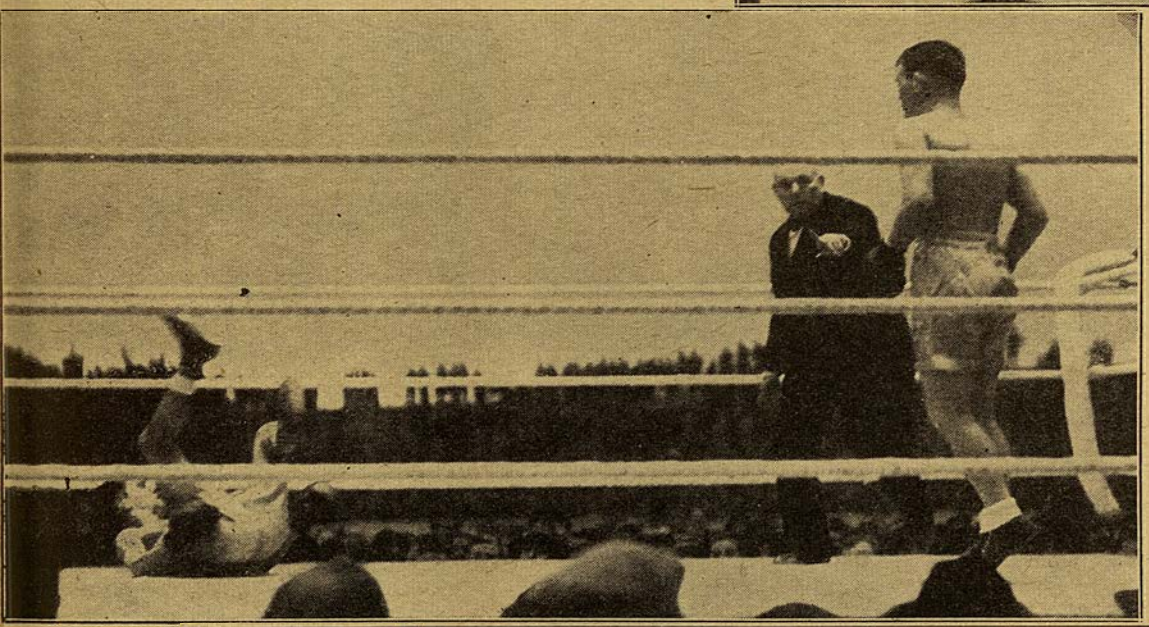
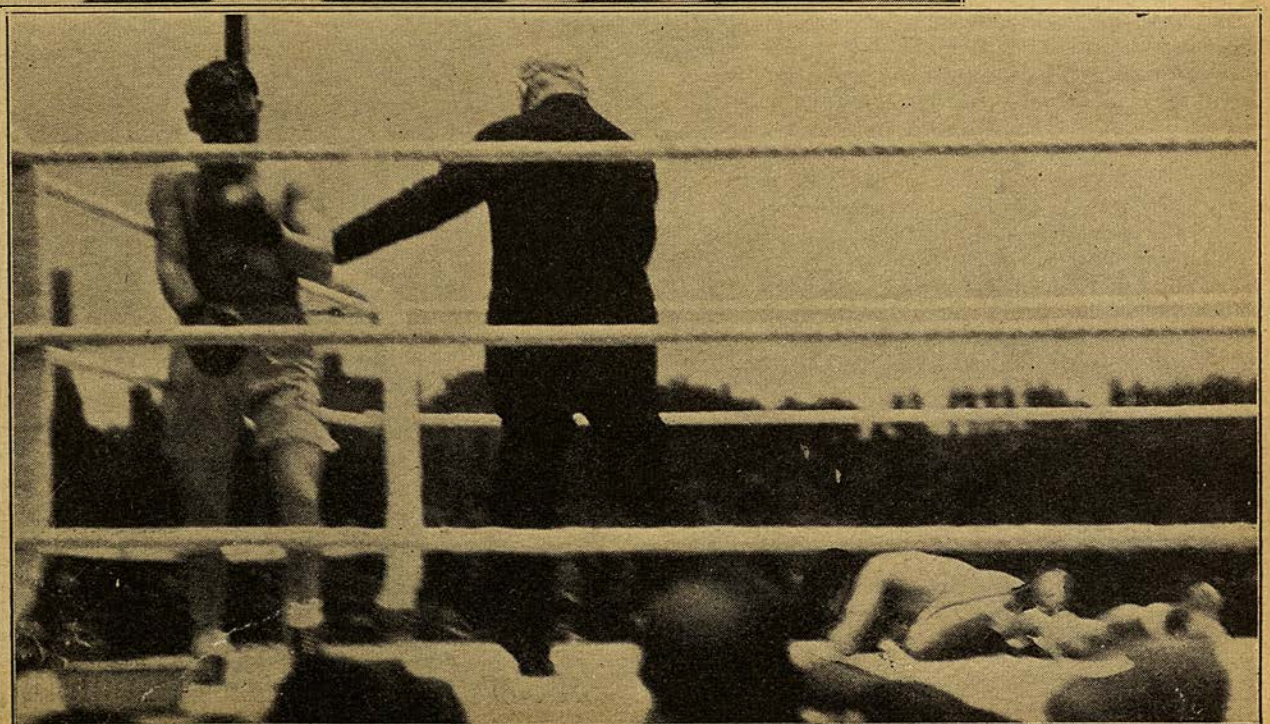
Crown Lost. Scores Kayo





This shows Jurich down for the sixth and last time. He had been floored once in the first round for a count of nine; twice in the seventh for counts of eight; twice in the eighth and again in the twelfth, when the fight was ended. Lynch had eight pounds on the American, who scaled 110½ to 118½ for the victor.

Jackie Jurich is tossed on his back by Benny Lynch in the seventh round of the fight in which the Glasgow boy was deprived of his flyweight title by his failure to make weight for Jackie.



This photo shows Jurich as he rolled over on his face after the knockout punch had been delivered. Note how Lynch is balanced on his toes, ready for action, but the referee waves him aside.

A Fighting Demon

Al Hostak, Newly Crowned Middleweight King in U. S., Receives the "O. K." of Boxing Critics

By J. C. GRANT

A ROARING, two-fisted express—that is what Jack Dempsey, referee of the recent Al Hostak-Freddie Steele fight in Seattle, Washington, calls the new American middleweight king.

"He is the fastest middleweight I have ever seen. They can talk about Stanley Ketchel, Mickey Walker and Harry Greb, but I assure you that in young Al Hostak, the fighting game has as hard a puncher and as accurate a hitter as the division has had—at least in my time."

Such a compliment, coming from the lips of the former heavyweight king, is a splendid tribute to the fighting qualities of the twenty-two-year-old Slav, who knocked Freddie Steele kicking in 1:43 of the first round on July 26. Despite the fact that the New York Boxing Commission didn't waste any time in belittling the great feat by refusing to recognize Hostak as the new king of his division, the world at large has paid him homage.

Strong as the proverbial bull, carrying big, wide shoulders and a deep chest, his body resting on slender but well built legs, Hostak presents the appearance of the ideal boxer. But in the Northwest the natives have been singing the praises of this lad for upwards of two years, but as is usually the case, Hostak's prowess was ignored in the East where he has not yet displayed his wares.

It required a sensational victory, the knockout of a champion in jig time, to get the skeptics in line. Only the New York Boxing Commission could not be convinced of Hostak's ability, but that was to be expected since Al had fought in a State other than New York—a grave offense.

* * *

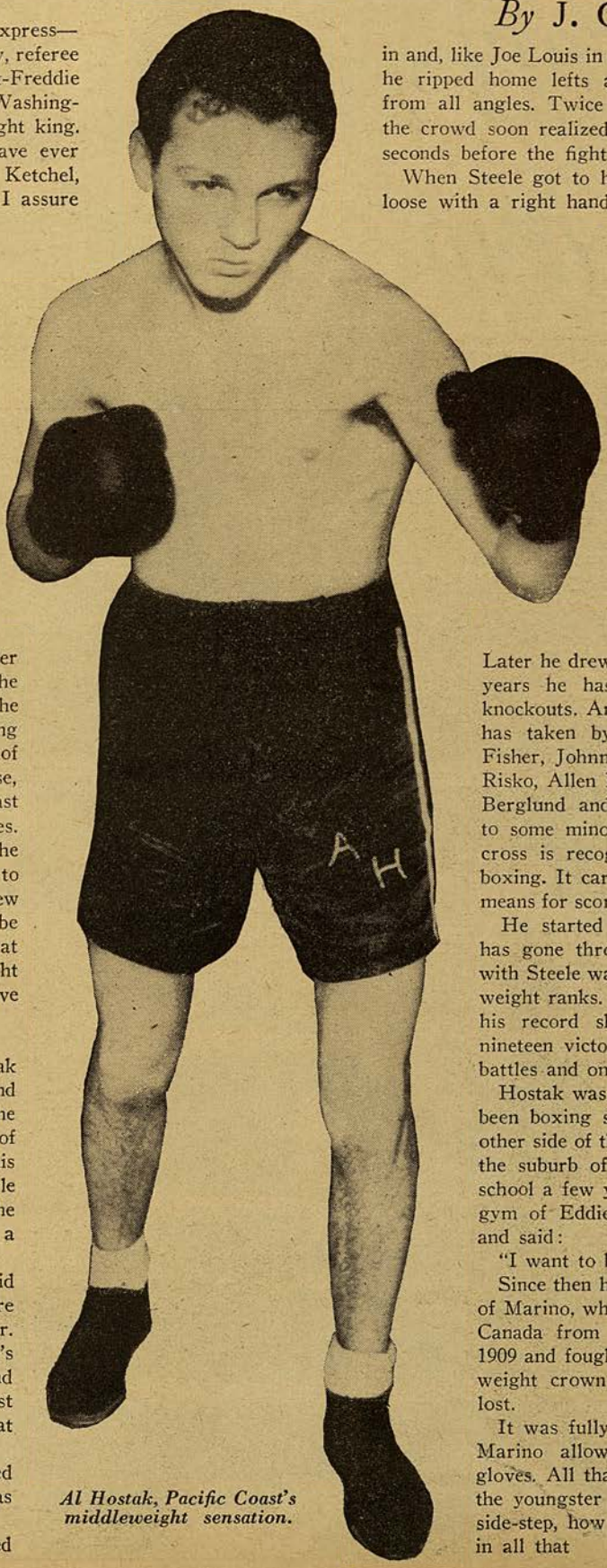
IN the fight with Steele, Hostak wielded a murderous left hand that did as much damage to the middleweight king as did the left hand of Louis to Max Schmeling. In scoring his one-round knockout after flooring Steele four times, Hostak gained a niche in the fistic hall of fame for quick kayoes in a championship fight.

Thirty thousand fight fans, who paid close to $90,000 to view the contest, were thrilled by the performance of the victor. Al spotted an opening through Steele's guard, let fly with a left to the jaw, and down went Steele in a heap. He was just as bewildered as was the gathering that had made him a favorite.

Instead of taking the count, he leaped to his feet groggy and weaving. He was an easy mark thereafter.

Hostak, quick to scent victory, leaped in and, like Joe Louis in his fight with Max Schmeling, he ripped home lefts and rights, throwing punches from all angles. Twice more Steele went down and the crowd soon realized that it was just a matter of seconds before the fight would be over.

When Steele got to his feet the third time, Al cut loose with a right hand crash to the jaw that ended the fight. Referee Dempsey tolled the fatal ten, and it was all over. A new champion in the middleweight ranks had been crowned—a world king or an American title-holder, whichever way one viewed it.



Al Hostak, Pacific Coast's middleweight sensation.

* * *

HOSTAK'S record is an enviable one. In the past six years, he has scored sixty-one ring victories and has registered only one defeat, that to Jimmy Best of Tacoma when a welterweight. Later he drew with Jimmy. In the past two years he has scored sixteen consecutive knockouts. Among those whose measure he has taken by the kayo route are Tony Fisher, Johnny Sykes, Young Terry, Babe Risko, Allen Mathews, Bob Turner, Swede Berglund and Freddie Steele, in addition to some minor fistic characters. His right cross is recognized as one of the best in boxing. It carries T.N.T. and has been the means for scoring most of his knockouts.

He started out as a featherweight and has gone through the divisions. His fight with Steele was his twentieth in the middleweight ranks. Since starting his pro career, his record shows thirty-eight knockouts, nineteen victories by decisions, three draw battles and one loss.

Hostak was born in Minneapolis. He has been boxing six years. He hails from the other side of the railroad tracks in Seattle—the suburb of Georgetown. One day after school a few years ago, he walked into the gym of Eddie Marino's boxing emporium and said:

"I want to be a fighter."

Since then he has been under the tutelage of Marino, who won the lightweight title of Canada from Billy Lauder of Calgary in 1909 and fought Abe Attell for the featherweight crown at Sand Point, Idaho—and lost.

It was fully six or seven months before Marino allowed Hostak to put on the gloves. All that time was spent in teaching the youngster how to use his feet, how to side-step, how to punch straight. Not once in all that

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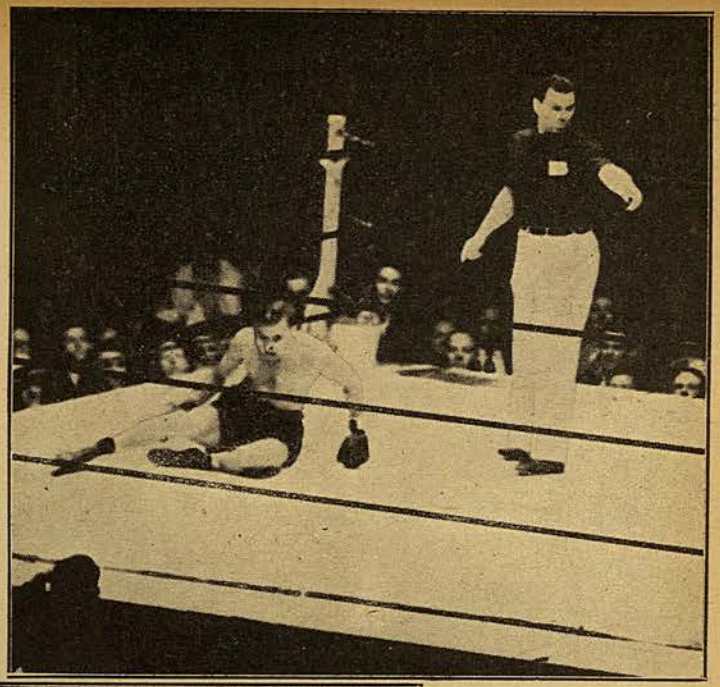
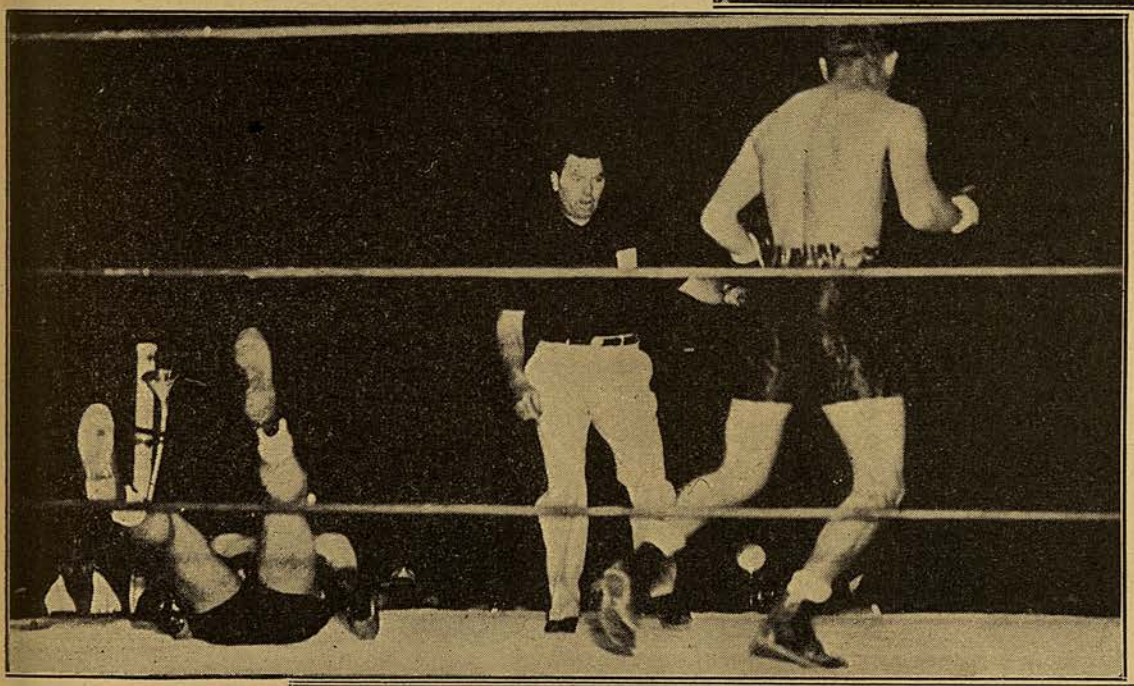
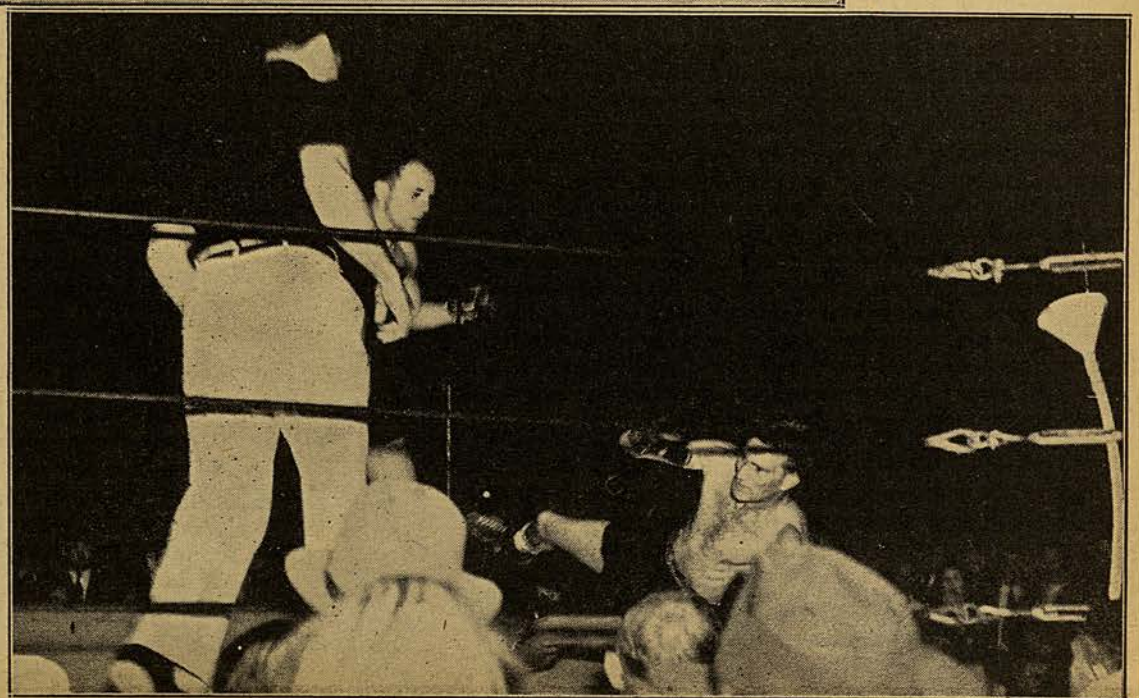
When Hostak Kayoed Steele





This shows Steele down for the first time. A left to the jaw sent him down. He was groggy and didn't know what to do.

Here Steele is shown in an awkward position as he lands on his back with feet raised, following a vicious right to the chin. Dempsey, all tensed, sends Hostak to a neutral corner.



The third time Steele went down, he was dazed, his glassy-eyed stare indicating the end of a perfect day for Hostak. A clout to the jaw turned the trick again for this down. Following that knockdown, Freddie went down once more from a right before Referee Dempsey ended hostilities.

RODAK *on* HANK'S TRAIL

Young Chicago Featherweight Seeks Title Bout

By MEYER ACKERMAN

EVER hear of Nate Lewis? His name may not mean much to the young followers of pugilism of today, but to the veterans of boxing, his name recalls some of the greatest fighters of the last thirty-five years. Lewis, in his day, has piloted probably more fighters of championship calibre than any other man now in the spotlight, every division being represented. Today he has in tow a featherweight who for many months has been rated by THE RING as No. 2 challenger, just below the leading man, Freddie Miller, and if Nate's guess is correct, he has in this lad, Leo Rodak, the successor to Henry Armstrong, the champion.

"I won't miss this time," said Lewis in discussing Rodak's chances, "because I know that Leo won't let me down. He's the best featherweight in the world today and I've seen them come and go since George Dixon was starting his great fighting career. My boy has never been beaten at the featherweight limit, though he has been beaten by several lightweights. As a featherweight, I think he's tops." Unfortunately, after Lewis had made the above statement, his boy went to Pittsburgh to engage in a return bout with Sammy Angott, whom he had beaten in ten rounds a fortnight before, and this time Angott dropped Rodak four times to stop him in the first round, the referee intervening. They each scaled 130 pounds.

Lewis has had many stars in the field of pugilism, but Dame Fortune has not been kind to him so far as champions are concerned.

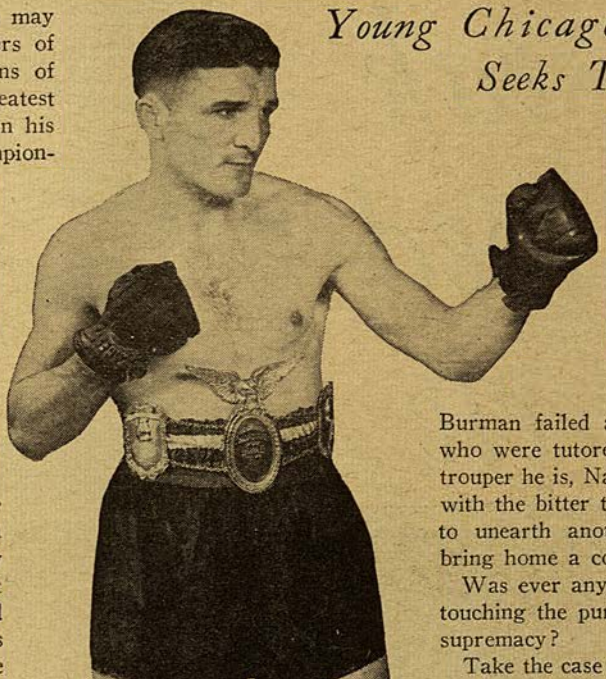
* * *

LET'S turn the clock back to a New Year's Day in 1907 at Tonopah. Nate had come up with Kid Herman, and in the Kid he felt he had a youngster who would whip Joe Gans for the title in their 45-round encounter at the weight limit. He knew the Kid could fight. He found out that Gans could fight better. And Nate Lewis tasted his first bitter pill of defeat as the old Baltimore Master rose to great heights with a smashing knockout victory in eight rounds.

Later came Charley White, devastating left hook artist whose name will live in the annals of ring history as long as a portside punch remains a topic for discussion. But when Charley needed it most and Nate prayed for it longest, the Pineapple City paralyzer could not find the range in his championship battle with Freddie Welsh, and in a twenty-round fight for world honors, Charley found himself on the short end of the decision in their battle at Colorado Springs. Before he hung his gloves on the wall in retirement, White found himself with another opportunity to lift the prized bauble, this time from the shoulders of Benny Leonard. Although the heart was willing and his spirit surged, his arms and legs refused to heed the call to war and once again Nate Lewis set about building new parts into polished machinery.

* * *

JOE WELLING followed. He came and he went as he tried to match strides with Leonard in a futile effort to lift the crown. It was then up to Joe Burman, a great little battler with a heart that carried more than the 118 pounds he weighed. A match was arranged with champion Joe Lynch, and when the king of the 118 pounders turned up sick, Abe Goldstein was substituted in a match that received the official sanction of William Muldoon as a titular contest. It didn't matter at that.



Leo Rodak, Chicago's challenger for world featherweight honors.

Burman failed as did the others before him who were tutored by Lewis, and like the real trouper he is, Nate swallowed his medicine and with the bitter taste still in his mouth, set out to unearth another young man who would bring home a coveted crown.

Was ever anyone as close so many times to touching the purple robe emblematic of world supremacy?

Take the case of George "Knockout" Brown, another Lewis fighter. Look over this list of stars whom he fought: Frank Klaus, two no-decision affairs; Harry Greb, nine battles, all no-decision mills; George Chip, 15-round draw, two 20-round losses, and three 10-round no-decision fights; Jack Dillon, a 15-round draw and ten 10-round no-decision scuffles; Tom Gibbons, four 10-round no-decision fights; Battling Levinsky, one 10-round no-decision battle; the Australian title-holder, Les Darcy, two 20-round losses. Is your head swimming?

* * *

BUT Nate Lewis didn't give up. He kept right on plugging. And it wasn't long before he came up with Harry Thomas, the Eagle Bend, Minnesota, heavyweight. It took a long time to maneuver Thomas into a title fight, but when Harry finally met Joe Louis in the center of a Chicago ring with the championship at stake, nobody could convince the Minnesotan that it was the fists of the Dark Angel from Detroit, and not a bomb, that had exploded in his face and shattered his dreams of becoming a crown wearer.

However, the Bald Eagle is a firm believer in that old adage "if at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again." He kept right on building material. Looking, striving, hoping that some day he might fall upon a youngster who was imbued with the necessary gladiatorial qualifications that would eventually mean another chance at a title.

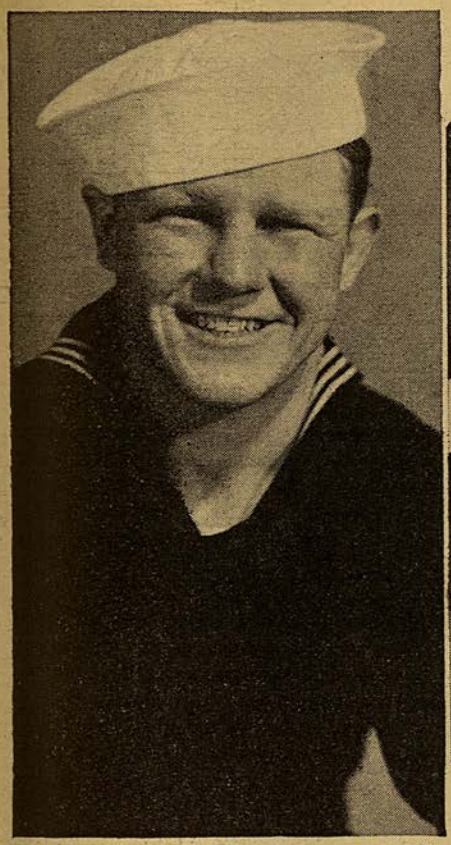
* * *

SO now it is Leo Rodak. A five foot five inch scrapper from Chicago, who has lost but five decisions since starting his career in 1933 and embraces 52 professional fights. All his reverses came at the hands of rated lightweights because none of the leading 126-pounders would have any truck with him.

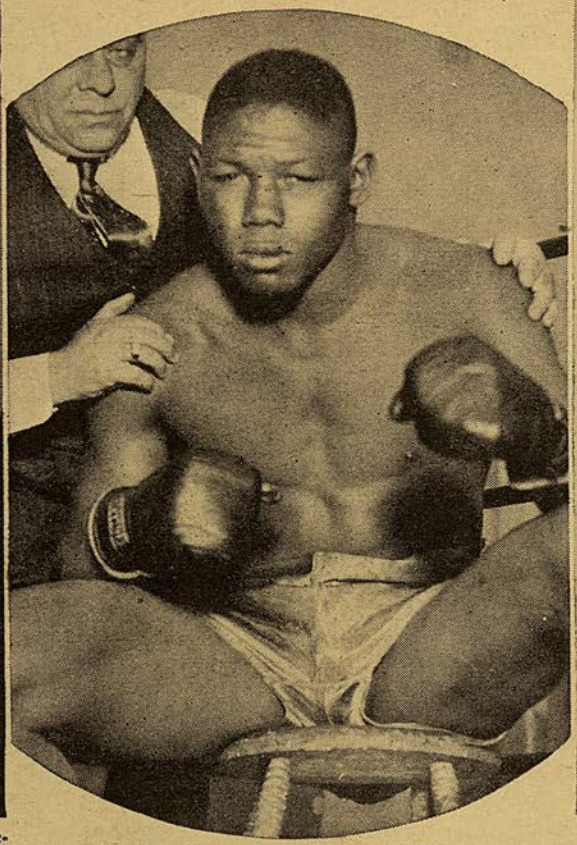
Rodak—stellar featherweight, who, as an amateur, captured Golden Glove titles in three divisions in three consecutive years, the flyweight, bantamweight and featherweight classes!

He was born in Chicago of Bohemian parents. He started his boxing as a pupil of Packey McFarland in the Catholic Youth Movement and won the championship in the featherweight ranks for the C.Y.O. in their annual international meet. He is a brother of Mickey Rodak, the six-day bike rider.

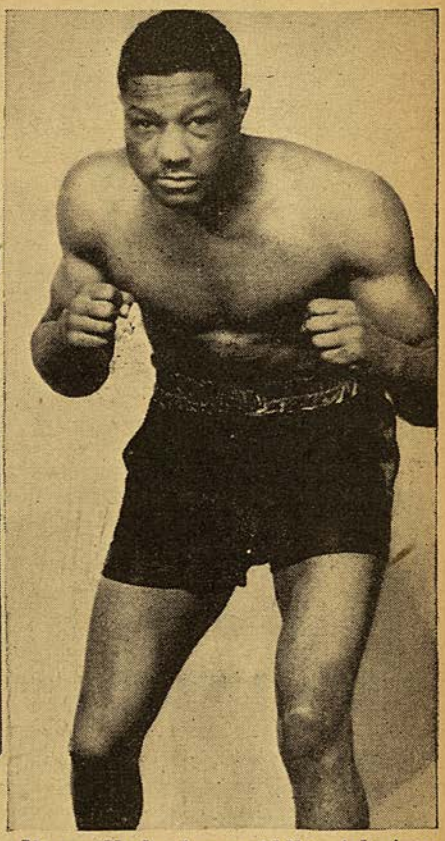
Hitting the Spotlight



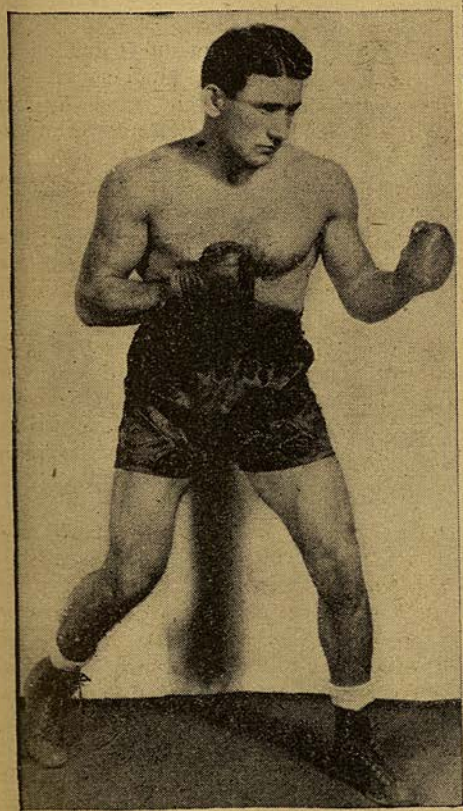
Dale Sparr, rugged Pacific Coast middleweight aspirant.



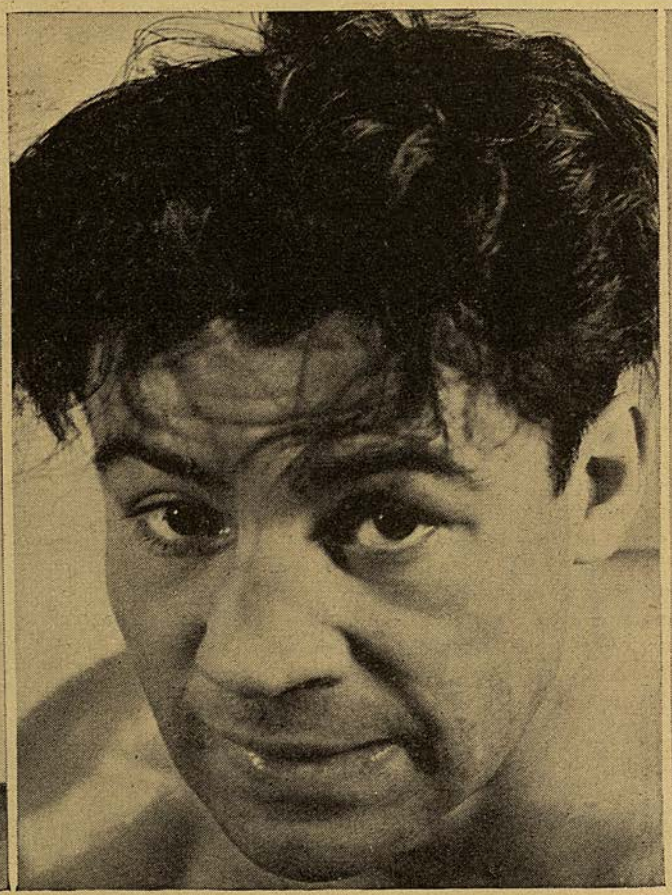
Big Boy Bray, hard-hitting California heavyweight.



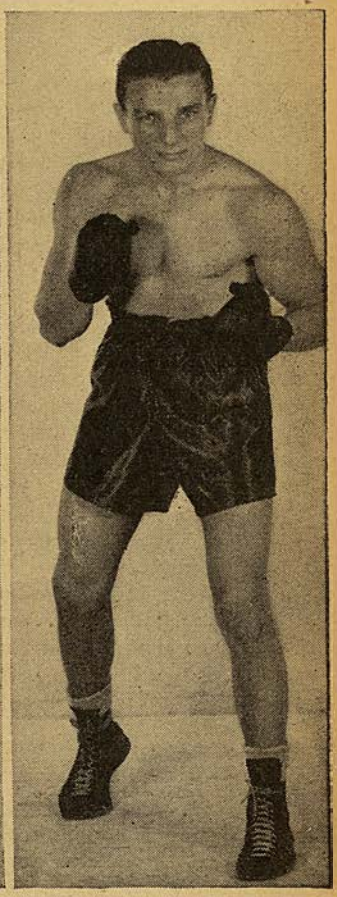
Jimmy Clark, classy middleweight from Buffalo, N. Y.



Tony Ciaccio, two-fisted 155-pounder from Norristown, Pa.



Johnny Gaudes, crack Milwaukee bantamweight.



Johnny Rohrig, New Jersey's lightweight hope.

Nat FLEISCHER says:

New York Commission Makes Joke of Boxing
Its Championship Edicts Bring Ridicule
Internationally Censured For Its Actions

EVERY now and then boxing gets hit between the eyes by rulings of state commissions and national bodies, edicts that upset the sport's equilibrium and bring about a confusion in-re title claims that should be avoided. Until recently only one division, the middleweight section, had a man at its head whose claim to the championship was not clearly established, but as we go to press with this issue, three of the eight divisions are in a befuddled state.

The New York Commission's recent decision in-re championships, must be laid to the extreme heat of the dog days. I cannot otherwise conceive how they reached their verdict. The first decision of the New York Solons is: That even if Al Hostak has knocked out Freddie Steele, Hostak is not the world's nor the American middleweight king.

The second pronunciamento of the New York body is: That, having failed to defend the light-heavyweight title within six months, John Henry Lewis loses said title and appurtenances and his championship is forfeited, vacant, null and void.

Boxing commissions were invented to clear up befuddlements but they have served the opposite purposes on many occasions.

If boxing commissions and the other ruling organizations were to abide strictly by the rules of the sport, we would not be confronted with such a situation. Take the flyweights, for example. There should be no difference of opinion regarding the legitimate title-holder at this writing. When a fighter who tops the division signs for a championship fight and officially weighs in for such a battle, then under the rules of boxing that fight is officially on. And based on such procedure, one that has been followed for more than a century, Benny Lynch lost his flyweight crown when he failed to make the weight for Jackie Jurich and the San Jose, California, lad succeeded Lynch as flyweight king.

* * *

BUT that was not all. New York went a step further and with one sway of its wand opened a wide gap in two other divisions, the middleweight and light-heavyweight, by refusing to recognize Hostak as king in the former division and vacating the title of Lewis in the other. Drastic action, indeed, considering the attitude of the solons on other occasions.

Let's delve into the facts. When Freddie Steele became the American middleweight king, he also laid claim to the world laurels and was generally backed because he had whipped every middleweight of note in this country, and the world champion, Marcel Thil, had announced his retirement. But shortly after, Thil declared that such announcement was premature and that he was prepared to defend his title against all comers, whereupon, taking his word that he had been misquoted, THE RING continued to regard him as world champion.

Then came his fight with Fred Apostoli, who previously had been stopped by Steele, and Apostoli, in a bout on the Carnival of Champions card which the New York Commission refused to accept as for the title, put Thil out of the picture by stopping him. Though the battle was at championship weight and the distance was at fifteen rounds, the Commission continued to name Steele as title-holder, refusing to recognize Thil's claim.

In the fight between Steele and Apostoli in the Garden, Apostoli avenged the previous defeat by knocking out the American champion in an over-the-weight match and handing him a severe shellacking. Thus, while Apostoli, by all rules of boxing, should be the world champion, nowhere could he obtain the support of ruling organizations, and Steele, who kept his crown intact by getting his opponent to come in above the weight, ignored further efforts on the part of Apostoli to force him into a championship bout.

* * *

STEELE took on Al Hostak, a two-fisted, terrific puncher from Seattle, and while awaiting the outcome of that contest, Apostoli continued to take on all comers. He whipped Glen Lee, an outstanding contender, twice, once in twelve and again in fifteen rounds, but dropped a ten-round decision to Young Corbett on the Coast, a verdict that was questioned by many who saw the fight.

That brought Young Corbett back into the spotlight with victories over Apostoli, Jack Burke and Lee, and put Lee out of the picture. Then came the astounding performance of Hostak who punched Steele glassy-eyed and dropped him four times before Jack Dempsey, the referee, halted the fight. That automatically makes Hostak the American middleweight king, so far as THE RING is concerned, and should make him the world middleweight champion in states that had recognized Steele as the title-holder—New York included.

The National Boxing Association has come to Hostak's support and announces that he is the world title-holder. But New York, which originally sponsored the move that eventually saw Steele crowned world champion by all American boxing commissions and later, by the Rome International Conference, takes an about face and holds off recognition for Hostak. This is most unfair to Hostak whose wonderful performance should be rewarded by those in control of the sport. He knocked out the American champion. What more must he do to win the title his victim held?

Granted that Steele refused to accept the edict of the New York Commission to fight Apostoli in a championship match, is there any reason why a man who scores a sensational knockout over the recognized American world champion should not be accepted as successor to such title-holder? Steele had a perfect right to make his choice. New York doesn't control boxing. The New York Commissioners should not hold themselves above the laws of the sport over which they rule only in the Empire State. Other states have their legal rights. The New York board unfortunately has taken up the rôle of international dictator. The world is troubled with plenty of those already. We want no more.

While my sympathies are with Apostoli, who I thought was deserving of first crack at Steele's U. S. title, the fact remains that Hostak beat Freddie in a contest accepted by the legal authorities of Washington as for the crown, and no act of New York's moguls can deprive Hostak of the laurels he won.

I have no doubt but that Hostak will be glad to accommodate Apostoli and Young Corbett to prove his right to international laurels, but until such time as he does and is whipped, he retains possession of whatever title Freddie Steele held.

THIS is one time when the New York commission has acted too boldly. The men comprising the board seem to think that they alone have jurisdiction over boxing the world over. Their authority ceases in New York. They have no control over other states or countries. The New York State mentors are taking too much for granted and would do well to read their own rules and digest the law under which they serve and perhaps then they will come to the realization that they have been appointed to take care of boxing in New York and not world-wide.

The New York Commission apparently is of the opinion that they can manipulate matters in such a manner as to assure every championship fight being staged under their control in the Empire State, but they'll soon learn that they are butting into a stone wall. They take it for granted that they alone have the right to stage championship fights, to tell the world when and where a title fight may be staged, to designate the fighters who must take part in such a match—in short, to promote fights. Since when, might I ask, have such powers been delegated to the New York Board?

The New York Commissioners are to be commended for trying to get Apostoli the fight for the title which he had earned, by asking Fred and Young Corbett to meet in a return engagement with the winner to face Hostak, but the moguls are all wet in refusing proper recognition to a great young middleweight pugilist, based on the previous ruling of that body and the National Boxing Association's members that Steele headed the division as world champion.

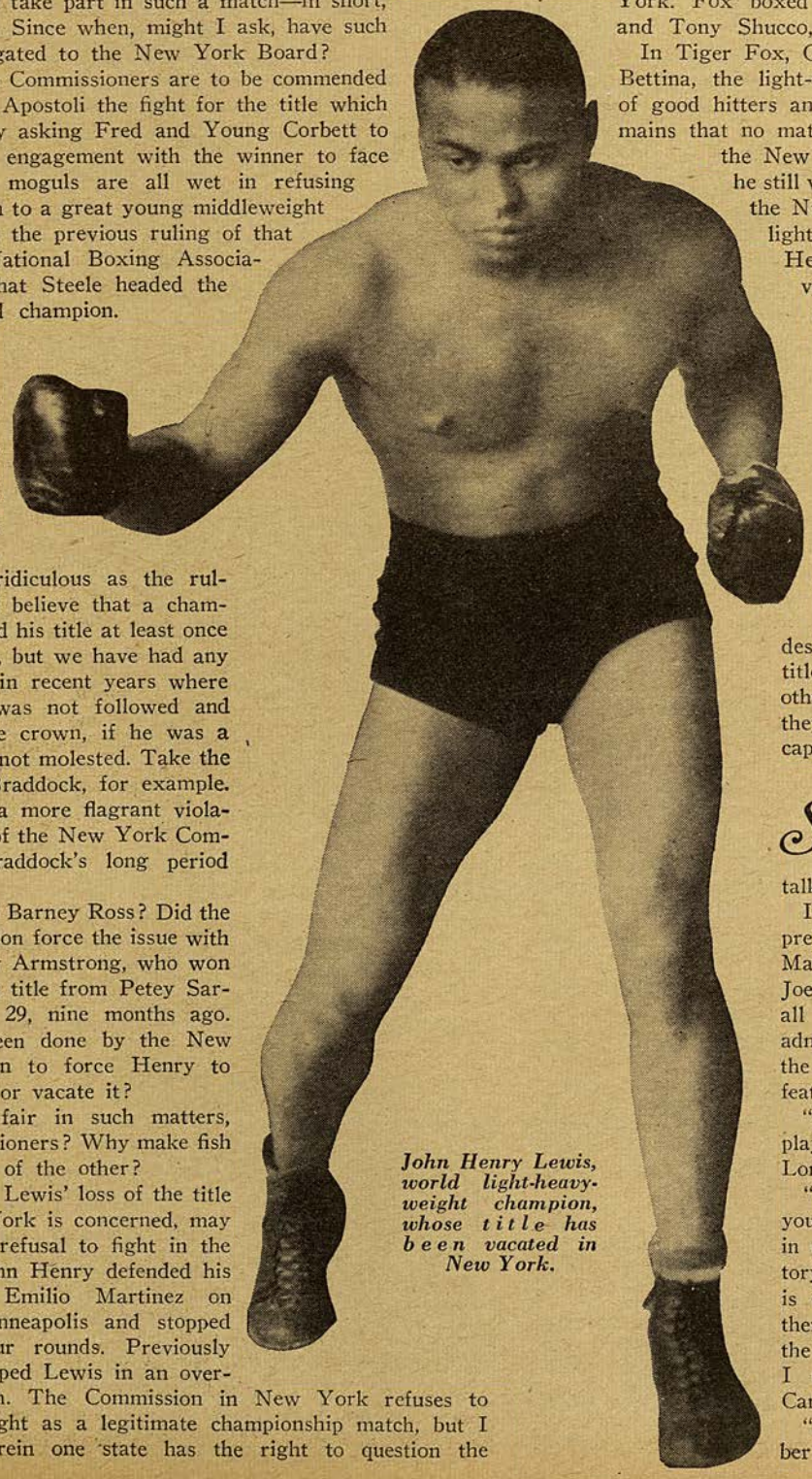
* * *

I FEEL New York's action in vacating John Henry Lewis' title was rather high-handed and as ridiculous as the ruling on Hostak. I believe that a champion should defend his title at least once every six months, but we have had any number of cases in recent years where such procedure was not followed and the holder of the crown, if he was a favored son, was not molested. Take the case of Jimmy Braddock, for example. Was there ever a more flagrant violation of that rule of the New York Commission than Braddock's long period of idleness?

And how about Barney Ross? Did the Boxing Commission force the issue with him? And Henry Armstrong, who won the featherweight title from Petey Sarron on October 29, nine months ago. Has anything been done by the New York Commission to force Henry to defend that title or vacate it?

Why not be fair in such matters, Messrs. Commissioners? Why make fish of one and fowl of the other?

The answer to Lewis' loss of the title so far as New York is concerned, may be found in his refusal to fight in the Empire City. John Henry defended his crown against Emilio Martinez on April 24 in Minneapolis and stopped Martinez in four rounds. Previously Emilio had whipped Lewis in an over-the-weight match. The Commission in New York refuses to recognize that fight as a legitimate championship match, but I fail to see wherein one state has the right to question the authority of another state that had accepted the bout as for the crown.



John Henry Lewis, world light-heavyweight champion, whose title has been vacated in New York.

Under the New York rules, Lewis has until October 29 to defend his title again and to have shorn him of his honors at this time, is a gross injustice. Granted that Tiger Fox, a powerful socker, is rated the leading challenger in New York, that does not alter the situation nor justify the act of the New York Commission. Incidentally, Fox six months ago lost to Al Gainer in 15 rounds for the right to meet Lewis.

It is my opinion that John Henry Lewis, who has been avoiding Tiger Fox whom he previously had knocked out, would do better were he to devote all his fighting among the heavyweights, since that is the class in which he gets paid best, but again I say that since he can make the light-heavyweight division and has demonstrated it time and again, he can't be deprived of his title because of his refusal to meet the man designated by New York. Fox boxed draws recently with Jim Howell and Tony Shucco, but Lewis stopped Shucco.

In Tiger Fox, Gus Lesnevich, Al Gainer and Melio Bettina, the light-heavyweight division has a quartet of good hitters and splendid fighters, yet the fact remains that no matter which of those four should win the New York State elimination tournament, he still will be regarded the world over as only the Number One challenger for the world light-heavyweight crown held by John Henry Lewis until such time as Lewis vacates the title to confine all his efforts to the heavyweight division, retires from active competition or loses it in the ring.

You can take that and smoke it, Messrs. Phelan, Brown and Wear.

Under the ruling of the New York State moguls, it is apparent that henceforth no championship fight may be fought outside the jurisdiction of the Empire State officials and that a title can be won only by the edict of the New York Commissioners. Only such men designated by them may fight for a title. The boxing commissions in all other states had better shut shop unless they are willing to carry on in a minor capacity.

* * *

SPORTSMANSHIP — there's a word that is often used, but apparently too many of those who talk in its terms, fail to practice it.

I'm tired of the squawks of biased, prejudiced readers have been making of Max Schmeling's defeat at the hands of Joe Louis. Letters have come to me from all over the world from the German's admirers, protesting vigorously against the "kidney punches that caused the defeat of Herr Max."

"Is this what you call American fair play," writes one RING reader from London.

"If the sportsmanship displayed by your New York Boxing Commission in depriving Max Schmeling of a victory following the foul tactics of Louis, is what you term honesty in boxing, then the sooner the sport is eliminated, the better," is a portion of a complaint I received from a RING reader in Canada.

"Naturally I don't blame you, a member of a race *(Continued on page 43)*

MAX BAER—

By HYPE IGOE

ONCE upon a time there came to Gotham a tall, handsome, swaggering young butcher boy, vowing that he could punch daylight through the best heavyweights in the world. He came as a king of old, yea a warrior bold, not snuggled behind a shield of burnished gold, but in a $17,000 motor car, driven by a mahogany boy in purple, an unborn llama robe around his shapely legs, silver wire wheels on the chariot and the polite, ingratiating manner of a Delphin Delmas or a Joseph Choate before the bar of justice.

That was Max Baer, fascinating swashbuckler extraordinary! If only he had lived in the day of Dumas. How that baby could have painted him in letters of the alphabet!

Max Baer had killed a man with his fists, the tragic ending to one of his ring battles, so often prophesied by fistic writers in California. I saw his first fight in New York's Madison Square Garden. The swashbuckler had come with a giddy reputation of being the killer of whom I just wrote. He met, first, Ernie Schaaf, and then Tommy Loughran, one of the nattier exponents of boxing along exquisite lines. Tommy was a Robert Taylor of the ring in his own right and he was the one who looked handsome that night. The good-looking Baer, when he began to rend all the empty spaces where Tommy had been the fraction of a second before, took on the gargoyle grimaces of a demon.

* * *

A SWASHBUCKLER is not pretty when you make him miss punches in front of his specially invited, whole chorus-girl troupes. He is not handsome when you make him muff your elegant dome and bring up with his Adam's apple against the unsympathetic strands of the ring!

That was the first and last round story of Max Baer's second appearance in the Empire State. I saw him in the dressing-room afterward and there my eyes saw such a spectacle as never before they had encountered.

There was Greek-statue Baer, in his pelt, roaring around the ring like a Bengal which had been fed an omelette of Scottish thistles. Every now and then he'd race across the room, and, standing under the two-inch pipe lines on which hockey players were wont to hang their wet playing uniforms, Baer would jump up and down, making the steel rods ring with the impact of his own skull. Then he'd shriek:

"Of all the stupid asses, I took the bun tonight! Me, the great puncher; me, Baer the brutal butcher boy, turning out to be a fumbling, tumble-footed sissy! Say, I was so putrid tonight that I couldn't have hit Tommy Loughran if he had been pinned to an ironing board right in front of me! Hell, is there a lake around here? I want to jump in and pull my toes after me. I guess I can't fight and Tommy can."

That was the temper of the young stalwart who came back to this same Gotham and belted out huge Primo Carnera, for the title, in one of the most daring, devil-may-care performances the ring ever saw.

Bless my soul, didn't this strutting Adonis from California, at the start of one of the rounds, with a world's title well within his grasp, shove Carnera aside, saying:

"Pardon me, old stocking—wait till I get some resin on my shoes!"

With that, Baer the incomparable, circled gracefully around the bewildered heavyweight champion of the world, walked into Carnera's own corner and nonchalantly ground the soles of his fighting shoes into the Italian's own resin dust!

To me, that was the most deliberately brazen thing ever I saw a challenger do. In a few minutes, the world's title had passed from the befuddled giant to the Livermore Lah-dee-dah.

Charles Dana Gibson once drew a pen and ink cartoon of "The Champion." He depicted a fellow like Jim Jeffries, top hat and all, milling his way through lanes of humanity, the small boy and the barking dog making up the foreground. It was a stirring picture of that time and day.

Years later, Max Baer made such a picture look tame when he strutted down the avenues and through the lobbies of New York's swanky hotels. He didn't wear silk sky pieces for the simple reason that Max had a magnificent crop of silky black curls to display for the edification of the giddy gals.

If it happened to be winter, Max came floating in with his flapping camel's hair great coat spread out about him like wings. If summer it was, Max affected dazzling silk shirts, best calculated to display his astoundingly superb chest and shoulders.

Indeed, when Baer, after losing his title to Braddock and coming back to retrench fame by fighting Joe Louis, was training at Speculator, he talked of his own gorgeous body. Ah, but in this fashion. He was AFRAID of Joe Louis, though only those nearest him, especially his dad, who had just died, knew anything about his fear. The full truth didn't dawn on them until after the fight. One hour after Baer had ingloriously chucked it to the Brown Boy, did his father, his mother, Ancil Hoffman, his manager, and Buddy, his gigantic brother, know that Max had walked the floor at nights in Speculator, saying to himself:

"I don't want to fight this fellow Louis. I can't whip him and nobody knows it better than myself. I must run away—somewhere.

"But where can I run to? Where can I hide? Everybody knows me. The whole world will recognize this handsome head—my black, shiny hair—my white teeth. Everybody, even the little children in the streets will recognize this gorgeous torso of mine. How can I hide? Where will I hide such a person as Max Baer?"

* * *

THAT is the fear he compounded. That is the story of what was in Max Baer's mind all those weeks in which he was hidden away in the Speculator hills where Tunney communed with Nature, walked the same old Indian trails and TOLD HIMSELF THAT HE COULD AND WOULD WHIP JACK DEMPSEY! I don't know what Max Schmeling told himself, traveling the self-same trails recently, but I doubt that there was any such resolution in the German's heart as that which swayed Gene Tunney's career and made him a champion.

Max Baer strutted out of Speculator looking like a left-over Indian of those hills, though I must say that no American red skin ever loomed up with the magnificent physical cut of Max Baer, and I saw Jim Thorpe, the Carlisle Indian wonder, at his best.

Max Baer, with a little Max Junior as his mascot, his incentive, with a promise made to old Jake Baer, on his dying bed, to revenge the name of Baer when he again meets Joe Louis, might do it. I never could have the same faith in him which I had after spending five weeks with the playboy at Speculator. Joe Louis will always lick the swashbuckler, one of the most picturesque champions the ring has ever known, I do believe.

* * *

SWASHBUCKLING hasn't been Baer's portion alone. There were other gallant warriors who cut a wide swath when they were on top.

Jim Corbett was one of them. As a champion he was a picture. When he came back from Jacksonville, after knocking out Charley Mitchell in three rounds, Corbett appeared at old Madison Square Garden.

Langdon Smith wrote the story for the old New York *Herald*. In his matchless way, Smith, author of the never-to-be-forgotten poem, "Evolution," and "Bessie McCall of Suicide Hall," wrote of Corbett's entrance into the ring:

"He came up the steps with the deft bound of an antelope. As the champion moved swiftly to the center of the ring, he paused and received the first real acclaim since his defeat of the immortal John L. Sullivan. Under the spray of the over-

Swashbuckler Extraordinary

head lights, he seemed to be something carved from ivory and jet."

Corbett could make a silk hat and evening clothes laugh right out loud. He looked the champion. He looked a "Gentleman Jim," though Corbett often told me that the "Gentleman Jim" stuff sometimes acted as an emergency brake when he "really wanted to be the natural rowdy which I am."

Corbett loved to walk among the plain folk of his neighborhood on Sunday, his tile glistening in the morning sun, his cutaway coat looking as though it had been painted on his back, his striped trousers pressed to a razor edge.

* * *

ONE morning he was on his way to St. Ignacious Church, all dolled up as I have described. He had just beaten Peter Jackson. The downfall of the mighty Sullivan had not yet been written into history. Jim heard a bit of yelling from behind a fence of an empty lot about three blocks from the church. He peeked through a knot hole.

HEAVENS! His first LOVE! A BASEBALL GAME! Over the fence he went, silk hat, dandy duds and all.

"What's going on here, my lads—NOT a ball game, I hope?"

Of course it was!

In two shakes of a lamb's tail, Corbett's coat and silk hat had been placed in the keeping of TAD, afterwards to become New York *Journal's* star artist, the Dickens of American cartoonists and Jim's best friend. Corbett began to bat out fly balls. In ten minutes Jim was stripped to the belt line, à la Tug Wilson, trying to belt the ball over the far fence. Jim Corbett missed mass that Sabbath day.

He stalked through the human race, until the day he died, a commanding figure, erect, compelling, handsome, a credit to the sport which he dragged out of the beef-and-brine era to make it really and truly THE MANLY ART OF SELF-DEFENSE.

* * *

KID McCOY was the Max Baer of his day. Handsome, too, a lady killer with at least a dozen wives as he sauntered through life, curly-headed, smiling and cruelly playful as a lion cub.

Kid McCoy ran amuck in Los Angeles one day. Nobody seemed to know what had come over the inventor of the "corkscrew punch." He "killed the thing he loved" just as Oscar Wilde's soldier in Reading Gaol had killed his. The unhappy man went away to San Quentin Prison in California for twelve long years. He is out on parole now, confined to the district of Detroit, a guard at the Ford plant.

When Joe Louis fought Natie Brown there, I spent several hours with the Kid. He was the same rollicking character, though it was plain that he felt his restriction, that he longed for a romp on Old Broadway, the scene of his loves and his escapades. There were tears as large as electric light bulbs running down his cheeks as he bade me good-bye at the railroad station.

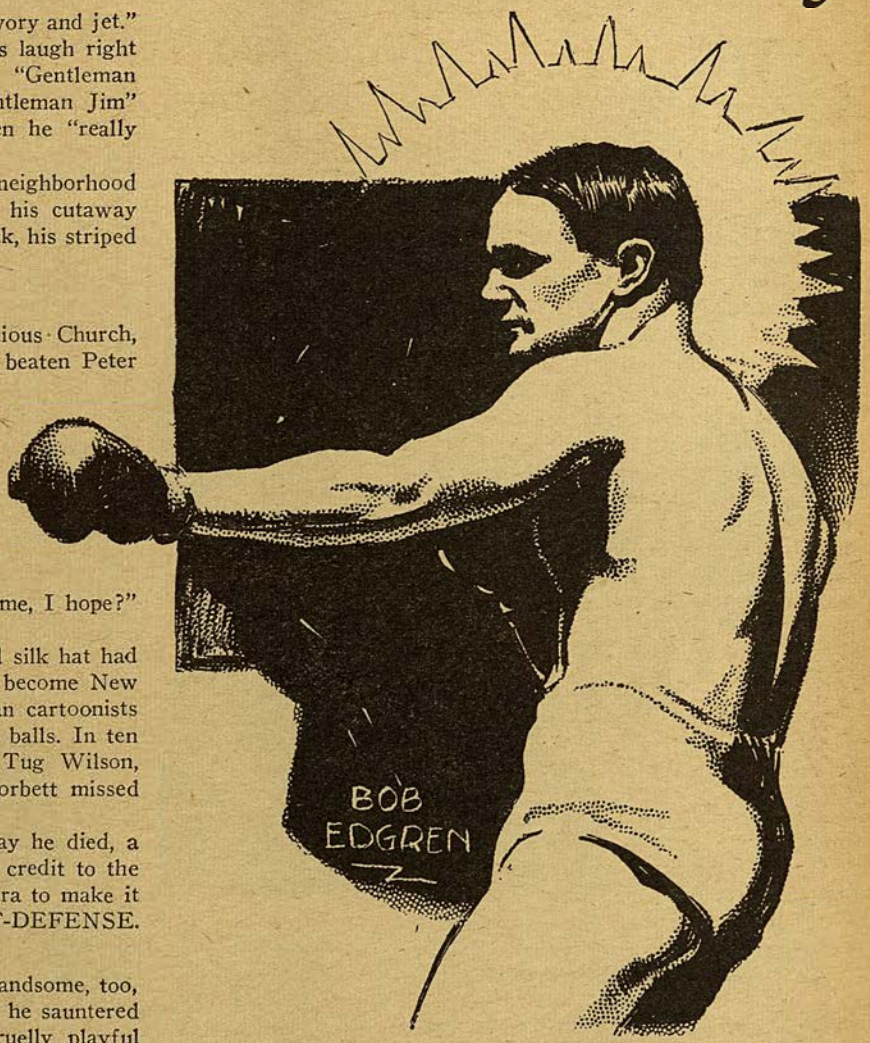
I asked the Kid how he managed to carry the burden of paying twelve irate, former wives alimony.

"My dear, dear boy," said the Kid, "my wives, none of them, ever sued me for alimony. They wouldn't think of such a thing. ALL of them STILL LOVE ME! To prove that, every now and then I get up a little party, inviting all my ex-wives to attend, and do you think one of them would miss the show? Some, of course, have passed on, but those who live still adore the Kid himself."

With that, the Kid leaned back in his easy chair and roared over his own little joke.

"Kid," I ventured, "I don't see how you ever could have walked out on such amiable creatures."

"I didn't walk out on them. They walked out on me and they've been sorry for it ever since, every one of them," replied the Kid.



Willie Britt, one of the dudes of the old school.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN was a silk hat toter. The Boston Strong Boy, who once told Edward, Prince of Wales, that he was glad to meet him because "I've heard about you," was a handsome man in his best days. He was, right up to the end, when time had crusted his hair and mustache with frost.

He domineered. He took charge the moment he entered any ring. He glared at his opponents and they usually wilted in their chairs before the first bell sounded. He had the bellow of a Spanish bull. Only one man was unafraid. That man was Jim Corbett and he created such a wave of doubt in Sullivan's mind that the champion found himself mumbling at New Orleans:

"Doesn't this young squirt REALIZE that he is fighting JOHN L. SULLIVAN?"

Corbett had wound up three years on the proposition of whipping Sullivan and Jim told me that it took him six months to UNWIND. Concentration did it, and Corbett scattered psychology all over the layout.

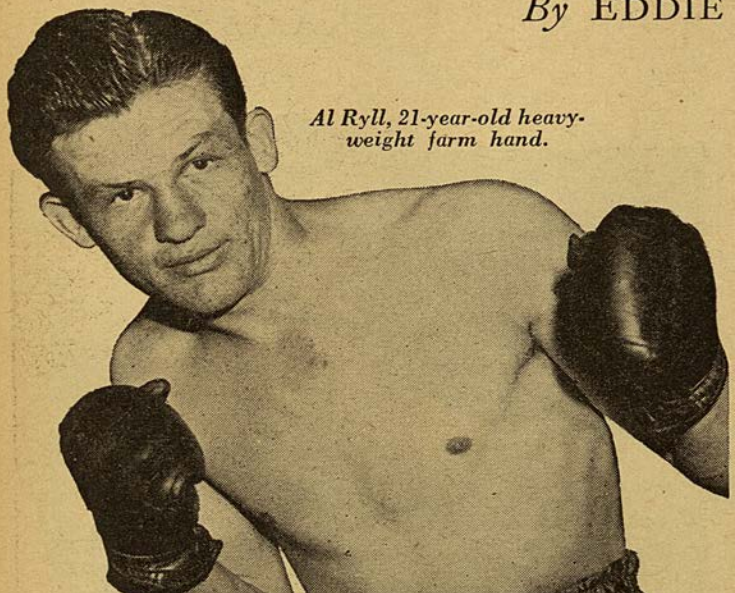
He came into the ring at New Orleans wearing a grey business suit, a straw hat and toting a little bamboo cane. Sullivan was aghast. That kind of affrontery was new to the Boston Bellower. Sullivan was being out-swaggered by a past master of swaggery!

Stanley Ketchel was one of the ring's pastels when it came to picturesque swaggering. He went in for fast motor cars. He always swore that he'd be killed in the big canary colored Lozier for which he paid $12,000, following his recovering of the middleweight title by knocking out Billy Papke.

He was a terrific driver. I sat *(Continued on page 42)*

NEW FACES

By EDDIE MERRILL



Al Ryll, 21-year-old heavyweight farm hand.

LOU BROWN, whose very clever exploiting has Saverio Turiello knocking on the door for recognition as the leading contender for world welterweight honors, has finally dug up a young heavyweight prospect who looks like he might go places in the ranks of the big fellows if his present record is any criterion.

I have reference to Al Ryll, 21-year-old heavyweight farmhand, whose five months of professional activity has brought about recognition as a prospect whose ability should not be taken too lightly. The record he has compiled since forsaking the amateur ranks speaks highly of his fistic capabilities.

Born in Southwick, Ryll started boxing in the simon-pure ranks around his home town. A talented athlete in high school where he played football, basketball and baseball with success, the youngster took naturally to fisticuffs. It was a sport that intrigued him and so well did he like to don the padded mittens, that he was prompted to embark on a career of tossing leather.

He boxed 21 amateur fights and in a string that found him undefeated, Al bowled over 18 of these opponents, quite a knockout record. He was hailed as a great puncher. When he ran out of opponents at home, manager Lou Brown took him in tow and headed east where he started him off in the professional ranks.

He boxed six times in Newark where he became quite a card by knocking out five of these opponents and then Brown signed him to box Al Mitchell at the Ridgewood Grove in Brooklyn. Ryll scored a sensational two-round kayo. His next start at the Queensboro Arena was against Larry Buntun and this time the youngster was returned an easy decision victor. The only setback of his career was at the hands of Harley O'Dell in Madison Square Garden in a fight that was witnessed by the writer who was of the opinion that Ryll was entitled to the decision.

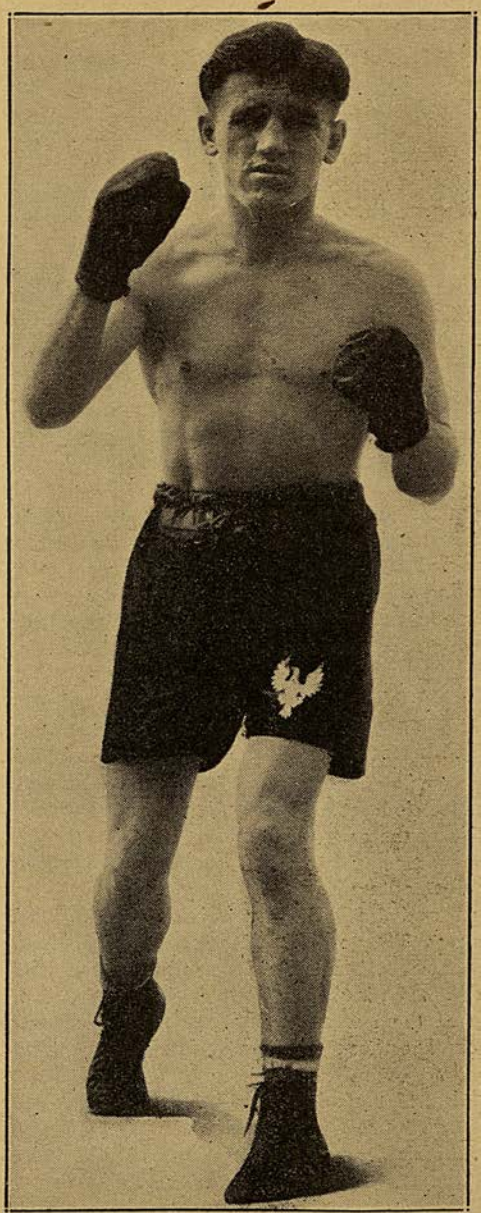
In his last appearance, Ryll returned home where he sold out the local club and knocked out Mike McMahon of Syracuse in one round. So much for the boy's record. It carries enough weight.

* * *

PITTSBURGH, cradle of a list of great fighters that includes Jack McClelland, George Chip, Frank Klaus, Harry Greb and Teddy Yarosz among others, is all het up over Charley Burley, colored welterweight, who is expected to add his name to the list of the former greats before he retires from active ring service.

A 20-year-old boy who is fast forging to the front, Burley has had a most colorful career. As an amateur, Charley fought his way to the contending position in the welterweight class of the National A.A.U. tournament in Cleveland. He turned down an invitation to join the American Olympic team in 1936 which was to go to Germany because Charley asserted that he would not compete in a country that showed discrimination because of race and religion.

As a result, Burley was invited to become a member of a boxing team sponsored by the International Relief Association, a group organized in protest against the Nazi activities in Berlin, and travelled to Barcelona, Spain, to take part in the International games. While quartered in the Stadium of Barcelona awaiting his call to the ring, the young man from Pittsburgh was under the constant fire of the Liberal and Loyalist forces of Spain. After those hectic experiences, Charley sailed for home where he decided to turn professional.



Johnny Craven, clever young Polish lightweight from Pennsylvania.

The Pittsburgher has had 20 fights to date of which he has scored 13 knockouts. A strong, fast-moving welterweight with a fine left hand, Burley is being well managed by Phil Goldstein in the Smoky City. A natural 147 pounder, Burley's last victory over Fritzie Zivic stamps him as being of top-flight material capable of giving the best fighters in the country a tussle.

Henry Armstrong need not worry about running out of opposition. Because before the year is out, Charley Burley has but to run to present form to be considered as a logical opponent for Homicide Hank.

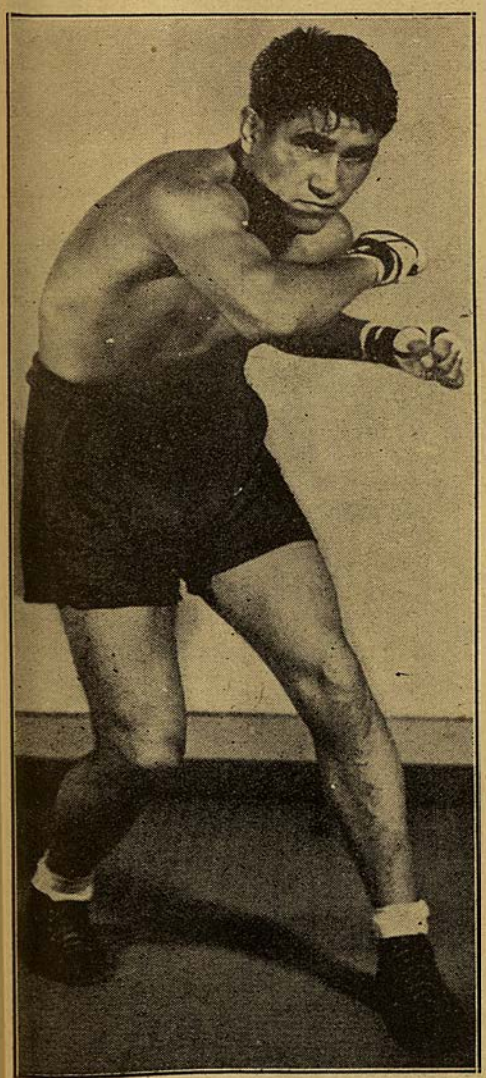
* * *

ERNIE COLLINS, a full-blooded Shoshone Indian, is whooping it up aplenty in the Inter-Mountain country. He is the present light-heavyweight and heavyweight champion of that region.

Born on July 16, 1916, at Duckwater, Nevada, a little Indian encampment near Ely, Nevada, Collins attended Stewart and Sherman Institutes at Carson City and in Riverside, California. He was a member of the boxing team where he won seven fights by kayoes and two decisions. He captained an undefeated team over a period of two years.

He turned pro on January 30, 1937, and has had 40 fights since, winning twenty-three by knockouts, five by decisions and boxing six draws. He lost four fights and was twice defeated by the technical knockout route, both times severe cuts causing the referee to stop the fight. Salt Lake fans are sold on his sensational style, his slam-bang action being reminiscent of the type employed by Jack Dempsey when the old Manassa Man Mauler was mowing 'em down.

In June, Collins boxed four main events in fourteen days, winning three by knockouts and whipping the Montana titleholder, Tommy Lynch, in the other. In three fights with Lee Robertson, burly 210-pound protégé of Jack Dempsey, Collins scored a three-round knockout in their first affair, boxed a slashing 10-round draw in the second fight, and in their third encounter, a battle over the fifteen-round route, Collins was defeated by the margin of one round although he fought the last ten rounds with two badly damaged hands.



Ernie Collins, Indian light-heavyweight and heavyweight champion from the Inter-Mountain district.

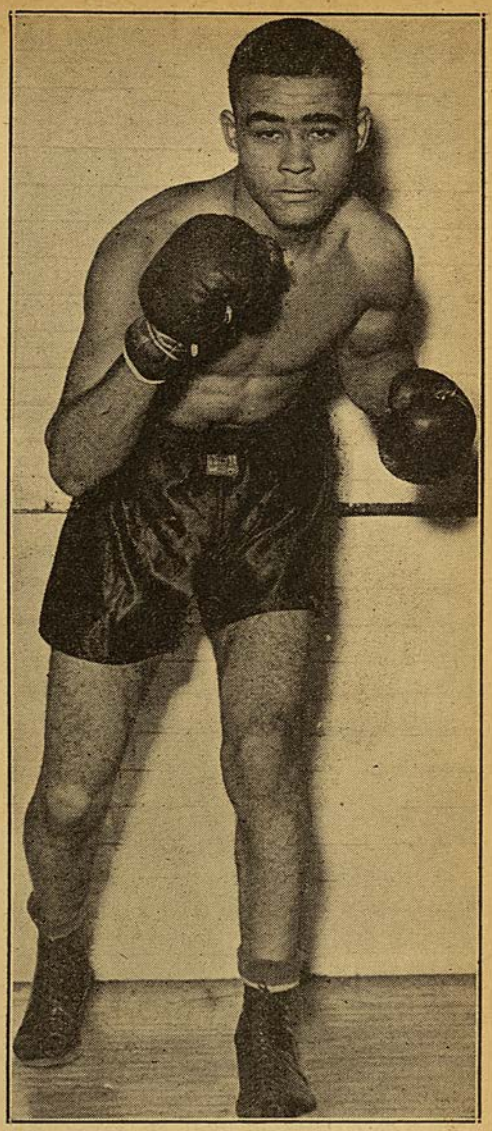
The Shoshone Indian is six feet tall and tips the scales between the 175- and 178-pound mark. He has to his credit knockouts over opponents who weighed as much as 240 pounds. Among the men he has beaten are Pietro Georgi, Manual Luna, Al Laboa, Bat Dozier, Jack McCarthy, Blondy Ryan, Henry Grigsby, Jack Howard and Lee Robertson. He has lost decisions to Newsboy Millich, Bob LaRue and Chuck Nickerson, all pretty fair heavyweights.

* * *

A CLEVER, crafty young Polish lad, just turned 25 years of age, has punched his way into the hearts of Philadelphians. One of the brightest fistic luminaries to pop up in the State of Pennsylvania, there is no telling to what heights this young Polish boy might scale. If his latest knockout victory over Midget Wolgast can be used as a yardstick by which to measure his ability, then a warning is due to the leading 135-pounders in the country today.

Watch Johnny Craven!

Born in Conshohocken, Pa., Johnny boxed as an amateur and cleaned up everything in sight. There were no more worlds to conquer. And as that left but one alternative, Johnny turned his eyes to the professional class of fighters.



Charley Burley, colored welterweight from Pittsburgh.

Craven was a sensation. In 53 starts to the post, Johnny turned back 51 opponents and the Commission insisted that he be paired with sterner opposition than he had previously had.

The result was that he was paired with Eddie Cool, and among others, was forced to meet fighters of such high standing as Paul Junior, Jack Portney, Tony Morgano, Young Gene Buffalo, Lew Raymond and Benny Bass. It was an unfair step to a young man who lacked the experience to cope with such seasoned gladiators, but Johnny met them all and raised hell in some of the greatest battles you would care to see.

A natural fighter with a great punch and a determination to keep right on going until he leaves his mark, Craven kept up the pace with the toughest fighters in the class and the result is that in 80 professional starts the boy has lost but 11 decisions, a fine record.

He has whipped 40 opponents by the decision route and has stopped 27 with vicious knockouts. He has engaged in but two draws.

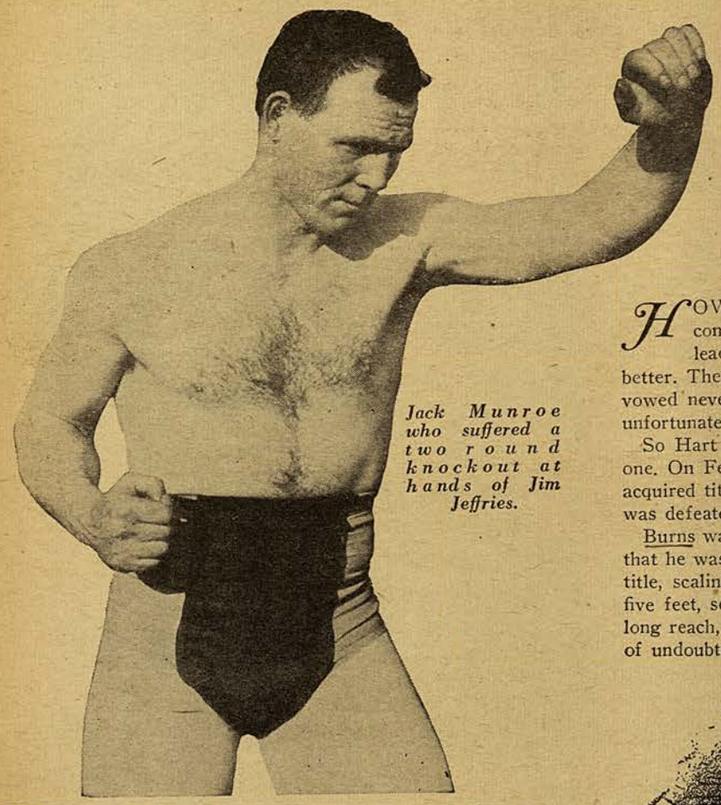
His manager was accused of overmatching him when he signed the boy to box with Midget Wolgast, the former world titleholder. But Craven had confidence in himself and started after Wolgast with the opening bell. He punched the former champion at will and one of his pile-driving blows caught Wolgast on the left forearm. The force of the blow broke the Midget's left forearm and the doctor ordered the fight stopped, thus giving Craven a technical knockout in less than three minutes of battling.

Craven has the utmost confidence in his ability to whip any of the outstanding lightweights in the world, and judging from his record, he figures to give a fine account of himself. So watch out, you 135-pounders. Craven is on your trail.

Short Knockouts Are Rare in Title Matches

By THE VETERAN

Louis—Schmeling Contest Recalls Other Famous Bouts in Which Title Was at Stake



Jack Munroe who suffered a two round knockout at hands of Jim Jeffries.

WHEN Joe Louis recently amazed the boxing world by eliminating his chief rival and former conqueror, Max Schmeling, with a hurricane attack that battered the German into a state of crippled helplessness in less than a round, the colored marvel was generally credited with a new lightning kayo record, so far as heavyweight championship battles were concerned.

But no fighter ever accomplished an unusually brilliant feat between the ropes without exciting the attention and subsequent activities of those very numerous ring patrons who delight in digging up past performances with the hope of discovering a still greater exploit along similar lines.

Which explains why the news of Joe's spectacular triumph had scarcely hit the front newspaper pages, before a hot controversy started as to whether Louis or Tommy Burns had scored the quickest knockouts in heavyweight title matches.

It was an absurd gabfest, to say the least, when the respective abilities and careers of Louis and Burns are considered. Burns was the best of a fair lot of heavies, Jack Johnson excepted, that were campaigning in the period that followed the retirement of Jim Jeffries from the ring. Many stars of the roped square were still in harness, but had seen their better days.

On July 3, 1905, Jeff officiated as referee in a bout between Marvin Hart and Jack Root at Reno, Nevada. Root and Hart were leading contenders for the vacant heavyweight throne. Hart won on a clean kayo in the twelfth round, and Jeffries not only declared Marvin the victor, but announced that the heavyweight crown now belonged to Hart.

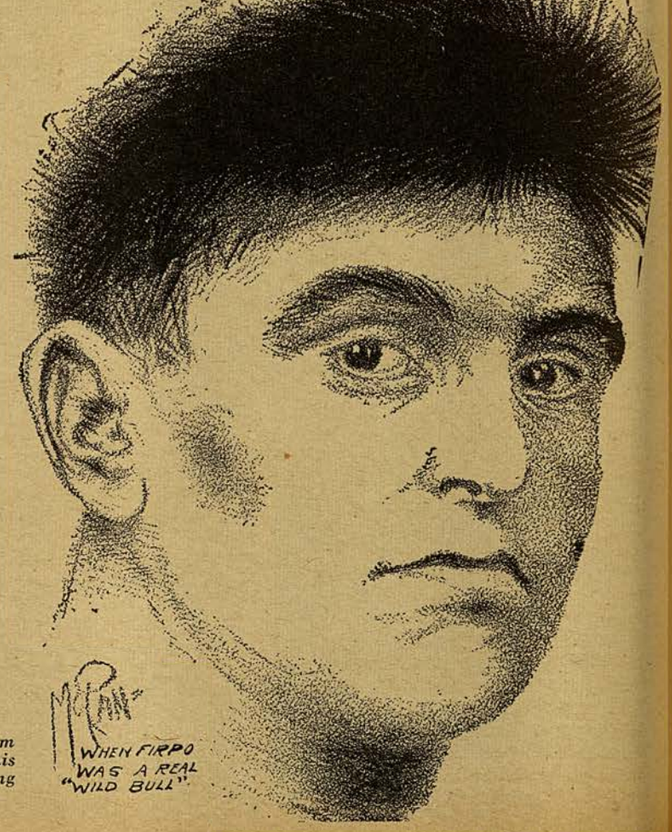
As a matter of fact, Jeffries had no power to confer his lapsed title on anyone. Jim Corbett once tried the same stunt, during one of his retirement spells, when he named Peter Maher as his successor, but press and public both gave Corbett the laugh.

* * *

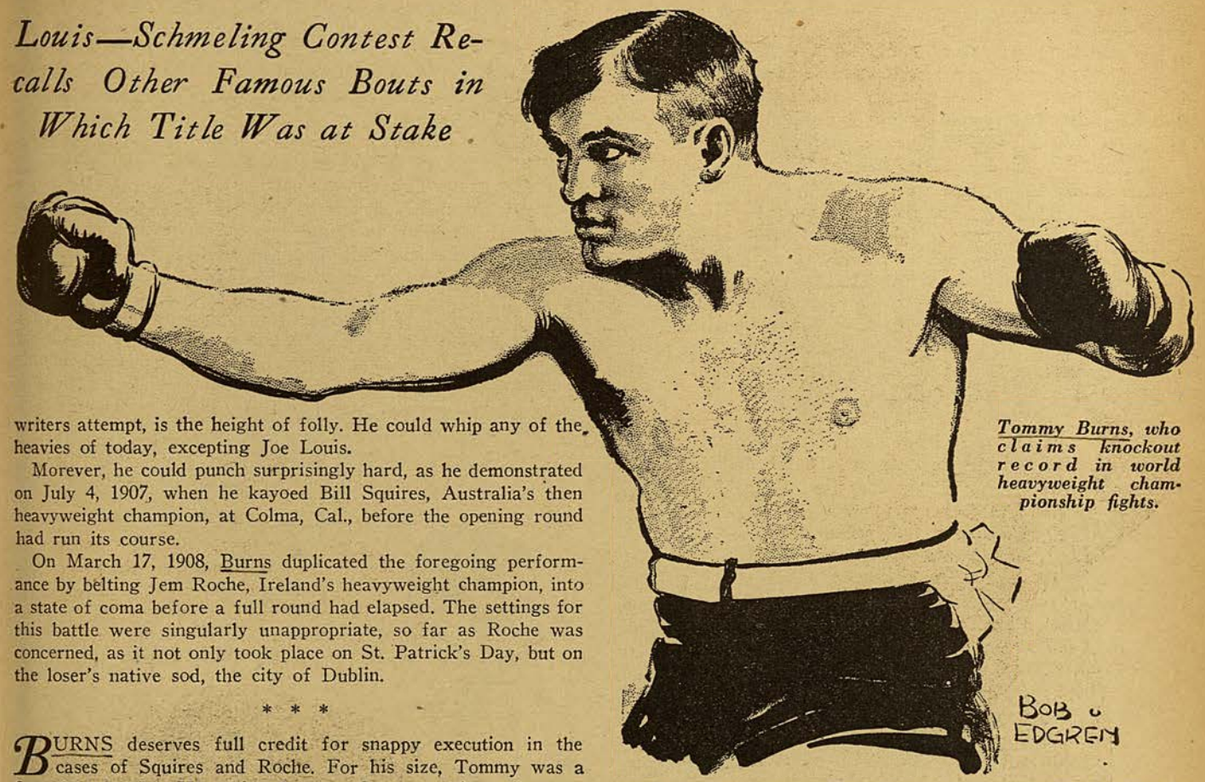
HOWEVER, boxing writers in general—there were no commissions then—were willing to accept Hart as the leader of the big fellows' brigade, for want of anything better. There had to be a champ of some kind, and Jeffries had vowed never to engage again in battle, a vow he failed to keep, unfortunately for himself.

So Hart wore the royal purple, but his reign was but a short one. On February 23 of the following year he risked the newly acquired title in a bout with Tommy Burns at Los Angeles, and was defeated on points in twenty rounds.

Burns was duly recognized as champion, and it is worth noting that he was the smallest scrapper who ever held the heavyweight title, scaling not quite 180 pounds in his prime, and being only five feet, seven inches in height. He had, however, an extremely long reach, was an exceptionally clever boxer, and a ring general of undoubted merit. To ridicule his ability as many present day writers attempt, is the height of folly. He could whip any of the heavies of today, excepting Joe Louis.



Luis Firpo over whom Jack Dempsey scored his shortest knockout during reign as heavyweight king.



Tommy Burns, who claims knockout record in world heavyweight championship fights.

Morever, he could punch surprisingly hard, as he demonstrated on July 4, 1907, when he kayoed Bill Squires, Australia's then heavyweight champion, at Colma, Cal., before the opening round had run its course.

On March 17, 1908, Burns duplicated the foregoing performance by belting Jem Roche, Ireland's heavyweight champion, into a state of coma before a full round had elapsed. The settings for this battle were singularly unappropriate, so far as Roche was concerned, as it not only took place on St. Patrick's Day, but on the loser's native sod, the city of Dublin.

* * *

BURNS deserves full credit for snappy execution in the cases of Squires and Roche. For his size, Tommy was a first-class battler. He whipped men who were giants in comparison with him. It was not until he met superiority of "class" as well as bulk in the person of Jack Johnson, that he had to strike his colors.

None the less, it is ridiculous to list either of Burns' one-round title-defense knockouts alongside of the swift slaughter of Max Schmeling as accomplished by Louis. Just figure it out for yourself!

Joe Louis was facing a fighter recognized by the world as probably the best heavyweight developed in recent years, many experts declaring him as even better than the colored champion, with Max stamped as still more formidable because of his having defeated Joe. A more sensational victory than that of Louis over Schmeling was never gained in the ring!

Squires and Roche were far below the fighting calibre and reputation of Max Schmeling. Bill Squire's Australian heavyweight championship title meant little or nothing. The heavyweight crop at the Antipodes was a decided failure at that particular time.

While Squires had scored a series of knockouts, a glance at his record, compiled altogether in Australia prior to the Burns date, shows that the men he defeated were either worn-out veterans or scrappers of very inferior caste.

Morever, it is significant as proof of Bill's shoddy fistic quality, that out of nine fights in which he participated after Burns sloughed him, he was knocked cold eight times. The only victory he scored from 1907 to 1910 was at the expense of Jem Roche, the same Roche that Burns outed in a round, whereas it took Squires four frames to lick the Irishman.

As to Roche, it is hardly necessary to comment that since the days of Peter Maher the only decent heavy Ireland produced was Mike McTigue, and Mike was only a light heavyweight at that. Roche was but one of a numerous lot of absolute palookas, each labelled champion heavyweight of the Emerald Isle, and none worth feeding on orange peel as a fistic investment, from the American viewpoint.

* * *

QUICK knockouts in heavyweight title bouts are rather rare incidents. Inevitably one thinks of John L. Sullivan when this subject is brought to discussion. But, while John L., undoubtedly did stow away a good many victims in jig-time, none of his regular ring battles after he won the title ended in one round knockouts, with three exceptions. These were bouts with Alex Marx, Dan Henry and William Fleming, none of which lasted three minutes.

During his famous coast-to-coast tour meeting all-comers, Sullivan knocked out over fifty opponents, and a good many of these unfortunates were toppled over in less than a round. But none of the victims were fighters of note, and, indeed Sullivan never even took the trouble to record their names in his record.

Police interfered to save Charley Mitchell from a clean kayo in the third round when Sullivan met the Briton at old Madison Square Garden in 1882, and a few months later he stopped Herbert Slade, the widely touted Maori and protégé of Jem Mace, in the same ring in three rounds.

Police interfered to save Paddy Ryan from a kayo, when the ex-champ met Sullivan with the gloves in New York, and technically John was entitled to a one round knockout. Other bouts, with Greenfield, Burke, McCaffrey, Herald and John M. Laflin, ended in two, five, six, two and three rounds respectively.

Jim Corbett's shortest fight in defense of his title was when he outed Charley Mitchell in the third round of their battle at Jacksonville, Florida, on January 25, 1894. This was an exceptional performance for Corbett. He never tried to shine as a kayo artist, but in Mitchell's case, it was undisguised hatred of his opponent that sent Corbett in for a speedy kill.

Bob Fitzsimmons was noted for dropping opponents in short order. Before he became heavyweight champion by beating Cor-

bett, one and two round kayoes were common entries in his record. But during nearly two years that elapsed from the Corbett victory, up to June 9, 1899, when he lost the title to Jeffries, Bob didn't fight at all. In subsequent battles Fitz registered some one round knockouts, but these were scored over men of mediocre quality.

Jim Jeffries was ambidextrous and a deadly puncher with either hand. Yet in his first title defense after defeating Fitzsimmons, with Tom Sharkey as opponent, it took the giant Californian twenty-five rounds to take a decision over the smaller man, at Coney Island, November 8, 1899.

On April 6 of the next year, Jeffries kayoed Jack Finnegan at Detroit in one round, a victory hardly worth while listing, as nobody outside his home-town had ever heard of Mr. Finnegan, and the bout should really be recorded as an exhibition, in which Jeff was unnecessarily rough with a sucker. In the month following, Jeffries was obliged to travel nearly twenty-three rounds, before he could corner and knock out ex-champion James J. Corbett, who, up to that stage of their Coney Island battle, had clearly outpointed him. Jeff's shortest title defense was his two round knockout of Jack Munroe, his last battle before retiring in 1902.

* * *

YOU will find a few two, three and four round kayoes registered in Jack Johnson's record before he became champion by beating Tommy Burns, and clinched his title right—by stopping Jeffries. But Johnson never did go in much for the quick ending stuff, preferring to hold his opponents safe and wear them down scientifically, although while he was champ, he took on a Russian wrestler named Spoul in a contest before a Parish club, on November 28, 1913, and knocked him out in two rounds.

Big Jess Willard possessed a terrific kayo wallop that he seldom utilized, being too lethargic and lazy by nature to adopt fast attacking methods. Now and again, before he won the title from Johnson, he scored one and two round knockouts. But that was only when something happened to put him in a rage.

Ordinarily Jess loafed along when in action in such a way as to drive his handlers frantic. Once, in Buffalo, Sailor White tried to foul him, and partially succeeded. Jess lost his temper and stretched White out cold, with an awful jaw-sock before the round was two minutes old.

Again, when boxing Soldier Kearns in New York, Willard remained almost altogether on the defensive. Until the eighth round! Then the Soldier, a hard hitter, smashed him full on the chin with a savage left hook that hurt Willard. Jess staggered, uttered a roar, plunged forward and swung a right uppercut that caught Kearns under the jaw, lifted him off his feet, and put him to sleep for twenty minutes.

After he was champion Willard fought only one battle from April 5, 1915, to July 4, 1919, when Dempsey kayoed him at Toledo. The bout in between was with Frank Moran, on March 25, 1916, a no decision affair of ten rounds that went the limit. Willard let Moran do all the forcing, contenting himself with countering, and never assuming the offensive. There was more action in Joe Louis' one-round thunderbolt kayo of Max Schmeling, than in the whole ten rounds of the Willard-Moran fiasco.

Jack Dempsey's shortest title-defense was when he knocked out Firpo in their sensational slugging match in 1923, in two rounds. Dempsey's earlier career lists as many one and two round kayoes as there are plums in a regulation Christmas pudding. During the three years prior to his losing the title to Tunney in 1926, he engaged in a couple of exhibition tours, during which he knocked out an unrecorded number of opponents, on one occasion stopping four men in one night, none lasting over a round.

Although Dempsey's conqueror, Gene Tunney, was noted chiefly for his ability to chop, jab, hammer down and wear out an opponent, somewhat after Johnson's painstaking style, he didn't start out that way. You'll find several one and two round knockouts listed to his credit during the first couple of years when he began throwing leather.

But he soon fell back into more conservative ways, and played safe by mostly taking decisions, and forgetting all about the short, slugging game. This was the method which served him well as heavyweight champion, and he stuck to it doggedly. Hurricane finishes didn't appeal to Mr. Tunney.

Messrs. Max Schmeling, Jack Sharkey and Primo Carnera, to take them in the turn as they successively occupied the heavyweight throne, did nothing sensational in the quick kayo line as champions. Max Baer, after winning the title from Carnera, kayoed King Levinsky in two rounds, but boxed nothing but exhbitions from then, until defeated by James J. Braddock on points in fifteen rounds.

Braddock, who was a somewhat sensational knocker-out in his early fighting days, did not mix with Baer, but whipped him by careful jabbing. Braddock did not fight again until two years later, when, on June 22, 1937, he was knocked out by Joe Louis in eight rounds.

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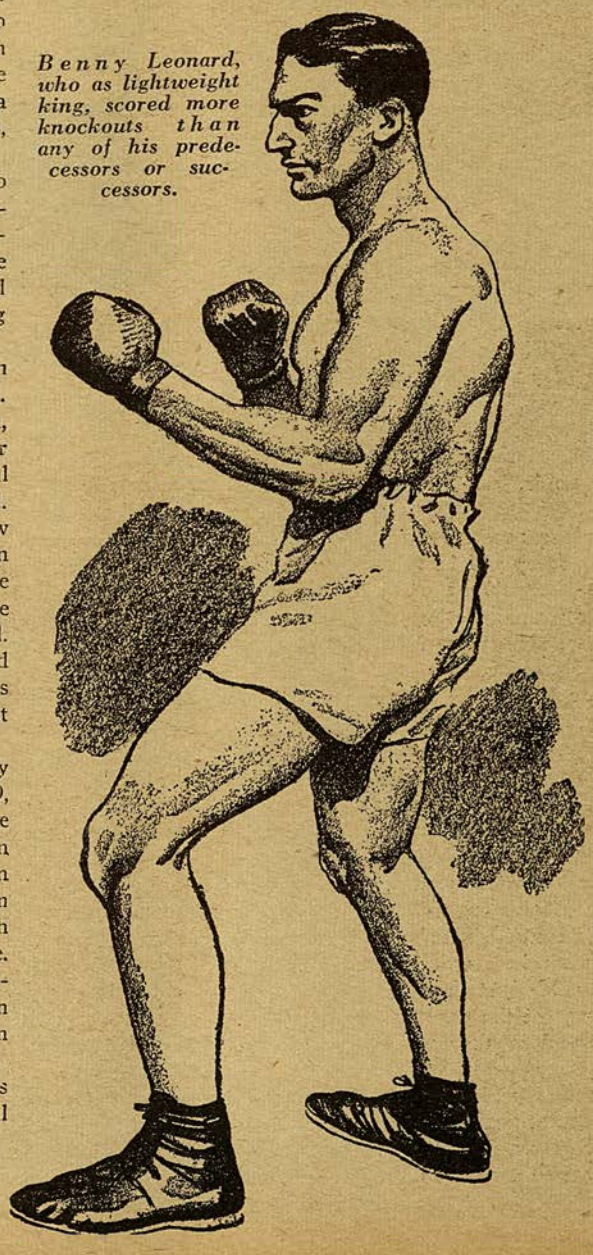


Benny Leonard, who as lightweight king, scored more knockouts than any of his predecessors or successors.

THE weight of evidence would seem to prove that most of the heavyweights preceding Louis, developed a cautious streak after rising to the topmost heights. At any rate we read of no such terse and thrilling a finish to any heavyweight title battle as Joe provided when he took revenge on Schmeling. The Burns victories over Squires and Roche were colorless jokes, compared with that glove melodrama staged at the Yankee Stadium.

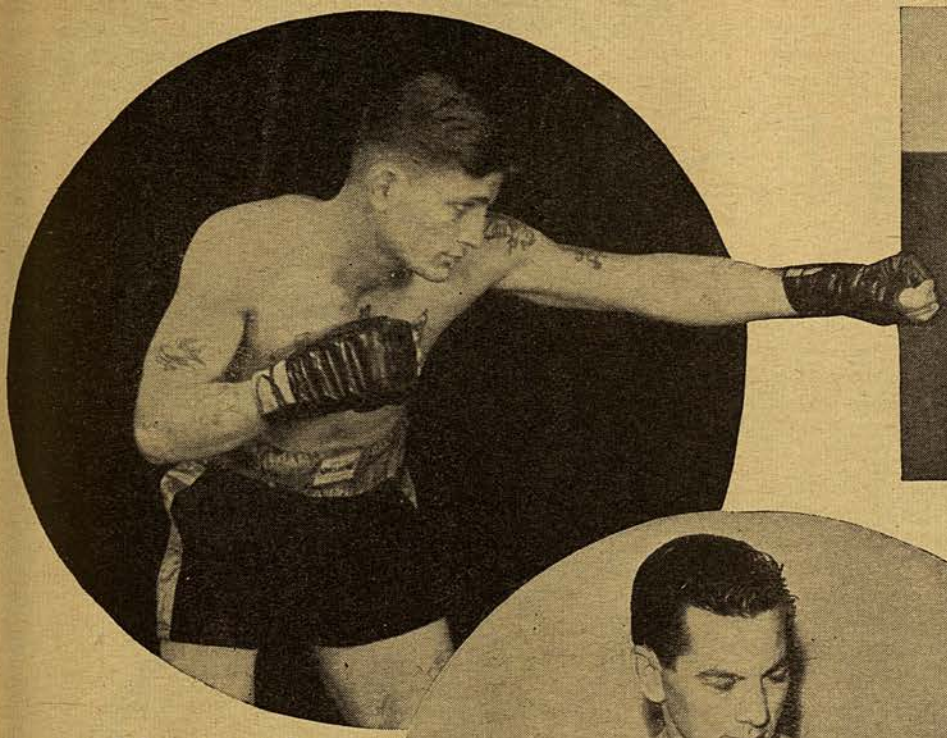
When you come to think of it, one or two round knockouts aren't very common as regards title matches in other classes besides the heavyweight division. Among the little fellows Terry McGovern's name shines out with a lustre undimmed by time as one of the greatest of the quick-finish sluggers.

When Terry was bantam champ he kayoed Jimmy Rose in two rounds, Fred Snyder in two; Charley Mason, two; Harry Forbes, two; Eddie Sprague, two; Pedlar Palmer, one round; Billy Rotchford, one; Patsey Haley, one; Freckles O'Brien, one.

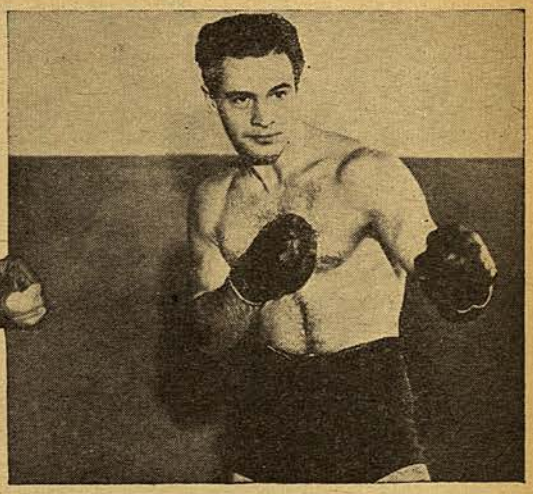
In defense of his featherweight crown, McGovern kayoed Jack Ward in

(Continued on page 41)

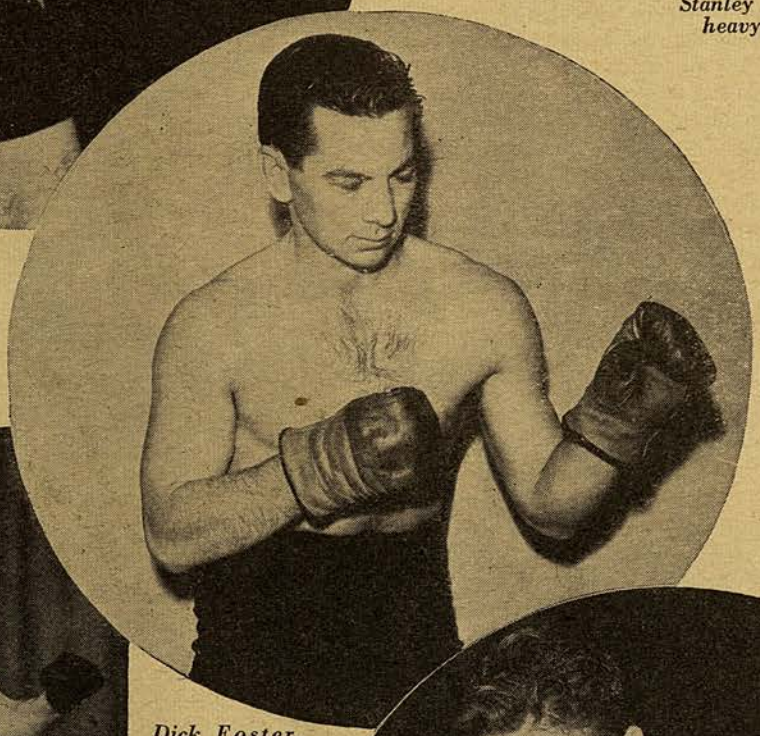
They Are Pushing Ahead



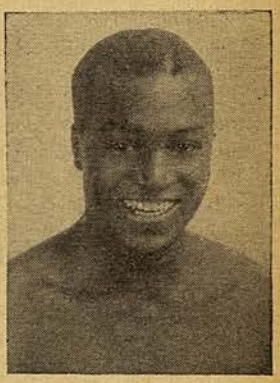
Frankie Valeriano, tough, rugged fighting soldier from San Pedro, Calif. He is a welterweight.



Stanley Hasrato, Yonkers light-heavyweight, a steady winner.

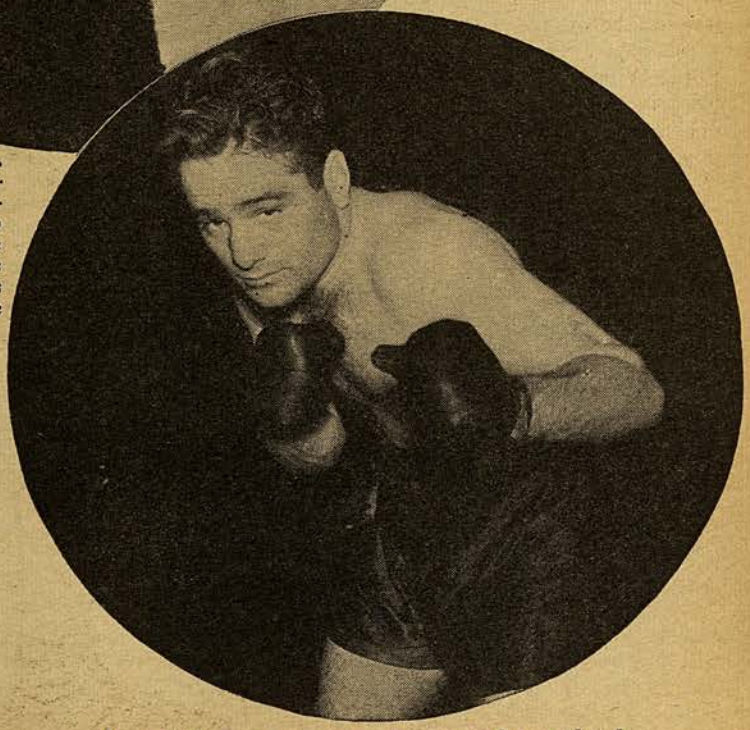


Dick Foster, Berkeley, California middleweight, who has made steady leaps and bounds during the year.



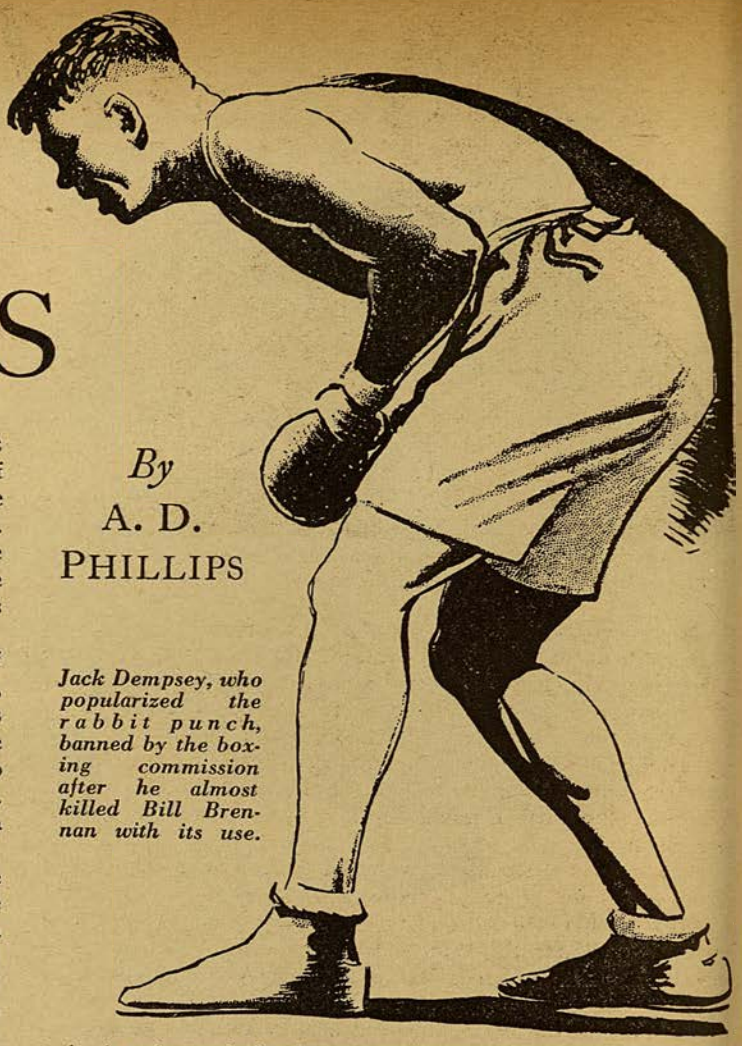
Honey Boy Jones, Pittsburgh middleweight, who is making his presence felt in that vicinity.

Frankie Caris, sturdy Philadelphia middleweight, a test for anyone in his class.



Young Chappie, game, aggressive and two fisted fighting gamecock from Albany, N. Y.

Foul PUNCHES



By A. D. PHILLIPS

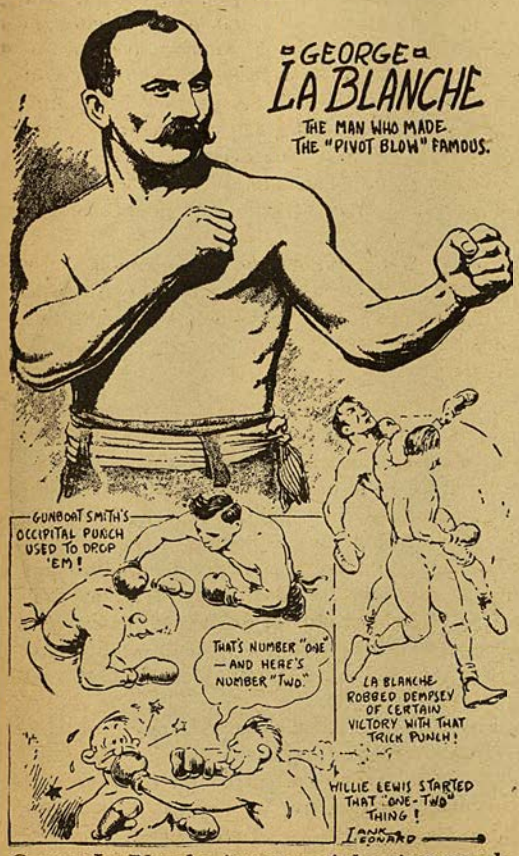
Jack Dempsey, who popularized the rabbit punch, banned by the boxing commission after he almost killed Bill Brennan with its use.

THE recent knockout of Max Schmeling by Joe Louis has brought forth loads of letters from all parts of the world asking THE RING Editor for data on the various foul punches, and when and how they originated. The kidney punch, the rabbit blow, the back hand wallop, the pivot and other objectional blows are banned in every part of the world where boxing is controlled and many interesting chapters of ring history have been written around them.

When Max Schmeling recovered sufficiently from the shock of the mauling Louis gave him, he claimed that he had been fouled, inasmuch as the colored man hit him a punch on the kidneys that fairly paralyzed the Schmeling limbs and body. Later, before he sailed for Germany, Schmeling retracted this statement, so far as claiming the kidney punch to be a foul was concerned. As a plain matter of fact, there was no basis for such a claim.

According to the rules laid down by the bodies controlling the sport in all parts of the world, administering a blow over the kidney region is perfectly okay, unless the men are locked in a clinch. When Louis drove in the kidney punch that wrecked Schmeling temporarily, the hands of both fighters were free, and the German brought about his own downfall by happening to twist his body in such fashion as to present his back for a target. However, enough was said and printed on the day following the battle to make the kidney punch a fruitful topic of conversation wherever the fight jitter-bugs gathered together.

* * *



George La Blanche, inventor of the pivot punch.

THE punch in question was first barred in New York when the Frawley Law came into being as an agency for the government of boxing. It was not, however, until boxing commissions were established all over the country that the outlawing of the kidney blow was universally recognized.

The punch was freely used all through the late eighties and the nineties, when glove fighting took the place of the bare knuckles and London Prize Ring battles. It was a favorite blow with Australian fighters. George Dawson, lightweight champion of Australia, introduced the kidney punch into the American ring when he came to this country in 1892.

That year in San Francisco, Dawson won three kayo victories in succession, disposing of Danny Needham, Billy Gallagher and Doc O'Connell, in forty-two, twenty-nine and twenty rounds respectively. For those were the days of long distance battles on the coast, when scrappers had to work hard for their money.

Dawson boxed a six-round, no-decision bout with Tommy Ryan at Chicago on March 3, 1893, and shortly afterward retired from the ring, becoming boxing instructor of the Chicago Athletic Club.

It is probable that Ryan took a leaf out of the Dawson book, because right after that, Tommy nearly paralyzed Dick Guthrie with a wallop to the kidneys, the police interfering to save the helpless boxer from further punishment in the third round.

However that may have been, the fact remains that the "Tommy Ryan kidney punch" gained as much notoriety in ring circles as did the "corkscrew blow" supposedly invented by Ryan's bitterest rival, Kid McCoy.

* * *

RYAN assuredly used the punch with telling effect. He could time its delivery accurately, either at long range, or in a clinch. The late Jack Curley told the writer that when he took Ryan on a "meeting-all-comers" tour, the then middleweight champion took all the fight out of many a wild-charging assailant by a deftly administered chop over the kidneys.

"When Ryan got that punch home," said Curley, "you could see the other fellow's legs first stiffen, and then go limp under him. I never saw another fighter who could use the kidney wallop with such tremendous effect. It isn't nearly so spectacular a blow to watch as a hook or swing to the jaw. But—man—it's as deadly as the venom fangs of a poison snake!"

Well, there sure is another *(Continued on page 43)*

Australians Ranked

By BILL DOHERTY

One-time middleweight champion of South Africa and heavyweight champion of Australia. Author of "In the Days of the Giants."

Jack Carroll, rated best welterweight of all time in Antipodes by Bill Doherty.

IN my book, "In the Days of the Giants," I nominated Frank Slavin as the greatest Australian who ever got into a ring and thereby provoked some criticism from admirers of Peter Jackson and Bob Fitzsimmons, who pointed out that Peter had beaten Slavin and Bob had knocked out Hall and Corbett and therefore could have beaten Slavin. This reasoning was pretty sound, but the critics overlooked the important fact that Fitzsimmons and Jackson were not Australians at all.

They learned the game in Australia, but going to school in a country does not constitute citizenship, so let us give credit where it is due for the nationality of these two great fighters—to Cornwall, England, and the West Indies. And when that is done, in my opinion, Slavin stands supreme among Australians both as a fist and glove fighter.

It is difficult for any red-blooded man to withhold admiration for Slavin, though it must be admitted that there is a minority in Australia who "sneer at the bruisers" of this and past ages as a class to be expunged from the historical records along with the bushrangers, pirates and coach robbers of the gold era. But it takes all sorts to make a world and it seems to me that Slavin, beetle-browed, dour, and merciless as he was in the ring, played parts in his time that were a credit to the land of his birth.

* * *

HE was a natural heavyweight, never weighing under 180 pounds, was well over six feet in height, straight backed, symmetrically built, long in the reach, a hitter of tremendous force, and with it all, fast and clever. In Australia, he beat the champion, Farnan, who had knocked out Jackson, and after knocking out Jack Burke, the Irish Lad, and Buffalo Costello, Slavin sailed for England. Incidentally, the American, Costello, gave him more trouble than the Irishman and the Australian together.

Over on the other side of the world, Slavin met Jem Smith and won from him the championship of England in a fight with bare-knuckles in France. This was the first time in history, if my information is correct, that a fighter not of English birth was ever awarded the coveted heavyweight championship. There are plenty of people who will say that the Virginian, Tom Molineux, the Californian, John C. Heenan, and the West Indian, Peter Jackson, won that championship, but the fact remains that they were not awarded it.

Out of the ring, Slavin played a manly part, for he went to the Klondike gold fields in the roaring days and afterwards roughed it in Canada for many years. In his fifties, he was as hard and tough and stout-hearted as of old and the doctors readily believed him when he said he was young enough to go to the Great War. He joined a very famous Canadian line regiment and fought in the trenches in France and Belgium.

Darcy, I have heard named as Australia's greatest boxer, but I cannot see him beating Slavin, who was half a foot taller, twenty or thirty pounds heavier, a harder hitter, just as fast, and moreover, just as clever. The big man had gone through Foley's school, although a rushing, forcing fighter, was not by any means crude or untaught.

And for this reason, I place Slavin a bit ahead of my old friend and associate, Joe Goddard, who, on his record, might be thought to be Slavin's superior. They never met in the ring, though a story used to be told of a clash between them with bare-knuckles in an outback town in New South Wales. But Goddard was untaught, a rough, fighting navvy, who had only his undaunted fighting spirit and strength and stamina to rely upon and Slavin, who had all these and skill as well, could have beaten Joe, I think—but it would have been a first class fight.

* * *

THOSE who rank Darcy with the best should not forget Jim Hall, who again was a much taller man and one who had learned skill and science under Foley, a man whose record shows him as getting decisions over Fitzsimmons, Slavin and Ted Pritchard of England, and who went thirteen rounds with Choynski, a fighter who knocked out Jack Johnson when Johnson was twenty years of age.

Darcy was undoubtedly a fighter of the highest order, and if he had lived to attain the peak of his powers, he might have outshone Hall. But as it is, I place him third among the big men.

Griffo, of course, is Australia's pride and was perhaps the cleverest natural fighter that ever lived. If he had lived in any other time than his own, he would have been loaded down with championships. But his day was also the day of Jack McAuliffe, Kid Lavigne, Joe Gans, Joe Walcott and Little Chocolate. Griffo beat McAuliffe, though he did not get the decision, but he failed against Lavigne, Gans and Little Chocolate. Who is there to say that he could have beaten Joe Walcott if he had gone after the welter title?

Griffo is hard to place in a particular boxing division. If he was a featherweight, then he was the greatest feather Australia has produced, and if he belongs to the next highest division, then he was our best lightweight.

* * *

THE next best in those divisions, in my opinion, were George Dawson as a light, and Frank Thorne as a featherweight.

In the welterweight class, I nominate our own present-day Jack Carroll as the best we have produced. I knew most of the other Australian welters and saw them fight. The men who would have given him the most trouble were Tommy Uren, Tommy Williams and Jim Barron, and Uren was really a middleweight, perhaps our best in that division. Jim Barron and Tommy Williams, though appearing as lightweights in the record books, were really welters under present-day standards, and would have certainly made things very willing for our Jack. But I think he would have weathered the storm.

Jim Barron was classy, but he failed to beat Danny Needham, who was the Izzy Janazzo of those days, and Tommy Williams, though he beat Barron, would not have stayed the distance with Carroll. Tommy was badly beaten by Mysterious Billy Smith when he went to America, whereas *(Continued on page 39)*

QUEER RECOLLECTIONS

DO you think there was ever a man who had only to pull on a pair of gloves to become a champion? Could a man, without experience, step into the ring and become a title winner?

Be careful how you answer that one, because there was such a man. He never fought in America; he died before he could make the trip. But he was the greatest Filipino fighter of them all.

By the time this boy had fought four fights, he held three titles. He never fought as an amateur. In his second, third and fourth professional fights, he won the bantam, feather and lightweight championships of the Orient.

Dencio Cabanela was his name. He had amazing strength and speed from the start; the kind of thing no instructor can teach a man. Teaching him to fight was like teaching a tiger to use his claws.

We've had no one in this country whose record was as remarkable. There was Paddy Ryan, who won the heavyweight championship in his first fight. But that means the first "fight" of his that is noted in the record books. Ryan, 27 years old when he fought Goss for the American title, had been through many a scrap. He'd had experience. None the less, his feat is remarkable, too.

Many fighters with great prospects were misjudged in their youth. Joe Louis' ma, according to his Aunt Mary Tucker, wanted to make a violin player out of him. Well, Jack Johnson used to play the bull fiddle.

* * *

YEARS ago, Pete Wayenburg was a boxing promoter in Bellingham, Washington. A young kid named Freddie Steele came to him and asked for a fight. The kid had never appeared in a professional bout.

Pete put him on. Afterward, he told the boy, "Better hang up your gloves, kid. Quit fighting. You'll never make a boxer."

When Freddie won the world's middleweight championship, Wayenburg—who is now selling furniture—blushed a deep, rosy red.

Trust the kids to put one over on the old folks. Twenty-five years ago in Albany, there was a Y.M.C.A. instructor named Jack McCann. In connection with his duties, he directed amateur boxing events.

The day before a tournament, McCann was visited by a middle-aged gentleman.

"My boy is very anxious to get into this tournament," explained the visitor, "and I want you to keep him out of it. I don't want him to be fighting these other boys. He's too young. I've told him not to enter, but if he shows up, I want you to keep him out of the ring. They call him 'Red.' 'Red' Mack."

"Okay," said Jack. "But how am I going to know him? He might give another name."

"No fear of making a mistake," laughed the man. "My kid has the reddest hair you ever saw."

That night Jack kept his eye peeled for redheads, but there wasn't even a blond in the entire entry list. It was a relief to him not to be mixed up in any family squabbles.

The next morning his peaceful satisfaction was completely shattered. The visitor was back again, blowing off steam. "What the blankety blank did you let that kid fight for?" he hollered.

"Fight?" said McCann. "I didn't let any red heads fight."

"Well," growled the father, "mebbe it wasn't your fault. The little rascal put shoe blacking on his hair."

The boy went on to become a successful professional boxer.

IT'S hard to tell the real McCoy, all right. Even the "real" McCoy wasn't real. His name wasn't McCoy. It was Norman Selby.

There were two Jack Dempseys, and neither one of them was a Jack Dempsey. The first one, middleweight champion and famous "Nonpareil," was christened John Kelly when he saw the light of day in County Kildare, Ireland.

The second one, heavyweight champion, was William Harrison Dempsey. One of his brothers had fought a few times under the name Jack Dempsey—that makes three Jack Dempseys in all—and he took over the name.

But Shakespeare would be moved to utter, "What's in a name?" because the last Jack Dempsey who wasn't a Jack Dempsey had nine fights as champion or contender which drew gates averaging *over a million dollars per fight.* Nobody else ever did that.

It may have been this record which made Soldier Bartfield recall the story of his toughest fight.

The Soldier had fought Mike Gibbons, Benny Leonard, Harry Greb, Jack Britton, Mickey Walker, Battling Nelson, Billy Papke, and other such rivals in a career that lasted for years and years.

"Tuff guys," he said. "Dey vas all tuff guys. But my tuffest fight vas mit Lockport Jimmy Duffy.

"De punching vasn't so tuff, but dey troo us out of de ring in de sevent' round. Ve didn't get paid. Boy, vas dot a tuff fight!"

* * *

NOT long ago the referee in an Australian bout brought it to a strange close. The fight was a four-rounder. That is, it was supposed to be, but not a punch was landed in the fourth. Here's how it happened: After three heats, Referee Bud Jennings ordered the fighters to come out at the bell for the fourth, shake hands, and go to it.

Carl Lubec darted across the ring at the gong, avoided the handshake and went straight in fighting. Jennings immediately stopped the bout and disqualified Lubec.

This was the fair thing to do, as Lubec had taken an unfair and tricky advantage. Many a fight has been won by an unscrupulous boxer who took advantage of the opening when his opponent extended his hand. Stanley Ketchel and Billy Papke each won a fight from the other by using such tactics. That's why fighters now usually shake hands before the first bell and come out fighting. No tricks.

Some of the strangest things that have happened at big bouts have been in connection with the moving pictures or the radio descriptions.

* * *

WHEN Jeffries and Sharkey battled twenty-five furious rounds in Coney Island, a moving picture company had bought the right to photograph the bout. Pictures had been taken before. Corbett and Fitzsimmons had battled before the lens at Carson City. But that was under extremely favorable conditions; in the open air under brilliant desert sunlight. Film, in those days, was slow. Jeffries and Sharkey fought indoors, at night. This created a new problem.

Technical experts arrived before the bout and installed arc lamps overhead. They weren't sure how much light they would need, but they knew that the closer the lamps were to the fighters, the stronger the light would be. So they hung them just above the fighters' heads. Jeff could almost reach up and touch them.

The sizzling, sputtering, glaring arcs superheated the ring. It was a hot night anyway. Muggy. The temperature in the ring

must have been about 120 degrees. Once in a while medical attendants would come in and drag out some ringsider who fainted from the heat, while sitting still. How Sharkey and Jeffries fought so violently for twenty-five rounds is one of the great mysteries of the ring! They both lost their hair! It was baked off!

* * *

EVERYBODY who heard about the foul at the Gans-Nelson fight at Goldfield, Nevada, wanted to see the movies. Here at last was scientific proof of a disputed decision. But — the movies contained no picture of the foul. The early-day cameras, unwieldy and awkward to load, had run out of film in the 38th round. Before they could load up again, the 39th, 40th, 41st and 42nd rounds went by. The fight was over. No one ever saw the foul blow on that film.

By the time Baer met Carnera for the championship, moving picture equipment had improved. There was no reloading trouble. But in the field of radio, competition provided a comic and novel scheme. WEAF and WJZ had the official microphone at the ringside. A big tire company had bought the broadcast, and everything was set for a perfectly legitimate scoop on all the other stations.

Listeners were startled to hear not one broadcast but two. The other one was from WNEW, which had hired an apartment on the sixth floor of a building on 35th Avenue. They had a last-minute scare when the landlord saw the radio apparatus beginning to arrive and demanded $1000, which he later lowered to $100. From a window overlooking the bowl, two announcers followed the fight through binoculars.

* * *

THE voices of many fighters have come over the air, and the punches of a few, and the backs of a few more as they hit the canvas; but Maxie Rosenbloom once had a special broadcast of his footwork. He did a tap dance at midnight for a New York station.

Maxie was often accused of following the bright lights and ruining his condition—like Max Baer—with too much night life. Rosenbloom's night life was partly a sham, though. He'd sit at a table with several friends who were drinking. He'd take water; and when he left the place at one o'clock, he'd get himself a great big malted milk. I've seen him come into a hotel after an evening at a night club; talked with him. He'd had nothing to drink and nothing more harmful than a few dances. That's why he is able to last so long and stay in good shape.

Often it isn't the punching that drives a man out of boxing; it's the strain of trying to keep in shape. In March, Jack Carroll, Australia's great welterweight champion, retired. He was just beginning to earn his biggest purses. He had beaten Leto three times; was master of the field in Australia and ranked high in world ratings; narrowly missed being matched with Ross for the world's championship, and was to fight Ceferino Garcia.

By
BOB EDGREN

Five days before his last bout with Leto, he began to feel ragged from taking off 12 pounds. Given a tonic, he managed to go through with the fight. Reaction set in; Carroll was on the edge of a complete nervous breakdown.

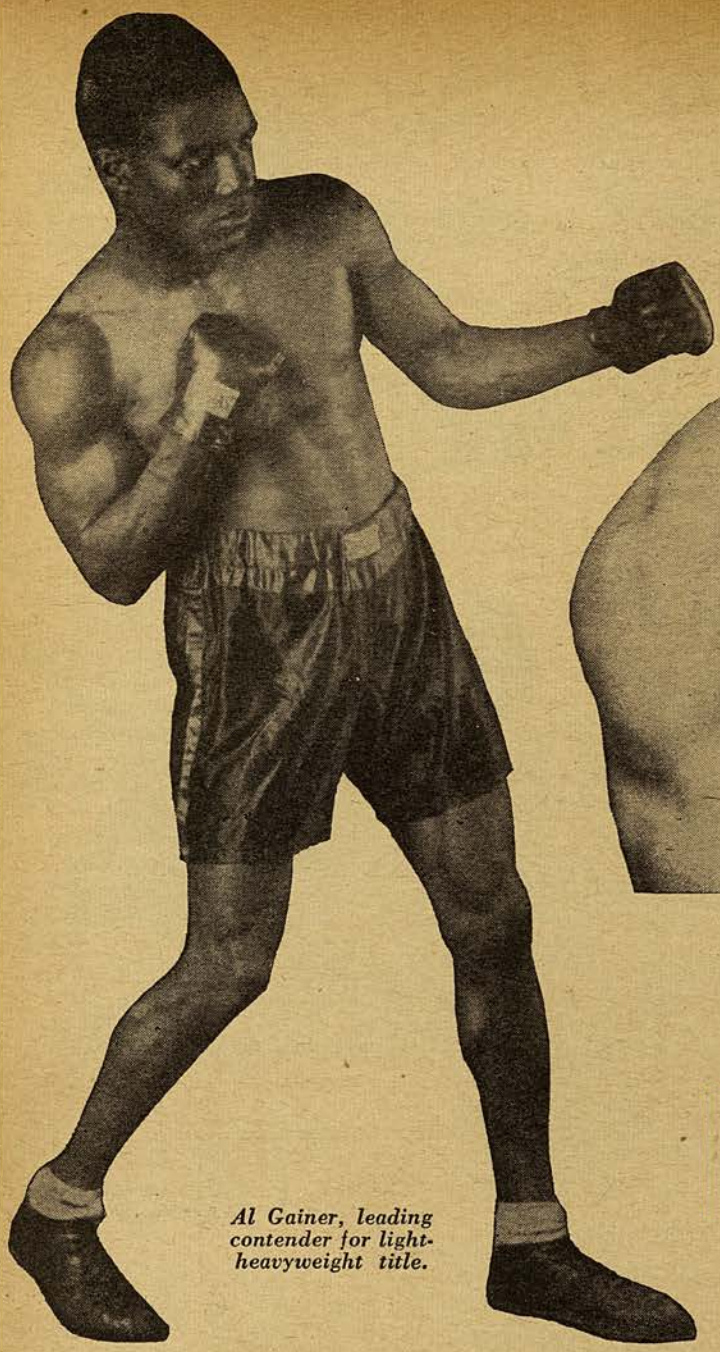
After consulting with his doctor, Carroll decided to retire. When the strain of working into fighting condition begins to be wracking, it is time to stop. Carroll is 32.

Some fighters—different in temperament—seem to last forever. Jack Britton was in the ring for 26 years. Jack was ready to quit when his fortune was wiped away in the Florida land crash. He had to go on fighting to recoup his losses.

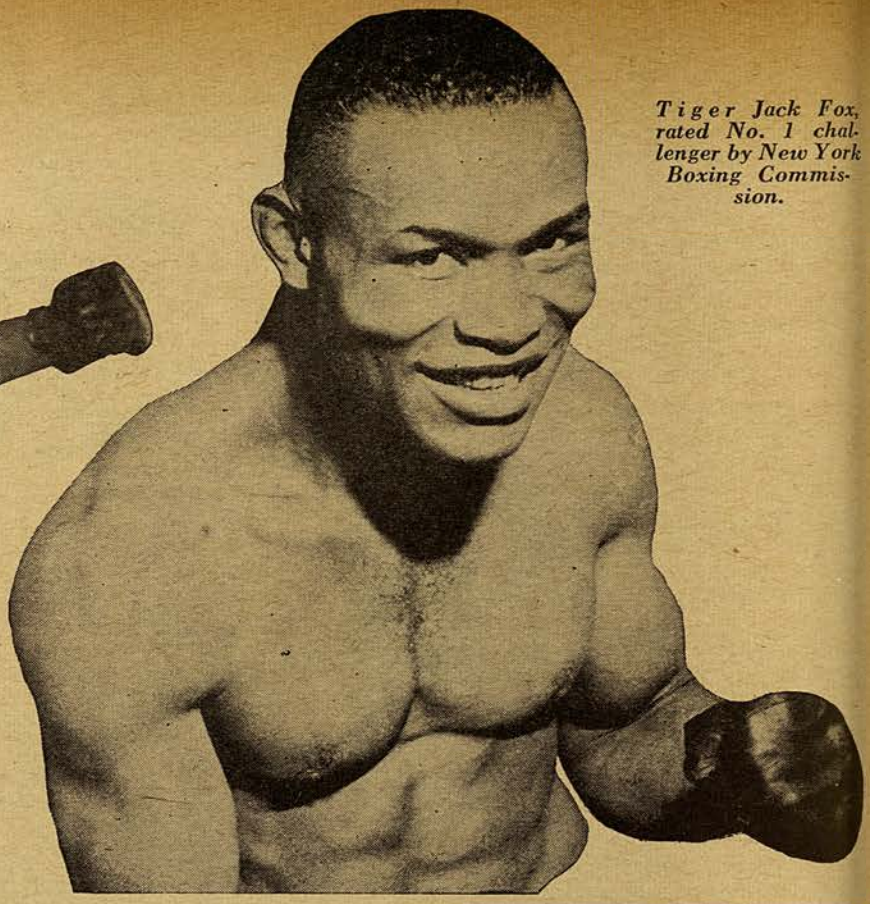
Scientific skill enabled Britton to go on. The same was true of Fitzsimmons, who fought at 52. No fighter who takes much of a punching could last as long as they did. The blows that landed on Britton and Fitzsimmons found them moving with the punch; ducking, sliding; never wading in and flailing in the hope of landing a lucky one.

One clever idea, based on sound knowledge of the ring, may turn defeat into victory. This was never more clearly shown than in the bout in which Harry Mizler won the British lightweight championship. Sliding all over the ring on a smooth-soled new pair of shoes, he was a floundering target for Johnny Cuthbert. His seconds knew what the matter was, but were helpless. A nearby promoter passed them the word to scrape the soles of his shoes with a knife. They did it.

Mizler's shoes gripped the canvas; he recovered his balance and confidence, and boxed his way to the championship.

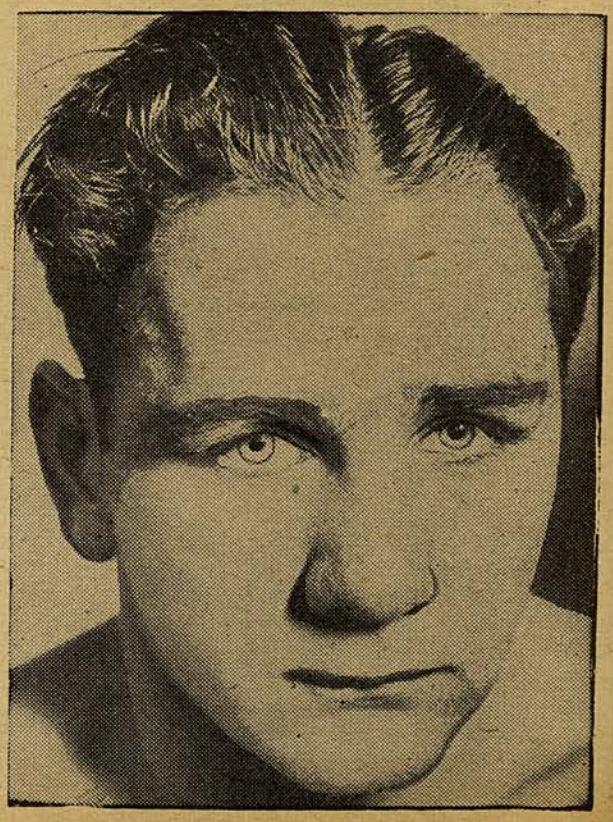


Al Gainer, leading contender for light-heavyweight title.



Tiger Jack Fox, rated No. 1 challenger by New York Boxing Commission.

Gus Lesnevich, U. S. star middleweight, now campaigning in Australia.



Outstanding Light Heavyweights

THE three light-heavyweights whose pictures appear on this page are the ranking contenders in the division. The New York Boxing Commission stirred up a hornet's nest when it vacated John Henry Lewis' title and proposed an elimination to determine his "successor." The Commission named Tiger Jack Fox as the No. 1 man, and with him, Gus Lesnevich and Melio Bettina, but the tourney fell through when Lesnevich went to Australia for a campaign and Bettina found that it didn't mean anything to compete in such a tournament as universally, except in New York, John Henry Lewis remains the king of the light-heavyweights.

Of the boys who are challenging Lewis, the outstanding fighter is Al Gainer, who already has whipped Fox and whose challenge Lewis has accepted. Three of the first five ranking light-heavyweights are colored boys.

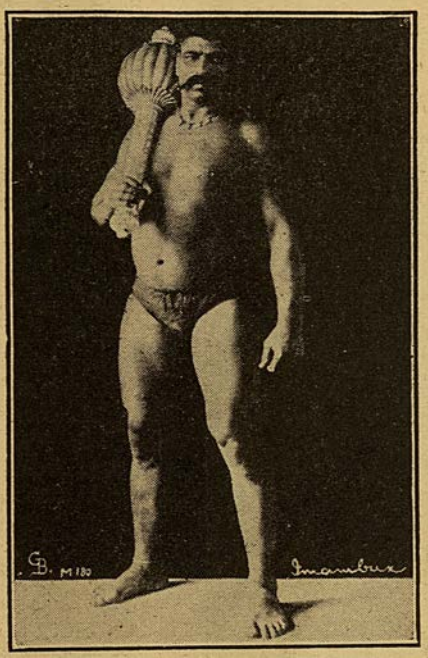
The GREAT GAMA

By A. S. MICHAEL

AN athlete able to hold the Wrestling Championship of India, which really means the championship of the world, for thirty years, must of necessity be a man very much out of the ordinary. Such is the record held by Gama of Patiala, the world's most famous wrestler, and it is one hardly ever to be equalled, much less surpassed.

Other wrestlers have won equal fame, but they have either met with defeat sometime during their career, or have found some excuse for not fighting when matched against a superior wrestler. Such was the case with Georges Hackenschmidt, considered the world's greatest wrestler; he was defeated twice by Frank Gotch, the American wrestler, and disappeared from England when asked to fight Gama or some of the other Indian wrestlers who were in England at that time.

The same was true of Frank Gotch, the world's champion, who met with defeat at the hands of Farmer Burns and Tom Jenkins and refused to come to grip when challenged by Ghulam Mohiuddin, although Ghulam had qualified himself by beating all those who opposed him.



Imam Bux, brother of the Great Gama.

But not so Gama. He has always been willing to meet anyone who challenged him. He has never been beaten, not even in his younger days. Even when Carnera the champion boxer challenged him, he just asked, "Who is this man?" and when told of the fame of the Italian and his vast proportions, smiled quietly and said, "I will fight him, the Indian Lion fears no man."

Never in the history of modern wrestling has there been a wrestler to equal the deeds of the Great Gama. He stands by himself as the greatest exponent of the science of wrestling in modern times. Although Gotch and Hackenschmidt are often rated above him by American scribes, none who study the records of these and compare them with that of Gama, could hold such an opinion. In the field for more than thirty years, he still stands supreme in India and that means over the entire world, for nowhere are there such marvelous matmen as in India.

* * *

GAMA is one of a famous wrestling family of Punjab, the home of India's super wrestlers. He saw the light of day about 58 years ago. According to him, his forefathers, who were gigantic men, had followed this profession for the last 150 years.

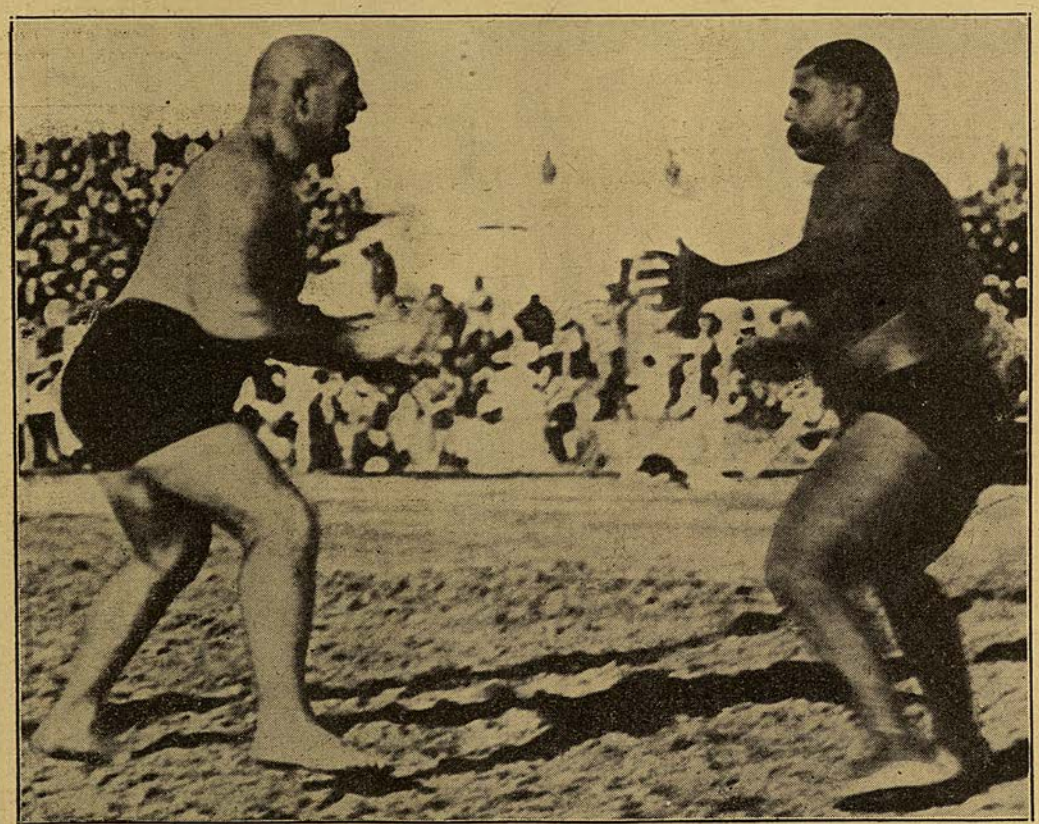
Gama is the eldest of a family of three. When only eight years of age, he lost his father, but this did not deter him from following the family profession and thus keeping the name of his ancestors in the spotlight. He started learning the family art when quite young under the tutorship of Madho Singh, a famous Hindu wrestler and trainer, and in a few years he swept the board of most of the top-notch wrestlers without being defeated once.

But it was not till 1908 that he got the real chance of making a name for himself. At the time, the championship title of India was in the keeping of Ghulam Mohiuddin, who later visited America after defeating the champions of England and Europe, and challenged Frank Gotch, and as Gama had held his own against all the other contenders, he was matched with the Ghulam.

The bout took place at Lahore and Gama defeated Ghulam Mohiuddin in a short time, thus winning the championship of India, a title which he holds to this day. Gama has been lucky in having only a few matches in defense of his title, as most of the top-notchers have either been his relations or members of the same club, on account of which they have ducked the issue with him. But this does not mean that Gama has never been in fear of losing his crown. All his opponents were worthy of wearing the crown, but he has always been able to beat them.

In 1909 an exhibition was

(*Continued on page* 39)

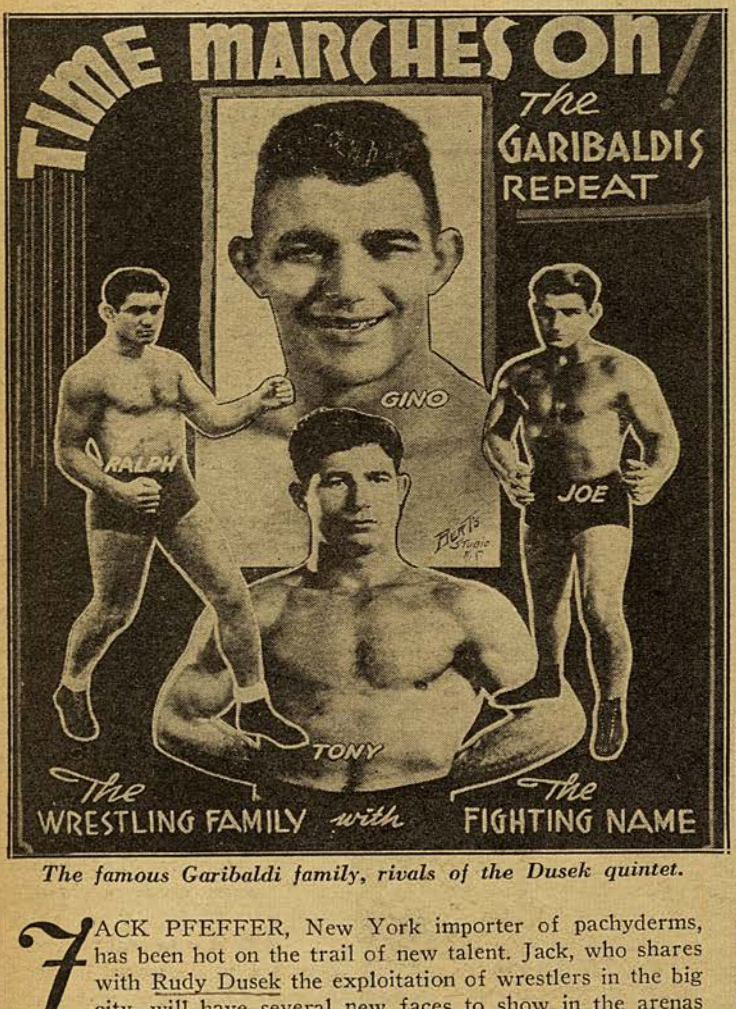


The start of the wrestling match between Gama and Zbyszko in India, in which India's super-wrestler won in ten seconds.

GETTING ACQUAINTED

Short Biographical Sketches of the Wrestlers Who Are in the Spotlight in the Various Divisions

By EMERY CLARKE



The famous Garibaldi family, rivals of the Dusek quintet.

JACK PFEFFER, New York importer of pachyderms, has been hot on the trail of new talent. Jack, who shares with Rudy Dusek the exploitation of wrestlers in the big city, will have several new faces to show in the arenas which he controls. Among the newcomers is a Chinese, Lee Yat Wing, an athlete who has helped gather much money for the cause of his people in their fight with the Japanese. It was while on such a tour, speaking on behalf of the war fund, that Pfeffer picked up Wing, and the Chinese mat man accepted Jack's offer to wrestle under the Pfeffer banner. He'll draw well in New York next fall—that is a certainty.

Lee Yat Wing was born in a village near Canton called San Wey Koo Chian Namnong, twenty-four years ago. He is five feet nine inches, rather tall for a Chinese. His father is a prosperous antique dealer with establishments in Canton, China; Seattle and St. Louis. Young Yat attended school in Canton and finished his education at the University of St. Louis in this country.

He gained his letters in football, wrestling, basketball and track. He scales 225 pounds but is fleet-footed despite his weight. He is an aggressive fellow and takes to wrestling like a duck to water.

* * *

ANGELO LEONE was born in Naples twenty-four years ago. He weighs 185 pounds and is five feet ten inches in height. Leone might be best described as a young man with the wander lust. Born on a farm, he was expected to till the land as did his ancestors, and although he did so for a while, he was restive and wanted to see what lay beyond in the great cities. As he explains it himself, he joined with a circus when he deserted the farm, was a member of an acrobatic act for a time and learned wrestling from professionals attached to the travelling show. He then gave up circus work for a mat career.

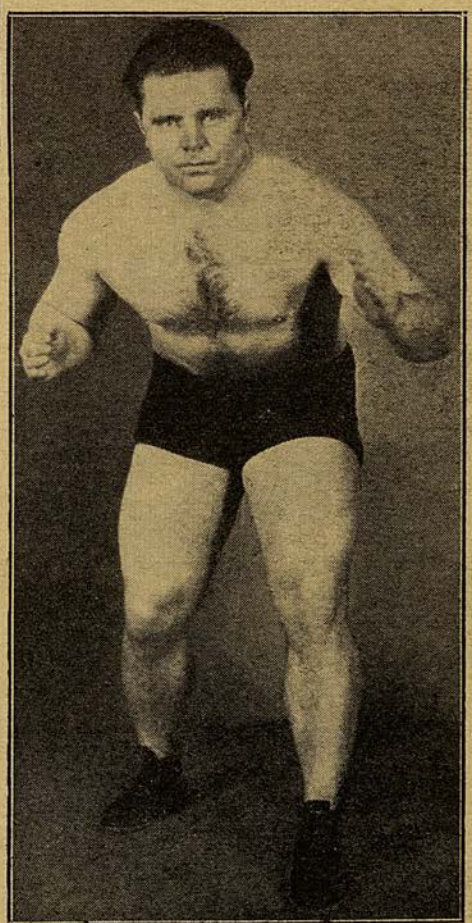
His ambition was to win the Rome tournament, which carried as part of the prize, a trip to America. Leone did well enough in the tourney but failed to win the coveted honors. Later he entered the Lyons tourney, one of the more important meets in France, which he won. Soon after he sailed for the States.

That was about three months ago and since then, Angelo Leone has been going at a great clip and much is expected of him. Jack Pfeffer, who knows a good wrestler when he sees one, says Angelo Leone is one of the best Italian grapplers below the two hundred pound class in the country.

* * *

WALTER PERCY was born in London twenty-six years ago. He weighs 195 pounds and stands five feet eleven inches. Percy is one of the few English wrestlers to make good in this country. He was imported from London by Jack Pfeffer, who heard about him when he was instructor to the London Police Force and before he took up wrestling professionally.

Percy is a lanky fellow—all legs and arms—who can make the maximum use of them, especially his legs, which have made him famous as the latest scissors king. Percy is also a jiu-jitsu expert. He learned the Japanese art when attached to the London Police Force and was taught by one of the best Japanese instructors, whose job it was to initiate London Bobbies in Japan's art of self-defense.



Bibber McCoy, who has a fine record as an athlete.

Since he turned pro, Percy has been moving up steadily both in the light-heavyweight and heavyweight divisions. Just now he is wrestling in both classes but aims to devote his future work to the heavyweight class if he can take on another ten pounds or so. He has a big frame and ought to find little difficulty in carrying the extra poundage. Weight won't hurt him.

* * *

VICTOR WEBER is the light-heavyweight champion of

Germany and one of the best 180-pounders in this country. He has been wrestling for several years over here and in his native land. Victor is twenty-eight years old and one of the most scientific wrestlers in the game. Although he is light, he can down men well over two hundred pounds without much difficulty. Weber has devoted his entire life to wrestling. He learned it first in Germany and later came here to put on the finishing touches.

A master of holds, he is an expert at all forms of wrestling. One of the busiest matmen in the game, he likes to engage top-notchers in this country during the season, then go to Europe and take part in European tournaments. His name is as well known in Poland, France, Italy, England and Germany as it is in the leading arenas over here.

* * *

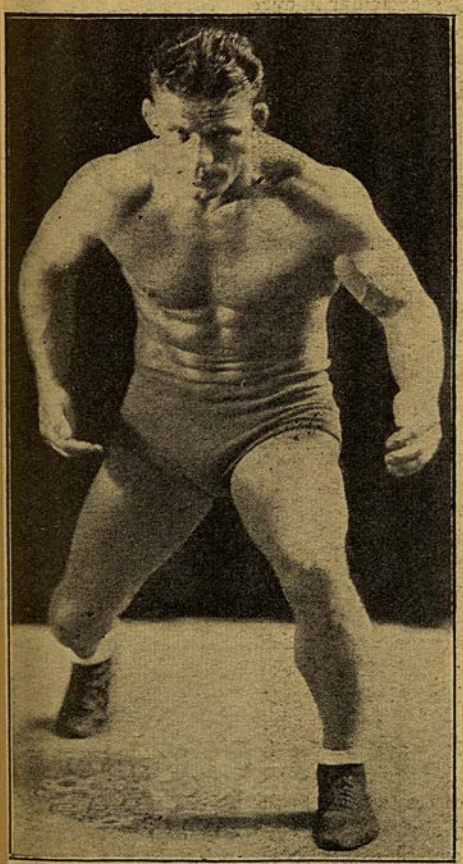
CURLEY DONCHIN is a native of Jersey City. He is twenty-seven years old, stands five feet ten inches and claims the Jewish title in the light-heavyweight class. He started out as a boxer and made a pretty fair name for himself in the light-heavyweight division. Unlike many boxers who later turned to wrestling, Curley quit fisticuffs when he seemed headed for good matches. Curley says that he quit because first, he preferred wrestling to boxing, and because he was satisfied that what he learned as a boxer would take him a long way up the ladder of wrestling. Curley was not wrong in his judgment.

He is one of the most popular wrestlers in the country. His services are in demand by promoters. Since he turned pro wrestler he has accumulated a tidy fortune.

* * *

ROBERT H. J. M'COY of Cambridge, Mass., is the real M'Coy when it comes to competitive events in the sports field. Robert, now known universally as one of the outstanding contenders for the wrestling championship of the world, as Bibber, has probably earned more letters than any other living athlete.

Yes, Bibber is a born athlete. A glance at his accomplishments will prove the truth of his deeds.



Jack McLauchlan, the Canadian Hercules, who is back on the Pacific Coast after a trip to South Africa.

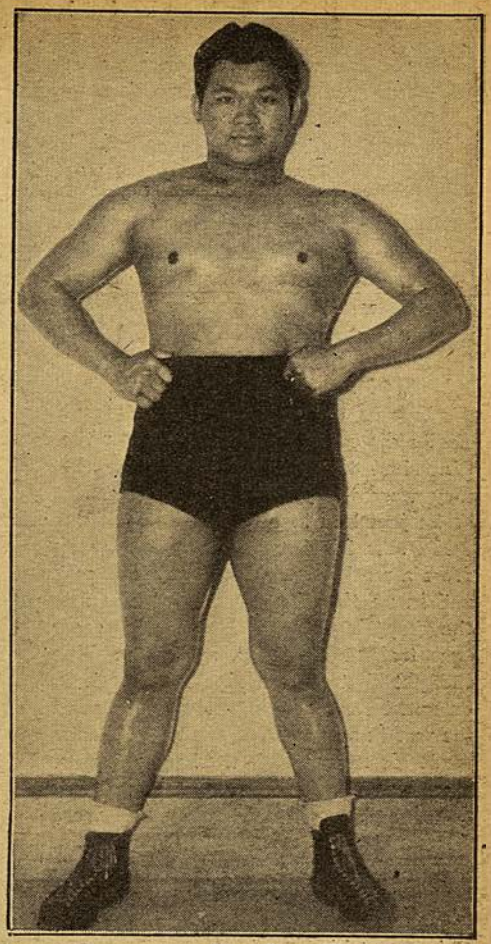
Bibber, born of Irish-American parents in Cambridge, July 10, 1906, participated in his initial athletic event when only eight years of age. At that time he won a twenty-five-yard swim at Magazine Beach, Cambridge. The following year he joined the "Y" of his home town and participated in all sports, including wrestling. Bibber always came in first in all competitive games.

In 1920, while a member of the Rindge High School, he gained his letters in football, baseball, rowing, swimming, hockey and track. For four consecutive years he was selected a member of the all-scholastic eleven. In 1924 he devoted most of his time to amateur wrestling.

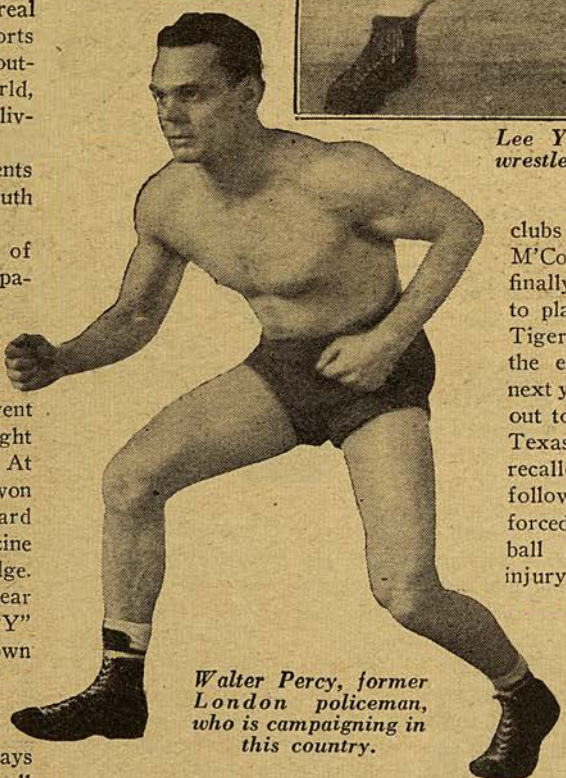
So well did he do, that he won the light - heavyweight title in the Olympic trials, but due to his studies he was unable to go to France to represent the U. S. A. in mat competition.

The following year, M'Coy was enrolled at Holy Cross College. He made the football, baseball and track teams his first year. In 1926 he left Holy Cross and entered Mt. St. Mary's. There he captained the baseball team.

In 1927, no less than five major league baseball clubs were eager for M'Coy's services. He finally signed a contract to play for the Detroit Tigers, where he played the entire season. The next year he was farmed out to Beaumont of the Texas League and was recalled by Detroit the following year. He was forced to quit pro baseball due to an arm injury which he received.



Lee Yat Wing, Chinese wrestler from St. Louis University.



Walter Percy, former London policeman, who is campaigning in this country.

He then took a hand at professional football, being a member of the Dilboy Post, Somerville, Mass., eleven. But pro football didn't entirely agree with him, so after playing out the season, he became a professional wrestler in 1929.

From then on, the name of M'Coy has become known all over the mat field. Bibber M'Coy has proved to the fans that he not only is adept at handling himself in any kind of company but is just the type of grappler who is a thorn in the sides of all contenders and champions as well.

M'Coy is a squatty individual, standing but five feet ten inches, but he hits the beam at 235 pounds. He is a tough fellow when hard pressed. He knows the wrestling game from A to Z and is one of those who keeps on studying new moves and new holds, his aim being perfection. He may never gain a world title, but he has put several aspirants out of the running.

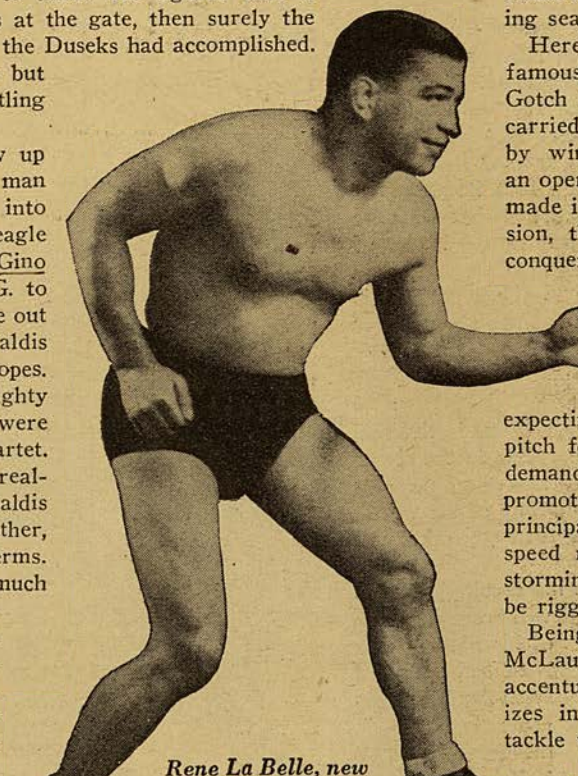
THE Garibaldi brothers, headed by Gino, seek to outdo the famous Dusek brothers on the mat. Gino is the head man of the Clan, which today is heralded far and wide as the Larruping Latin Quartette. Gino has been around for many years, but like Old Man River, he doesn't seem to age.

At about the time that Gino started in wrestling, the third addition of the Dusek Riot Squad had entered the bone tugging field. The game already had boasted of Rudy Dusek and Emil. Now Ernie took a fling at it. The Duseks were making mat history. The novel stunt of having three brothers on one card proved to be a real answer to a promoter's prayer. A little later the youngest Dusek, Joe, entered the fold and for the past seven years the wrestling game has held its head above water only through the formation of Matdom's Riot Squad.

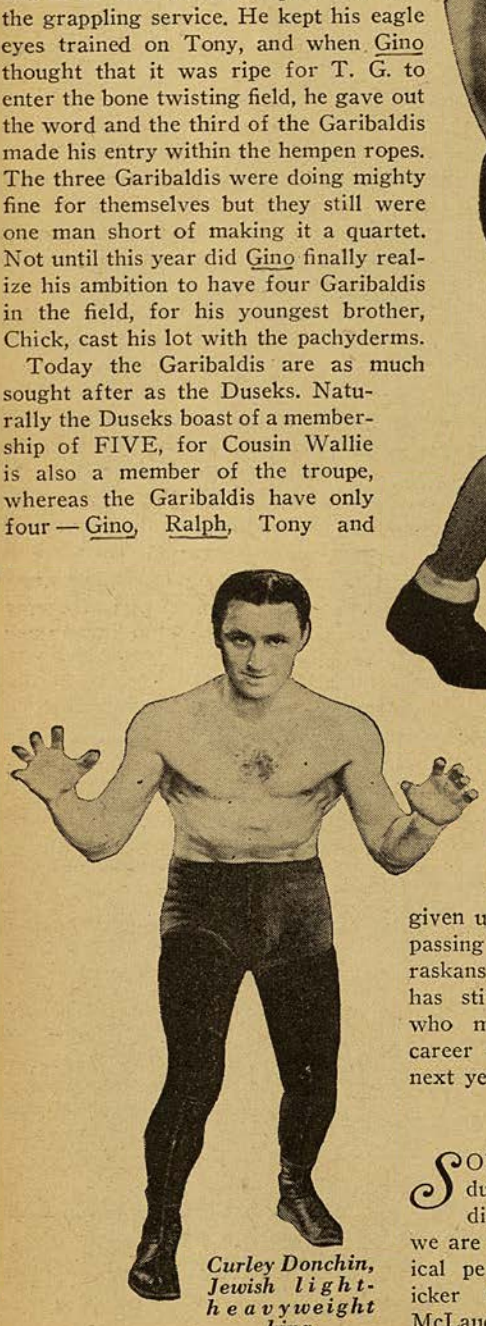
Well, Gino Garibaldi sat down to think. He figured that if the Duseks could do such wonders at the gate, then surely the Garibaldis could duplicate whatever the Duseks had accomplished. Gino had three younger brothers but they were too young to start wrestling so he just had to bide his time.

He saw his brother Ralph grow up from a weakling to a robust young man and in no time he conscripted him into the grappling service. He kept his eagle eyes trained on Tony, and when Gino thought that it was ripe for T. G. to enter the bone twisting field, he gave out the word and the third of the Garibaldis made his entry within the hempen ropes. The three Garibaldis were doing mighty fine for themselves but they still were one man short of making it a quartet. Not until this year did Gino finally realize his ambition to have four Garibaldis in the field, for his youngest brother, Chick, cast his lot with the pachyderms.

Today the Garibaldis are as much sought after as the Duseks. Naturally the Duseks boast of a membership of FIVE, for Cousin Wallie is also a member of the troupe, whereas the Garibaldis have only four — Gino, Ralph, Tony and Chick. Still Gino, who feels certain that his band will take all the play away from the famous Battering Bohemians, hasn't given up hope of even surpassing the Nailing Nebraskans in membership. He has still another brother, who may start his mat career the early part of next year.



Rene La Belle, new French light-heavyweight, who shows great promise.



Curley Donchin, Jewish light-heavyweight king.

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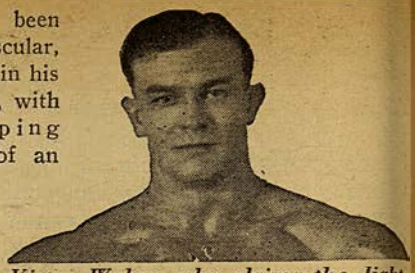
SOUTH AFRICANS dubbed him the Canadian Hercules, and if we are any judge of physical perfection, this monicker that speedy Jack McLauchlan so proudly bears has certainly not been misplaced. Short and muscular, a trim five feet six inches in his silken socks, McLauchlan, with powerful shoulders sloping down to the waistline of an athlete, well-developed arms and legs, sports a figure that would have done credit to the ancient Greek diety from whence his nickname is derived. Born in Winnipeg, Canada, this newest of wrestling luminaries was raised upon the sun-swept shores of the Pacific Coast and makes his permanent abode in the thriving seaport of Vancouver.



Victor Weber, who claims the light-heavyweight title of Germany.

Here, under the eagle eye of Emil Klank, the famous Chicago trainer, who steered the late Frank Gotch in headline heights, youthful McLauchlan carried all opposition before him and wound up by winning the Canadian middleweight title in an open tournament. Later, when increasing weight made it impossible for him to compete in this division, the muscular Canadian was still without a conqueror in the defense of his 160-pound belt.

Klank, due to failing health, gave the grip game the go-by and Jack, eager to establish his name in the wrestling markets of the world, sought action in foreign capitals, expecting, of course, to be absent from his native pitch for slightly short of a year. Instead, public demand for his services was so great that shrewd promoters in the British Isles and throughout the principal cities of Africa insisted that the Canadian speed merchant spend five whole years in barnstorming just wherever a grappling canvas could be rigged up.

Being spectacular in every detail of his mat work, McLauchlan must rely upon an array of holds to accentuate his speed and agility. There, he specializes in the "flip-flap," a version of the football tackle which he claims to have invented and perfected. This hold, teamed with the usual scissors, toe-holds and grips that go to complete the repertoire of a wrestling craftsman have made the Canadian Hercules a tough customer for any junior heavyweight in the world. He has class and color.

* * *

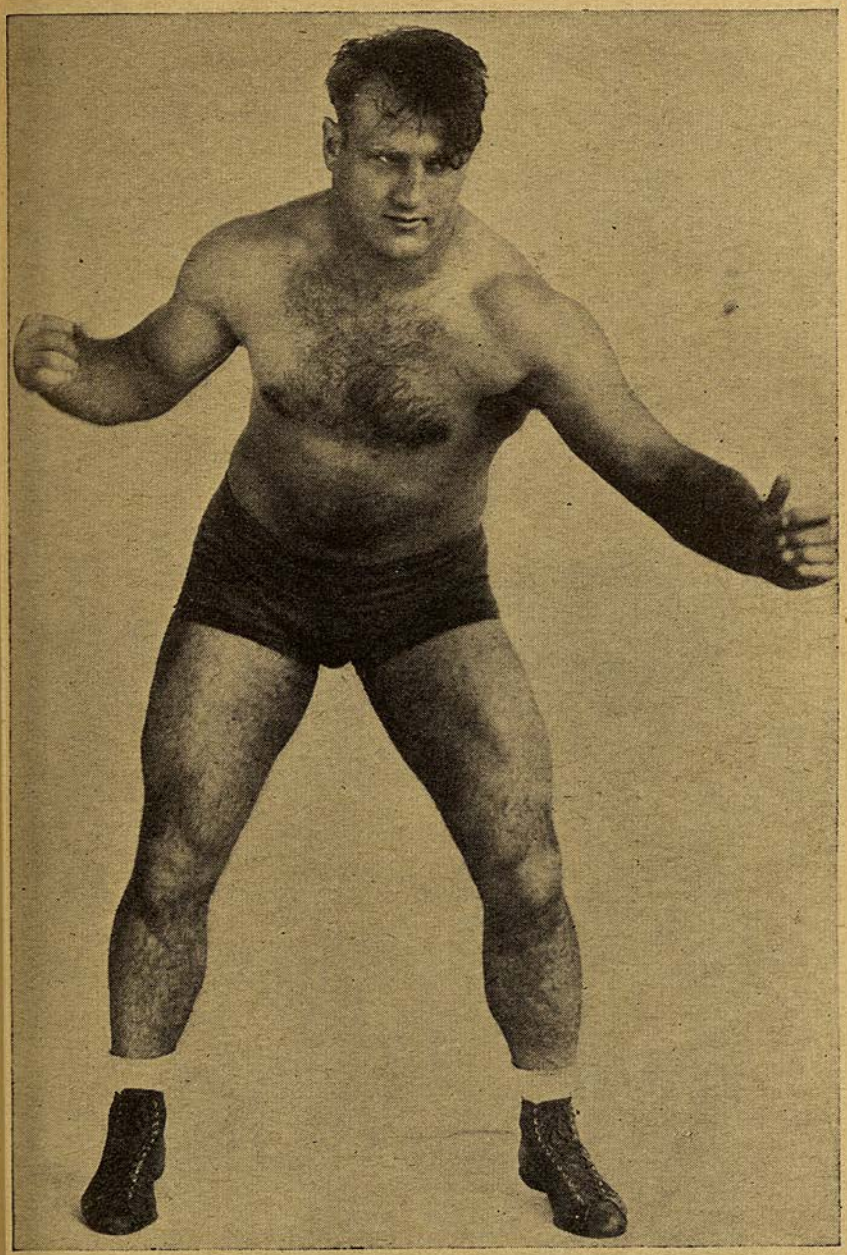
RENE LA BELLE is a native son of southern France, where he first saw the light of day some twenty-four years ago. He commenced his professional wrestling career three years ago and since has toured the chief centres in England, meeting with the finest talent available. Weighing 185 pounds, La Belle likes to move with the fastest of the light-heavyweight class, but has proven that he is quite capable of handling the roughest of combatants.

Though still somewhat of a youngster in wrestling years, La Belle is on a par with any matman abroad and has mixed it with such notables of the lighter classes as Bengal Engblom, contender for the European and British Empire middle crown; Ala Badi, the Turk; Jack Terry Van; Raschid Anwar, the Hindu; and chin-whiskered Rod Fenton, the tough guy from California. With a foreign record as impressive as this, Rene La Belle hopes to clash against the leaders of the American wrestling sphere upon his arrival in the United States.

He has had several offers to come to the States, but preferred to make his way to the top abroad before embarking on a new venture. In many respects he resembles in action Henri De Glane, who for a time was the recognized heavyweight champion in Canada and has been doing fine work in France during the past two years.

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By EDDIE MERRILL



Bronko Nagurski, world champion, who successfully defended his title several times recently. He hopes to compete in New Zealand and Hawaii this winter.

WITH the cream of the American wrestlers now performing abroad, mostly in the Southern Pacific Islands, the promoters of the United States are having a tough time filling their bills with talent worth while. The mat sport in this country is due for a big boom, however, judging by the many new faces of youngsters who are coming forth with a rush and who must eventually replace the veterans who have been in the spotlight for so many years.

Grapplers like Jim Londos, Steele, Stein, Chief Little Wolf, Earl McCready and others of their rating have had their share of public support, and with few exceptions, they have lost their pull at the gate. While they still retain their drawing power in foreign lands, the fans of America are tired of seeing them in action night after night against the same crew, and that's why the newcomers are being played up now so that when the winter season gets under way they will be listed as the top-liners in the place of the old-timers. Of the entire lot now performing in Australia and New Zealand and Hawaii, only two could continue to pack the arenas of America in certain sectors—Londos and McCready. And I doubt that they they will continue much longer to hold public attention.

If the promoters of this country hope to pick up trade, they should bring back from England such stars as Jack Sherry and Carl Pojello, and with them some of the outstanding European, New Zealand, South African and Hindu wrestlers. We could do well with Van der Walt, Sherry, Pojello, McCready, Lofty Blomfield, George Pencheff and Douglas Clark, added to those here who have already met with popular approval. Success this winter can be obtained only by the importation of some of the best men now appearing in foreign territory. Let's have them—especially the outstanding Hindus.

* * *

DICK SHIKAT, former world champion, appeared with regularity in Eastern mat circles during the summer. He is priming himself for a comeback in the hopes that he can get a shot at Nagurski for the world crown. Dick, when trained properly and working seriously, is one of the greatest wrestlers in the world. At this writing, I doubt that there are half a dozen wrestlers in the entire world who can whip Shikat at his best.

* * *

Jack Sherry hopes to clean up abroad and then force the issue in America, where he has been banned by those in charge of the sport because he won't play ball. Sherry, like Shikat, is a master who can dispose of the majority of those who are being billed as title-holders in various parts of the country. He is a big drawing card abroad, but somehow never seemed to do much in America because of his extreme cleverness. The fans like the acrobat instead of the straight wrestler.

* * *

Sandor Szabo, a veteran of many years, who has twice retired and then returned to the mat sport, continues to be the outstanding attraction in California. Sandor's style is a pleasing one, and that's why the fans go big for him, especially in Hollywood.

* * *

EUROPEAN WRESTLING GOSSIP, by Charles "Spider" Mascall, follows:

That scientific leverage master, Earl McCready, recognized in most sections of the British Empire (despite the almost absurd claims of George Pencheff, Bonnie Alan Muir and a horde of others) as the heavyweight kingpin, was more active than ever last month. Entering London for the first time since his arrival, McCready made a public appearance within the stately portals of the famed Holborn Stadium Club. In a catch-as-catch-can contest, sanctioned by the newly organized British Wrestling Control Board, the Canadian giant locked grips with the rugged campaigner, Tim Estelle of England.

Catching his adversary as the third round commenced, Earl converted a punishing body scissors into an "Octopus Death-grip" and Estelle, unable to wriggle free, conceded the fall. When the gong sounded, the Englishman, holding a damaged arm, was

apparently in no fit condition to resume, and the referee, Major Count Vivian Hollender, gave McCready the decision.

Closely associated with big Earl in this attempt to revive the more serious side of the wrestling game in England, is jovial K. J. Staunton, a former New Zealand journalist and one of the most enterprising chaps we've had the pleasure of meeting. Mainly due to the scarcity of first class heavyweight talent in this sector, it is understood that men like Hans Steinke, Rube Wright, Orville Brown, the Kansas cowboy; Everett Marshall, Jim McMillen and Danno O'Mahony will be imported, while Dean Detton, the grand ex-champ; Sammy Stein, Leo Numa, Texas Dick Raines and colorful Billy Hanson may be brought here from Australia. So you see, ringsiders, McCready will have some real tough hombres around which to twine his pythonlike legs.

* * *

Down in Plymouth, Harold Angus, Doncaster, faced Roger Mollett, youthful European ruler, in a bout advertised as for the world's welterweight title. Until near the fifty-five-minute mark, honors were even, when Mollett slipped, fumbled, and Angus had trapped him in a painful arm spread, forcing the Frenchman to admit defeat.

* * *

Bonnie Alan Muir, bronzed Australian mat artist, and Rex Gable, a fellow countryman, came together at the Junction Stadium, Manchester, in a fray which was rated among the best heavyweight duels of the month. Muir, though a seasoned barnstormer, had his hands full with the curly-headed Gable, but, relying upon his ring experience, produced a thriller and a sterling win over his rival by the one fall in three.

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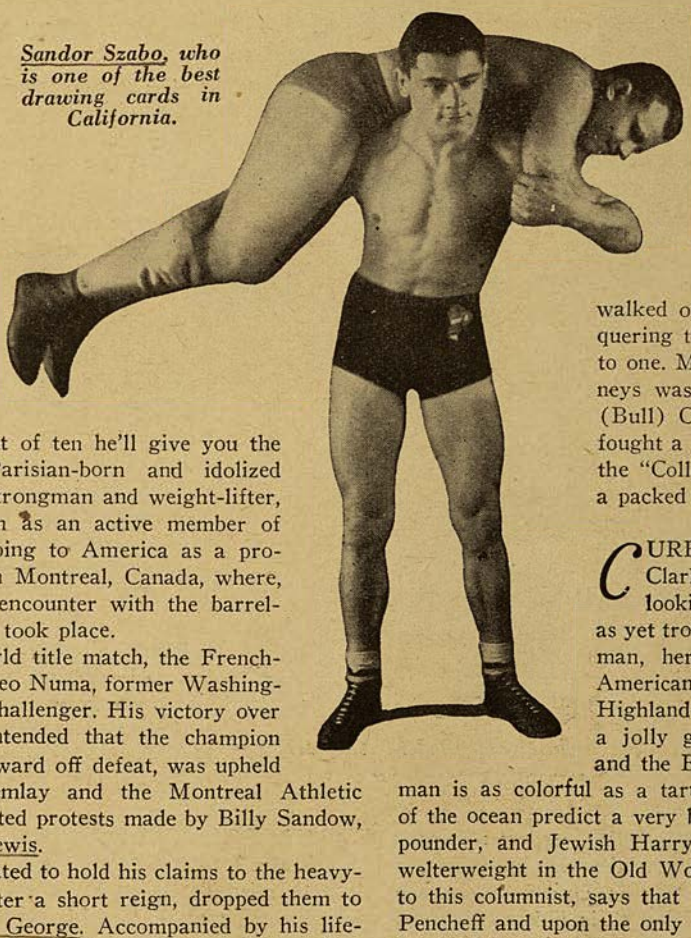


Sandor Szabo, who is one of the best drawing cards in California.

MINIATURES OF MATMEN — Ask an average French citizen who the greatest matman of them all is, and nine times out of ten he'll give you the name of Henri Deglane. Parisian-born and idolized throughout France, Deglane, strongman and weight-lifter, gained early public admiration as an active member of the French Olympic team. Going to America as a professional wrestler, he settled in Montreal, Canada, where, on May 4, 1931, his historic encounter with the barrel-chested Ed "Strangler" Lewis took place.

Paving the way for this world title match, the Frenchman had accounted for blond Leo Numa, former Washington grid great and a selected challenger. His victory over Lewis, in which Deglane contended that the champion had deliberately bitten him to ward off defeat, was upheld by able Referee Eugene Tremlay and the Montreal Athletic Commission, in spite of the heated protests made by Billy Sandow, then manager of Champion Lewis.

Deglane, however, was not fated to hold his claims to the heavyweight crown for long, and after a short reign, dropped them to a young collegian named Don George. Accompanied by his life-long friend and adviser, Raoul Paoli, the crestfallen ex-champion returned to his native land, where, at the famous Parisian Palais des Sports, he was responsible for the introduction of the American style of grappling.

Celebrating more than eight years as a paid gripman, Deglane can look back on a splendid career and upon a record which includes victories over many stars such as Gus Sonnenberg, Joe Savoldi, Billy Bartush, Sailor Jack Arnold, the late Jim Browning, Sandor Szabo, Lee Wykoff, Nick Lutze, Don George, Joe Malcewicz and Doctor Len Hall.

Deglane is a wrestler who combines the best of the old school and the new. He knows his wrestling.

CARL POJELLO, as polished as ever, made one of his periodical trips into England, and with him was his latest protege, giant Freak Angel, whose drawing power seems to lie in a weird physique and a tremendous strength. Pojello, showing in London, trounced Donald Du Barry, South African strong boy, in quick time.

* * *

At the Liverpool Stadium, Harold Angus, holder of the world welterweight title (British edition), defended his newly acquired belt against Ronnie Wilde and succeeded in tossing the Welshman, two straight falls. On the same bill, Henry Wilkie, Sunderland, downed Stanley Roberts.

* * *

SOUTH AFRICAN SQUIRM SHOTS—In Durban, George Pencheff, the Australian, whipped Johannes Van der Walt after two hours, ten minutes of gripping. As Pencheff was only able to win one fall, Van der Walt's Empire diadem was not at stake . . . . Gold miner Bobby Myers, the ex-middleweight mat monarch, was injured in a mine cave-in near Gwanda, Southern Rhodesia. Medical advice stated that Myers suffered a fractured jaw and the loss of four teeth . . . . "Tiny" St. John Dean, popular Transvaal National Sporting Club promoter, made press paragraphs when he escaped with his life following a car collision. Also with him at the time was Alexander Wynton, the Johannesburg referee.

* * *

Commemorating the thirtieth anniversary as a showman of their genial impresario, Lane's London Club staged a trio of tournaments, the winners of each being awarded the Harold Lane Silver Trophy. On the first eve, Cossack Johnny Demchuk, Russian-born grip master, lifted the light-heavyweight trophy from sturdy Toni Baer, and the next day, bouncing Jackie Dale walked off with middleweight honors by conquering the versatile Bobby McNab, two falls to one. Most popular winner of the three tourneys was the rising Kentish mat laddie, Vic (Bull) Coleman, who, competing as a welter, fought a do-or-die battle with Charlie Lawlor, the "College Boy," amid the roaring cheers of a packed house.

* * *

CURFEW CHATTER—George "Dazzler" Clark, the Highlander, blew back in town looking like a million dollars, but has not as yet troubled to display his wares. The Scotsman, here on a much-needed holiday from American rings, will compete in the famous Highland Games. Methinks Clark would make a jolly good combatant for Earl McCready and the Empire crown, because the big Scotsman is as colorful as a tartan plaid . . . . Experts on this side of the ocean predict a very bright future for Gil Knutson, a 190-pounder, and Jewish Harry Rabin, rated by many as the best welterweight in the Old World . . . . Douglas Clark, in a letter to this columnist, says that he has never been beaten by George Pencheff and upon the only occasion they met, Pencheff was disqualified for punching . . . . Jack Pye, the burly Doncaster Panther, is dickering with maestro Paul Bowser, with an invasion of the United States in view . . . . McCready has trounced George Pencheff and is quite willing to do it again . . . . Revolts in Palestine have curbed the activities of several American wrestlers, and Dory Detton, the Utahan, announces that he will joust in Great Britain before going home . . . . Herbie Parks, Rod Fenton, Hec Trudeau, Bill Cunningham, Raschid Anwar, Ala Badi, the Turk; Chicago Johnny Dallas, Carl von Wurden, Jack Terry Van, Tom Nelson and Benny Engblom are trouping in the British Isles, while on the Continent the programs feature Mike Brendel, Jack Sherry, world champion; Sergei Kalmikoff, Carl Pojello and Dan Koloff.

The 20th Century Catch-as-Catch-Can Wrestling Association, controlling the sport throughout Great Britain, announces that Michael O'Leary (Northern Ireland) at 210 pounds, defeated Alan Muir (Isle of Bute, Scotland) at 222 pounds, the heavyweight champion of Britain and heavyweight champion of Scotland, for the official British heavyweight championship for 1938, in a match at The Ring, Blackfriars, on Thursday evening, July 14, and that Michael O'Leary is the new British heavyweight wrestling champion.

* * *

HAWAII NEWS, contributed by Theodore Yamachika, follows: Due to the exorbitant demands of fighters, which the promoters refuse to fulfill, the boxing game in Honolulu remains at a standstill while the wrestling game keeps on going at top speed. Al Pereira, the Portuguese wrestler, continued his long winning streak during the past month. Coming here touted as the European champion only a month ago, he showed no respect for his rivals and was soon showing up all the old-timers by his vicious corner pile driver hold.

In one of his earlier bouts he pinned Arjan Singh. Also among his victims are Brother Jonathan, Lee "Joe Palooka" Henning, as he is known here, and the recent arrival from Australia, bad man Pat McKay. Only the Greek, Joe Tonti, has been able to hold Pereira to a draw.

Promoter Al Karasick is now trying to get Jack "Killer" Gacek, who is now in Australia, to agree to a match with Al Pereira. As Gacek is the champion mat pile-driver hold user and Pereira specialized in the corner pile-driver hold, the fans are clamoring for a match between them. They are curious to know which hold is the more destructive.

* * *

Starting August 2, Karasick put on an elimination tourney in Hawaii to determine the likely opponent for Bronko Nagurski. The present crop of heavyweights in Honolulu includes Lee Henning, Al Pereira, Joe Tonti, Pat McKay, Andre Adoree, Bobby Roberts, Baldy Demetral and Vic Hill. Other wrestlers like Oki Shikina, Hawaiian champion; Naumu Sunayama and Ernie Peterson are bound to take part in this tournament.

* * *

The wrestling game in Honolulu took a lively jump with the appearance of Vincent Lopez in three bouts. Al Karasick, the city's only wrestling promoter, brought the Mexican to Hawaii under a guarantee of $1,500.

In his initial appearance, Lopez beat Gus "The Goat" Sonnenberg in two out of three falls. Lopez impressed the spectators by his ability, so much so that the following week a near capacity crowd paid a large sum to see him beat Al Pereira. Pereira, who only a couple of weeks previously pinned Arjan Singh, who had not been pinned during his recent tour of the mainland, held his own throughout his bout with Lopez. Vincent was unable to pin him during the entire bout. But Referee Naumu Sunayama declared Lopez the winner by a decision.

For his final appearance in Honolulu, Lopez had a tough opponent in Oki Shikina, the heavyweight wrestling champion of the Hawaiian Islands, who had pinned Bronko Nagurski only a month ago. For the first fall, Lopez had to kick, hook and gouge and took thirty-six minutes to floor Shikina. Shikina, however, retaliated only six minutes later by throwing the Mexican by applying the Japanese arm bar. From then on, the two grapplers struggled until the time limit with neither gaining a fall. The bout was called a draw.

* * *

Other results on the island were:

Bobby Roberts beat Jack Holland, two out of three falls; Arjan Singh versus Brother Jonathan engaged in a draw; and Naumu Sunayama drew with Lee Henning.

Oki Shikina beat Bobby Roberts, who was disabled; Gus Sonnenberg, in his farewell appearance, beat "Strangler" Henning; and Brother Jonathan beat Arjan Singh.

Al Pereira defeated Roberts in twenty-nine minutes, one fall; Pat McKay, recent arrival from Australia, was disqualified for using illegal tactics against Arjan Singh; Joe Tonti, another recent arrival, won from Ernie Peterson, one fall.

Al Pereira repeated his victory over Bobby Roberts; Brother Jonathan fought Joe Tonti to a draw; Pat McKay knocked out Naumu Sunayama in fifteen minutes; and Lee Henning beat Ernie Peterson.

Pereira won in straight falls over Lee Henning; Bobby Roberts beat Joe Tonti, straight falls; Irish Pat McKay and Brother Jonathan wrestled thirty minutes to a draw; Ernie Peterson flattened Sailor Jack Arnold in eighteen seconds.

Pereira beat Brother Jonathan, two out of three falls; Pat McKay was disqualified in a bout with Bobby Roberts; Joe Tonti defeated Naumu Sunayama; Lee Henning defeated Ernie Peterson in twenty-three minutes; August Ornellas won from Frankie Simon.

Andre Adoree won the only fall in forty-eight minutes from Bobby Roberts; Pat McKay beat Lee Henning, two out of three falls; Al Pereira and Joe Tonti grappled to a draw; Brother Jonathan vs. Naumu Sunayama, no contest.

Pereira defeated McKay, two out of three falls; Andre Adoree won from Baldy Demetral; Joe Tonti disposed of Bobby Roberts in twenty-nine minutes; Lee Henning took the measure of Naumu Sunayama.

Al Pereira and Joe Tonti drew in one hour; Vic Hill beat Lee Henning; Andre Adoree threw Pat McKay in eighteen minutes; Baldy Demetral defeated Ernie Andrade.

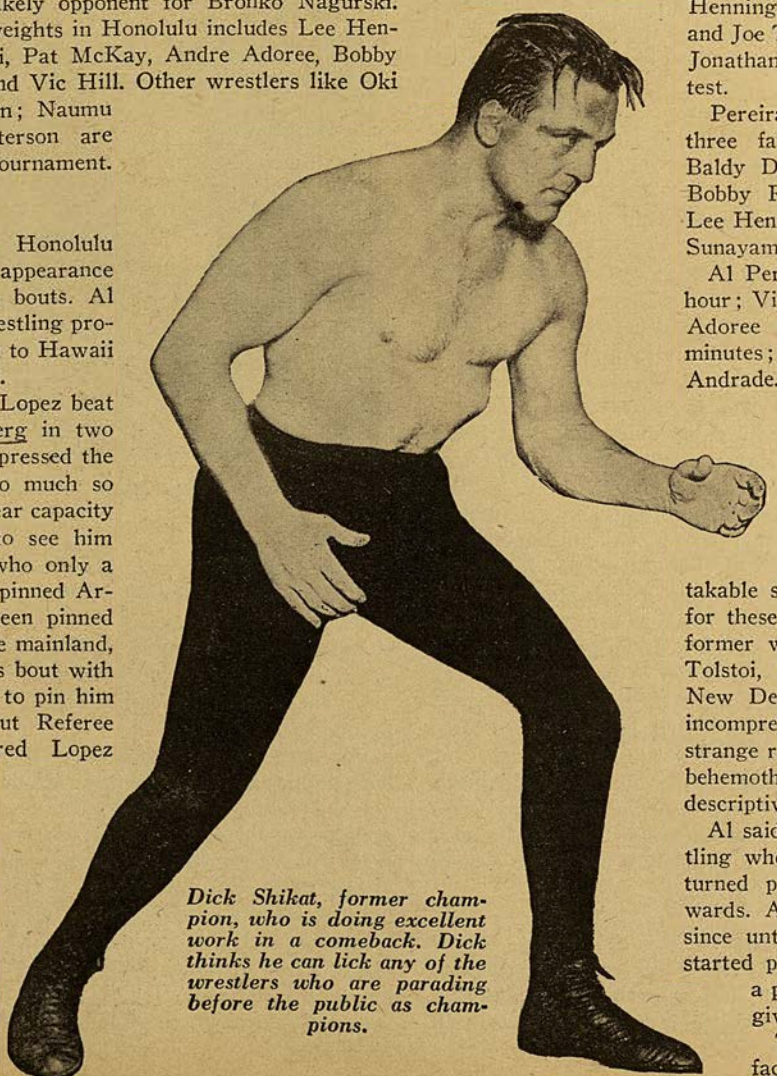
* * *

GENTLEMAN AL KARASICK, he is known to Hawaiians.

He goes around town sporting a couple of cauliflowers and a huge physique, unmistakable signs of a wrestler. If it weren't for these signs, you wouldn't suspect the former wrestler in him, for he talks of Tolstoi, Turgeniev, Communism or the New Deal, subjects uninteresting if not incomprehensible to the majority of the strange race of people who call themselves behemoths, pachyderms and a lot of other descriptive appellations.

Al said once, "I got interested in wrestling when I was a kid of eighteen and turned professional a short time afterwards. And I have been wrestling ever since until about two years ago when I started promoting. With me wrestling is a passion and I don't think I'll ever give up the game."

There is nothing to dispute the fact that (Continued on page 62)



Dick Shikat, former champion, who is doing excellent work in a comeback. Dick thinks he can lick any of the wrestlers who are parading before the public as champions.

Filipino Wrestler

By LEW PORTER

EARLY this year a tall, thin gent by the name of Haliburton Bruntsch informed me that until I had watched Leonardo Garcia shoot a pair of educated elbows into an opponent's face, I would never realize what a wallop on the pan could do to a man.

"Brother," continued Mr. Bruntsch, between agitated puffs on a long, black cheroot, "when this boy Garcia connects, it's all over but the counting."

Not until May, however, when as per Mr. Bruntsch's urgent request, I kept an eagle eye on Garcia and his dynamite laden elbows, did I gather the full import of "Hot Tip Hal's" enthusiastic boosting. Alex Kasaboski, stocky Seattle socker, was Garcia's opponent and what the swivel-armed Filipino did to poor old Alex would go on the books as mayhem in half of Uncle Sam's territory.

Kasaboski, who boasted for "yars and yars" of his iron jaw and steel construction, took two of Garcia's broadsides flush on the chin and folded up like a wet rag. It was a complete and satisfying victory and after one peek at the mess Leonardo's elbows had made of Kasaboski's features I agreed most heartily with Mr. Bruntsch.

* * *

SCRAPPY blood runs riot in the veins of Leonardo. His granddaddy, a bellicose old gentleman, didn't like the way things were shaping up in the Philippines under Spanish rule and kicked up quite a fuss, but apparently his corner issued bum advice. The old boy spent two years in a Spanish clink.

Later, Leonardo's pop, following the family tradition, shouldered a musket at the age of 13 and battled so vigorously for Philippine independence, that he was twice decorated for bravery.

There is no denying Leonardo Garcia, who tips the scales at 200 pounds and stands close to 6 feet in his bare tootsies, is a prime favorite with the fans. He has the slim-waisted, smooth-muscled build of a Greek god, with shiny black hair that looks like the product of a varnish factory, and possesses the mat manners of a dock-hand in a free-for-all brawl.

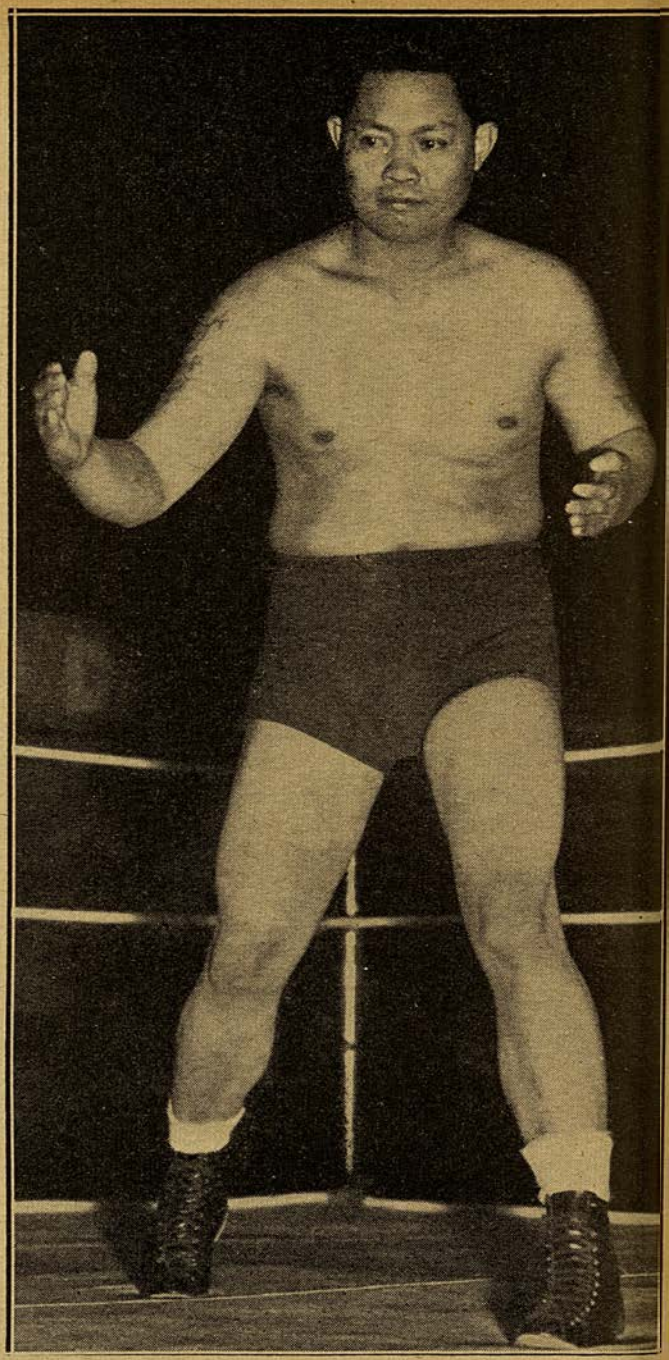
Yet away from the ring, Garcia is a gallant and soft-spoken a gentleman as you could hope to meet up with in a month of Sundays. I know, from dining with him after the Kasaboski encounter—and after he had stored away a sizeable supply of groceries—and even while applying a steak to a rapidly swelling optic—the conversation was mild and free from personalities.

Even so, I somehow suspect the Filipino of possessing a very rugged brand of Igorrote humor. On the occasion of his second visit to San Francisco, I posed with Garcia briefly before some newspaper photographers. Briefly, but not briefly enough.

The suggested pose was an application of the headhunter's touch in the form of a headlock, a hold made famous many years ago by "Strangler" Lewis, which combines the features of a sock on the jaw by Jack Dempsey, and a four-ply hemp noose around the gullet.

* * *

PERHAPS it was a flashback of the old savage hatred against Spain that inspired the neck-cracking embrace Garcia clamped on my aged skull. It was certainly no dawning of unsuspected friendship. A hungry grizzly would have been far more tender.



Leonardo Garcia, latest wrestling importation from the Philippines.

Once, many years ago, Mr. Lewis applied this same cranium-cruncher on my withered noggin and I spent the ensuing week in bed. But old "Strangler," for all his barrel-shaped chest, never clamped down on my fluttering windpipe with anything close to the murderous enthusiasm of this gallant Filipino gentleman.

On the second "heave-ho" I could hear vertebrae popping like firecrackers.

For once I was speechless, and for some time thereafter. I have no kick coming, however. He might have broken my neck.

I shall always remember Mr. Garcia, who made such an impression on my Adam's apple, a stern if not friendly attachment from which I was lucky to escape with the old pump still thumping.

The Philippines, according to Garcia, are rapidly becoming a hot-bed for the catch-as-catch-can sport and before long many brown-skinned challengers will be yammering for a chance at the title. All of which makes us a "leetle" sorry for the champ. Provided, of course, that Garcia's countrymen wage mat warfare as he does. When "Lambasting Leonardo" battles, he battles for keeps.

The Great Gama

(Continued from page 31)

held at Lahore in which Gama defeated Chanda Singh Mudaliwala, another famous wrestler who had been eyeing the championship crown for a long time. But his hopes vanished when in Gama, he met an adversary who was superior both in strength and skill.

* * *

THE following year Gama, along with Imam Bux, (Gama's brother), Ahmed Bux and Gama, sailed for England under the managership of Mr. R. B. Benjamin. There he showed that he was as formidable on foreign soil as at home by beating Dr. B. F. Roller, the celebrated American wrestler, in less than 15 minutes; first fall in 5 minutes 10 seconds and the second in 9 minutes. It was after this bout, that he gained the title of the Lion of Punjab.

After Dr. Roller's defeat the British fans tried to coax Hackenschmidt into a match with the Lion of Punjab, but it proved impossible to draw the Russian Lion out of his den at Shoreham, where he was training for his return match with Gotch. So after some difficulty they managed to get Zbyszko to try conclusions with Gama.

On September 10, 1910, the Polish Giant and the Indian pigmy met at the White City Stadium. Zbyszko declined to wrestle. He lay flat on his stomach while Gama tugged at the ponderous mass of flesh, and unfamiliar with the British language, imagined certain legitimate holds were barred. After 2 hours and 45 minutes, darkness having thrown a cloud over the sorry spectacle, the match was postponed for the following Saturday. But when the time arrived Zbyszko had disappeared, having left the country. So Gama was awarded the John Bull championship belt, an award which till then was only given to the champion of the British Isles.

* * *

AT this time a batch of 30 Japanese wrestlers, headed by Tarro Miyake, were performing at the Alhambra. Gama deposited £2,000 with the *Sporting Life* and was ready to enter into a contract to throw all the 30 Japanese wrestlers within the hour, but Miyake could not be prevailed upon to accept this challenge.

Having failed to get more matches, Gama returned to India and took part in the wrestling tournament held along with the Exhibition of 1910, at Allahabad. He was matched against Rahim Mudaliwala, the great Ghulam's favorite pupil, and one of India's most crafty wrestlers. Once again Gama came off victorious, Rahim having retired after a struggle of 2½ hours.

In 1916, Gama accepted the challenge from Pandit Biddo, India's greatest Hindu wrestler (except the great Kikkar Singh), and defeated him easily in 5 minutes.

In 1918 a big wrestling tournament was held at Kohlapur, South India, under the patronage of the Maharajah, in which Imam Bux, Gama's brother, was the winner, having beaten Rahim Mudaliwala in the finals in 10 minutes. Gama, being under the impression, as he still is, that he holds the world's title, which he thinks he won in England in 1910, relinquished his Indian title in favor of his brother, with the result that Imam Bux since that day is referred to as "Rustam-i-Hind" (champion of India) and Gama as "Rustam-i-Zaman" (champion of the world).

* * *

IT was not till 1928 that Gama again was called upon to defend his title. The challenge came from his old opponent, the giant Galician, Zbyszko. The match took place at Patiala, and Zbyszko, who had just lost the world's title for the third time, was beaten in 30 seconds.

The following year there came yet another challenge to Gama, this being from Jess Petersen, who called himself the champion of all champions of wrestling. He claimed to have beaten Zbyszko on three occasions at Paris, Berlin and Vienna. His match with Gama took place at Patiala on February 24, 1929. It proved a disappointment to the spectators, who had gathered from every part of the country, for it ended in the brief space of 1 minute and 45 seconds. As soon as the contestants had shaken hands, Gama tried a neck hold on Petersen to throw him, but the latter warded it off. The wrestlers then parted for a couple of seconds and on closing, Gama caught hold of Petersen by the right leg and throwing him down on his elbow, pounced on top of him. With Gama on his chest, all hopes for Petersen were lost. In a few seconds Gama pinned him to the ground.

* * *

IT would be of interest to the reader to hear Gama's version of the match.

"While the Maharaja of Patiala was in England," writes Gama, "Peterson approached him to fix up a match between him and myself. The Maharaja cabled to me from England and I immediately accepted the challenge. Petersen, however, made the stipulation that I should not apply certain holds on him, which was also accepted.

"Petersen came to meet me on the 24th of February. He is hugely built and enormously strong. He came to the wrestling arena with vaseline rubbed all over his body. Even in the arena, he emptied two more pots on himself. I could have beaten him in 10 seconds, but it became difficult to hold him as the vaseline made him very slippery. I rubbed my hands with some earth from the arena and then could get to him. I sat on his chest for nearly a minute before pinning him down."

That was Gama's last fight in defense of the title. Since then he has only engaged in exhibition bouts. When Kramer came to India last year and challenged Gama, he was asked to meet Imam Bux first. But Kramer first took on many inferior wrestlers, beating some and drawing with others. He eventually met Imam Bux on January 16, 1938, and lost in three seconds. No sooner had the wrestlers shaken hands than Imam Bux secured a firm waist-hold on Kramer and pinned him down before three seconds. With this defeat all his hopes of meeting Gama vanished.

Today Gama, though as fit as a fiddle and as quick in the wrestling pit as he was thirty years ago, is in no hurry to take on each and every challenger, unless they first qualify themselves. This is quite fair. The Indian wrestlers had to do the same when they visited Europe.

Australians Ranked

(Continued from page 27)

Carroll has held his own with all the Americans who have faced him. Probably if he had gone to the U. S. A. he would now be welterweight champion of the world instead of ranking second.

But Carroll never wanted to go to America, and in that respect resembled that other Melbourne tradesman, Billy Farnan, the blacksmith, who took off his apron, got into the ring and beat Peter Jackson for the championship of Australia and then went back to work. Carroll is like that, though his trade happens to be that of a slaughterman. Carroll is a quiet, home-loving chap, untroubled by the ambitions that have set many another roving the world looking for fresh fields to conquer—and he is none the worse for that. It takes all sorts to make a world.

* * *

PUTTING Hall and Darcy where they belong, among the light-heavyweights, and remembering that Dan Creedon was a New Zealander, Tommy Uren must be ranked very high among Australian middleweights if not actually as the best of them all. Everyone remembers his great fights of twenty years or more ago against Jimmy Clabby, Fernand Quendreaux, Fritz Holland, Fred Kay and Harry Stone, most of them fierce and fast twenty-rounders.

One or two fights of the great old-timers, such as Jim Fogarty the Jaw-breaker, Billy McCarthy, Billy Edwards and Tim Murphy can be singled out and judged to be better than any single performance put up by Tommy, but his whole record shows consistent and very high ability. He must be given credit for it. On his showing against Clabby, who had beaten Eddie McGoorty and lasted ten rounds with Al McCoy, Uren as well as Jack Carroll might have won further honors if he had gone to America when he was at his best.

In the bantamweight field, there have been precious few who might have beaten the present champion, Mickey Miller, who also holds the featherweight title. Torpedo Billy Murphy, it must be remembered, was a New Zealander. Miller has been a busy little battler, has met some good men and has been beaten very seldom.

The outstanding flyweights have been George Mondies and Teddy Green.

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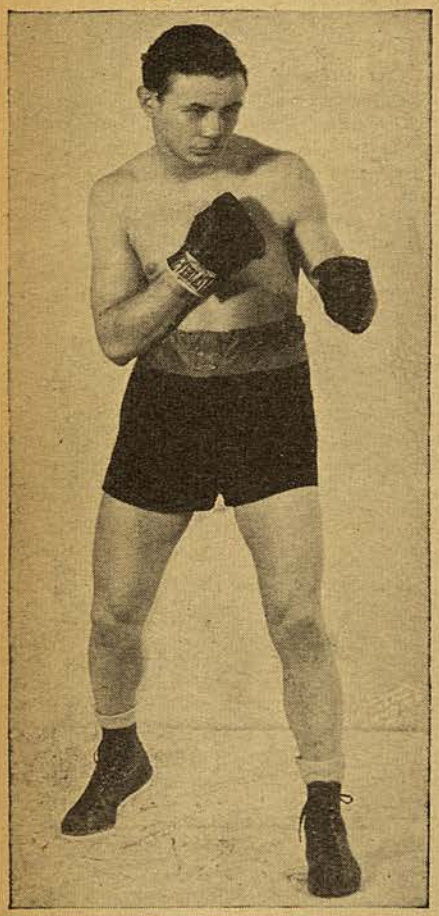
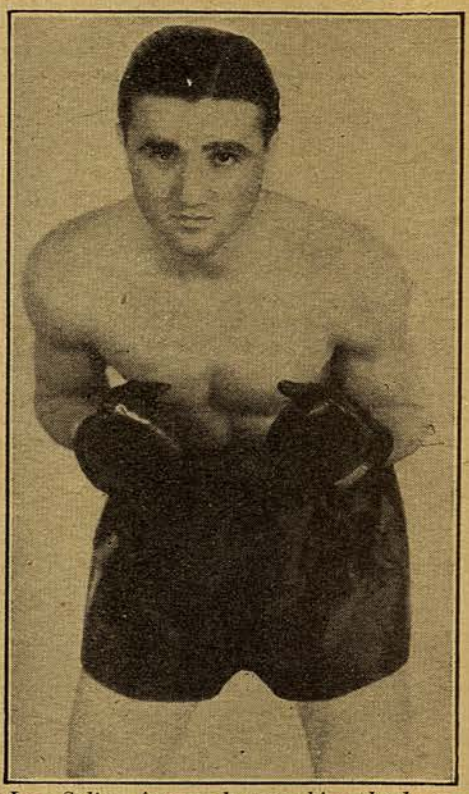
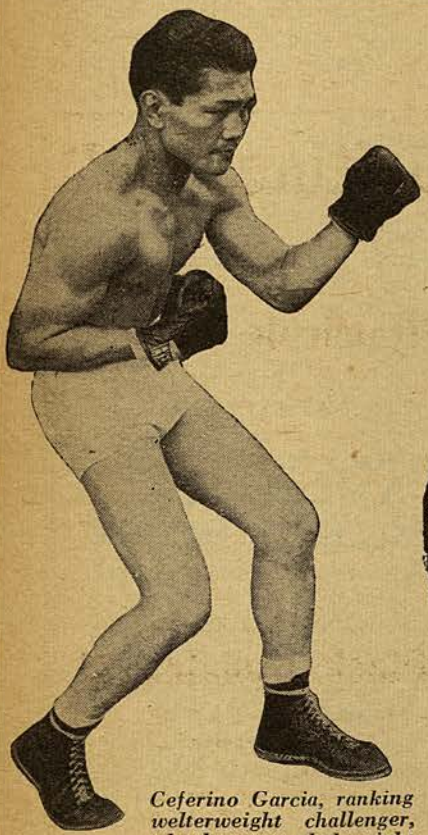


Al Reid, fifth ranking featherweight, who hails from New York.

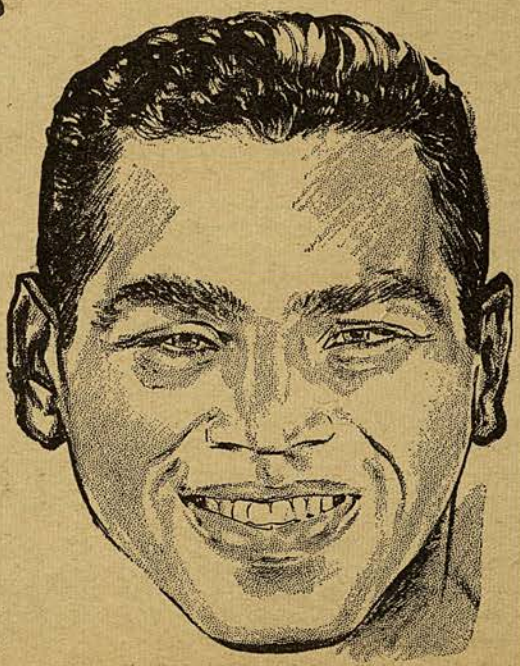
Jimmy McStravick of Ireland, who has gained a post among first ten flyweights.



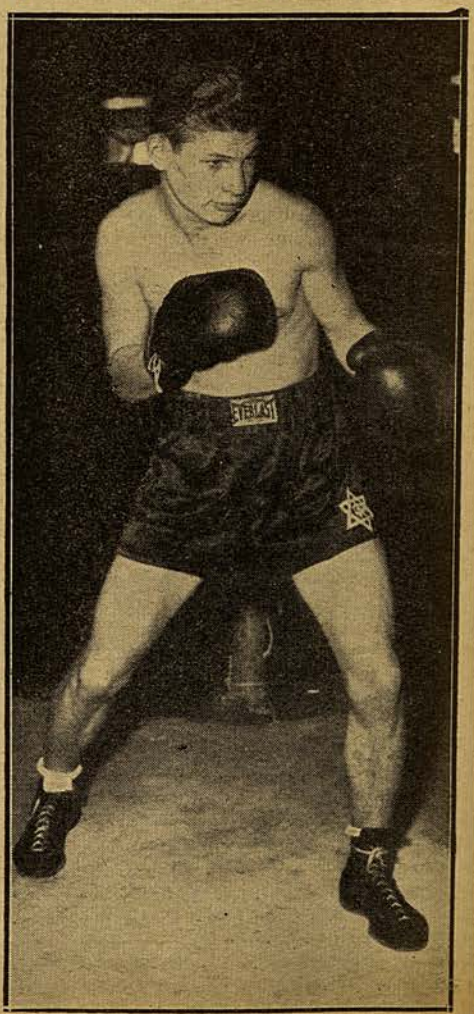
Lou Salica, former bantam king, back on trail of Sixto Escobar.



Ceferino Garcia, ranking welterweight challenger, who has earned the right to meet Armstrong for title.



Pedro Montanez of Puerto Rico, who is making a successful comeback.



Al Davis, rapid-rising N. Y. lightweight.

Short Knockouts Are Rare

(Continued from page 24)

one round; Tommy Warren, one; Eddie Lenny, two rounds; Oscar Gardner, three. George Dixon, when bantam king, scored half a dozen one- and two-round knockouts. After he became featherweight champion he slowed down on quick knockouts, although he won consistently until beaten by McGovern.

Harry Harris, after winning from Pedlar Palmer in fifteen rounds in an international match for the world's bantamweight title before the National Sporting Club of London, England, on March 18, 1901, risked his newly-won honors in a battle with George Kirk a few weeks later.

The bout was arranged by a British promoter and took place at Wonderland, a London arena where many boxing stars appeared in contests. Quite contrary to his usual practice, Harris went in and slugged it out with Kirk, knocking him out in two rounds. Returning home, he kayoed Kid Abel in three rounds in New York.

* * *

JOHNNY COULON, who lost the bantam title to Kid Williams in 1914, was another Chicagoan carrying a kayo wallop. But though Coulon scored a lot of two- and three-round knockouts during the first two years of his ring service, he was mostly content to win on points after he became champion.

Williams, like Coulon, was a one-and two-round kayo wizard at the start of his career. After winning the bantam title he didn't try to finish so quick, but saw many opponents counted out, at that, up to the time Pete (Kid) Herman took the championship from him. Herman and Joe Lynch, who succeeded to the bantam throne in the order named, were both formidable punchers, but neither was disposed to take the short-cut slugging route when defending the title.

Abe Attell, one of the cleverest and craftiest boxers who held the featherweight title, began his career as a slugger. His record shows seventeen knockouts in a row, during his first year in the ring, 1900. Those ring patrons who remember Attell as a scientific wonder in his prime will find it hard to believe that he was ever a reckless thumper, but such is the case. As a title defender he always stuck to the safe and sane tactics and took no chances.

* * *

THE lightweight division furnishes three instances of its title changing hands on a one-round knockout. Jack McAuliffe, first of the lightweight glove champions, his immediate successor, Kid Lavigne, and Frank Erne, did not perform any unusually swift kayo feats either in winning or defending the title. But Joe Gans, the colored marvel, wrote a new chapter in lightweight history when he knocked out Frank Erne in less than a round, and annexed the crown.

Battling Nelson, conqueror of Gans, Ad Wolgast, who beat the durable Dane, Willie Ritchie and Freddy Welsh were not distinguished by sudden ending exploits in connection with their respective careers as lightweight champions.

Benny Leonard won the lightweight title from Welsh in 1917. That same year Benny Leonard kayoed Johnny Nelson in three rounds; Johnny Kilbane, three; Leo Johnson, one round; Eddy Dorsy, two rounds; Vic Moran, two; Sailor Kirke, one round. In 1919 Leonard knocked out Joe Malone in three, Jimmy Duffy in two rounds, and Mel Coogan in two. In 1920 he put Frankie Callahan away in three rounds, and the year following kayoed Eddie Moy in three.

Benny retired undefeated in 1925. As lightweight champion he scored more short knockouts than any of his predecessors, or his successors, for that matter.

* * *

IT was in 1902 that Joe Gans surprised the boxing world by his sensational one-round knockout of Frank Erne, the first time the lightweight title changed hands in such drastic fashion.

Twenty-eight years were to pass before the Gans-Erne drama was to be enacted again. This time the principal rôles were filled by Al Singer and Sammy Mandell, and a right to the jaw outed title-holder Mandell before the opening round had expired.

It happened in 1930, and there was a double shock in store for the fistic dope students that year. For not many weeks after his spectacular kayo of Mandell, the new lightweight champion traveled the same route over which his right fist had propelled Mandell. Tony Canzoneri got a shot at the title, and incidentally shot a sockdologer to Singer's chin that sent Al down for a full count. This was the third single-round knockout registered in the making of lightweight champions.

* * *

THE welterweight grade presents two spectacular examples of the title passing by virtue of one-round knockouts. On November 14, 1904, Buddy Ryan of Chicago and Honey Mellody of Boston met in the Windy City with the welter crown at stake. The Bostonian opened the proceedings with a rush. As he came at Ryan, head down, Buddy sidestepped and Mellody blundered forward into the ropes. Honey recovered his balance, and turned to face his opponent. Ryan let go with right and left, a one-two punch, and both blows landed on Mellody's jaws. Honey dropped as if a sledge-hammer had hit him and was counted out.

A little over twenty-nine years later, or to be precise, on May 29, 1933, Jimmy McLarnin fought the then welter champ, Young Corbett III, before a Los Angeles club. Perhaps "fought" is hardly the correct term, for Corbett had no chance to do any actual fighting before McLarnin nailed him on the jowl with his deadly short right, and the curtain went down for Corbett. Jimmy was welter monarch, crowned within the space of one round!

* * *

As regards the middleweight class, the king-pin of that division as a title defender was unquestionably Bob Fitzsimmons, in the matter of registering short and conclusive knockouts. After Bob won the middleweight title from Nonpariel Jack Dempsey in 1891, his next victim was Abe Cougle, whom he kayoed in two rounds at Chicago.

In 1892, Fitz knocked out Jim Farrell in two rounds, Joe Godfrey in one round, Jerry Slattery in two rounds, and Millard Zender in one round. During the next two years he kayoed Jem Hall in four rounds, Phil Mayo in two, Jack Hickey in one round, Frank Kellar in two rounds. His last defense of the middleweight title at the class weight was when he kayoed his fellow Australian, Dan Creedon, at New Orleans, September 26, 1894, in two rounds. Tommy Ryan scored a few three-round knockouts while he held the middleweight title, but these were mostly executed at the expense of minor scrappers. When Ryan was out for a regular title-defense battle, he was invariably cautious, and inclined to wear down an opponent rather than take chances. His superb science, joined to deadly hitting power, were the qualities that made him a champion, and he had no penchant for the doubtful delights of wild slugging bees.

On the other hand, the ever colorful Stanley Ketchel, who succeeded Ryan as middleweight champ, never played safe, and finished off opponents as speedily as possible.

Stanley was universally recognized as champion after his two victories over Joe Thomas in 1907. The following year he kayoed Mike (Twin) Sullivan in a round, put Hugo Kelly to sleep in three rounds, and outed his old rival, Joe Thomas, in two.

Ketchel never got over the quick kayo habit. In his last three ring appearances, with Porky Flynn, Willy Lewis and Jim Smith as his opponents, he dropped each one of the trio for full counts in three, two and five rounds respectively. That was in 1910, the first mentioned bout taking place in Boston, the other two in New York. A little over four months later he was shot to death by an assassin at Conway, Mo.

There have been few quick knockouts registered in modern times by the middleweight stars either in winning or defending a title. Certainly none has followed the one- and two-round kayo trail so often traveled by Fitzsimmons and Ketchel.

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Joe Louis Compared

(Continued from page 10)

former editor of the old *Police Gazette*, and received the following surprising answer:

"I can't go along with all the boys who see Sam Langford as a superman, for the simple reason that I never saw him in a truly great fight. Men like Jim Barry gave him a merry time of it and Barry was far from a Louis. I think Louis, a bigger man than Sam, would have reached him and beat him easily." Staggered by this unlooked-for disclosure, I regained my breath and resumed my questioning.

"Well," answered Clarence, "I think Jeff and Fitz would have beaten Louis. Fitz was a shuffling fighter who was always dangerous, even when hurt.

"Tom Sharkey was too crude for a sharpshooter like Joe. Louis is too good a hitter for Wills, McVea or Jeannette.

"Rated off the Gibbons fight with Dempsey, I'm inclined to favor Louis, because I think he is a better puncher than Jack was. Gibbons, a marvelous defensive boxer, might have troubled Louis as he did Dempsey, even though he was a small man. Tunney and Johnson were too smart for Louis. Tunney had the greatest left hand I ever saw a heavyweight toss."

* * *

NOW remembering that Jack Johnson figured to have a most interesting slant on the subject I dashed down into the subway and headed for uptown New York to interview him. Ushered into the presence of the former heavyweight champion of the world, it was some time before I could divert his attention from a household gadget he is at present engaged in marketing, but once warmed up to the subject, the well spoken Lil' Artha had a wealth of absorbing ideas and information at his disposal.

"Well, I want to say first off," began Johnson, long one of Louis' most outspoken critics, "that I thought Joe Louis made a dandy fight against Schmeling. Jiminelly, the boy can really punch. He took the heart right out of Schmeling when he tore right into him at the start.

"The German never expected that. He was looking for Louis to wait and try to counter, but Joe crossed him by beating him to the punch. That foul claim was one of the biggest jokes I ever heard of. Schmeling missed a punch and Louis simply countered to the kidney.

"Now, I want somebody to show me where the Marquis of Queensberry rules call any kind of a punch that lands any place above the belt a foul. A man is supposed to protect all the territory above his belt line, and if his back is turned, that's his hard luck.

"I consider Joe Louis a better puncher than Sam Langford," was Jack's next surprising pronouncement. "Louis would have beaten Langford," continued Johnson. "I consider Joe Jeannette a better man than Langford. I boxed both of them, and Jeannette was much the cleverer boxer, as well as being a strong fellow, a good puncher and a much better fighter than he was given credit for being."

Coming from Johnson, who has certainly not been inclined to favor Louis in the past, this declaration regarding the respective merits of Louis and Langford, to me was amazing. After a short respite, during which he brought out some old pictures and clippings for my inspection, the ex-champion resumed.

"Yes, a Jeannette-Louis fight would have been a real nice fight, with Jeannette having the edge, in my opinion. Dempsey and Louis would have been a great punching fight as far as it went. Louis would have won if he could have hit Jack, but Dempsey was a natural weaver and a harder hitter than Louis on the attack. Louis is a very hard counter puncher who can knock anybody's brains out if he catches him coming in. But Dempsey's weave might have made him hard for Louis to nail. Weaving is a thing you can't teach a man—it must come natural, and Dempsey really had it."

"How about Jeffries?" I asked.

"Jeff never thought much of me as a fighter, but I have a high regard for him. He was one of the cleanest fighters I ever fought, although I suppose he could have gotten away with plenty out in Reno had he cared to. I think his ruggedness would have beaten Louis. His crouch made him a hard man to nail.

"Another fellow who would have given Louis a hard time would have been old Tom Sharkey. Jiminelly, how I would have liked to have seen that fight! Old Tom was strong as a bull, fast, vicious, and he could take an awful wallop," chuckled Johnson, as he continued.

"Louis wouldn't have beaten Sam McVea, who was a marvelous boxer with a great left hand. Louis would have knocked out Tommy Burns in jig time. Ketchel was too small for the Bomber.

"Fitz was the greatest puncher of them all, and a smart fighter to boot. I think he would have beaten Louis."

"Was Harry Wills ever a great fighter, Jack?" I interrupted.

"Yes, I would call Wills in his younger days a really great fighter," declared Johnson. "He was a combination boxer and fighter. Very smart, powerful, and had a fine right hand to the body. He would have given Louis or anybody else plenty of trouble in his prime.

"Tunney was another smart fellow who would have been hard for Louis to solve. He would never have hit Tunney like he hits these fellows who are around today. Tunney was by far the best boxer of all the recent champions. Any hitter must be set to do his hitting, and Tunney would not have permitted Louis to get set. Although Tunney was a fine boxer, I don't rate him with Corbett, Kid M'Coy or Peter Jackson as a clever man, each of whom, I believe, would have defeated Louis because he knew too much for him."

"How does Louis rate with some of the other old-timers as a hitter, Champ?" I asked.

"Louis is a tremendous counter puncher, but Choynski, how that man could hit! Jeff, Fitz and Sharkey will all tell you that Choynski hit them the hardest blows they were ever struck, and Jack Johnson will swear that old Joe hit him the hardest punch he was ever hit.

"I've been glad to see lots of people in my time, but nobody ever looked so good to me as those Texas Rangers who climbed into the ring and stopped the fight between Choynski and myself down in Galveston, Texas, years ago. The sheriff let us out next day, but I had enough of Choynski to last me a lifetime," laughed Jack.

"Jim Corbett was the prettiest boxer I ever looked at. Peter Jackson knew all the answers to cleverness and general ring ability.

"Willard, a big, easy going fellow, would have been soft for Louis. But the greatest fighters who ever lived weren't heavyweights, no sirree! Gans, Walcott and Dixon, they were the best of all time," concluded Jack Johnson, his eyes popping with emotional fervor brought on by memories of this famed trio.

Max Baer—

(Continued from page 19)

beside him one night as he was doing eighty-five miles an hour on a car track along Jerome Avenue in New York, on his way to Woodlawn Inn, his training camp. Rain was coming down in torrents. I had not made up my mind to die just then, so I leaned over and shouted in his ear:

"Steve, what will I do if she skids?"

"Nothing. Just twiddle your thumbs and let it go at that. There'll be no time for prayers, so just twiddle," he growled.

We didn't die.

One night, Ketchel came down from his room at Woodlawn, garbed only in a bright red silk Japanese kimono. He didn't say where he was going, nor did he ask for ballasting companionship. He put his slippered foot on the accelerator and away he flew, almost taking off. He went right down through Broadway at seventy-five miles an hour, clean to the Battery, around the loop and back again. Barney Oldfield, his closest chum, couldn't have done it in quicker time. As Ketchel stepped from the car he drawled:

"I won my bet. Some guy named Herman Glutz bet me a dollar that this bus would overheat if I kept the doodad to the floor for thirty miles. Anybody see Herman Glutz? He owes me a buck."

Mike Leonard was the Beau Brummel of the ring in the days of Corbett, McCoy and Sullivan. He was a fastidious dresser, a meticulous boxer, but more of a picture out of the ring than in it. He never rose to the top of the flag pole.

Jimmy Britt was one of the dudes and colorful to the last word. It so happened that I went to school with James. He could whip anybody in the Franklin Grammar School with one hand tied behind his back. I was the official rope man. When some one of the lads thought that he could trim Jimmy, the argument was carried to the National Ice Company's lot across from the school. The kids were a long time learning that Jimmy's best hand was his left. When they asked me to tie Jimmy's right hand behind his back they were doing James a favor, because it was worthless at best.

Jimmy dressed in the latest fashion, carried a cane and was spic and span in evening clothes. So was Young Corbett.

The modern boxer is a well groomed fellow. They go in for glad rags, and all told, are a far more presentable army than the heroes of old.

Foul Punches

(Continued from page 26)

fighter besides Tommy Ryan of ancient fame, who can use the kidney wallop with deadly effect, as Jack Curley would have admitted had he been spared to see Louis at work upon the German champion. If you don't believe it, ask Max Schmeling. He knows!

* * *

BESIDES the kidney punch, the early Australian pugilistic visitors to this country imported the rabbit punch, another innovation in the line of administering artful punishment that was rapidly caught up and utilized by American boxers.

Joe Goddard, the Australian "Barrier Champion," fought Peter Maher, heavyweight king of Ireland, at Coney Island in 1892. Maher was a slugger just like Goddard and the pair hammered each other furiously, first one and then the other going to the floor under terrific wallops.

But in the third round, as they clinched, Goddard brought the heel of his powerful right fist down with cracking force on the back of Maher's neck. The big Celt wilted, his knees buckled, and Goddard beat him to the ropes, sent in a right to the chin, and Maher went toppling, to be counted out.

Afterwards Maher said that it was the punch back of the neck that whipped him. The blow was, in fact, an adaptation of the way in which rabbits taken in a snare are killed by the finder, the neck of the animal being broken by a snappy hit in the right place.

* * *

OLD-TIMERS will tell you that more than one ring fatality occurred through the use of the rabbit punch, nevertheless it was not much in evidence between the ropes until December 14, 1920, when Heavyweight Champion Jack Dempsey and Bill Brennan fought in old Madison Square Garden.

Brennan gave Dempsey a tough battle. He outboxed the champ during the early stages of the fight, and even at infighting held his own. Dempsey did not really strike his gait until the tenth round. Then he went in and roughed it with Bill.

Brennan was severely punished and knocked out in the twelfth round. The principal damage inflicted upon the loser was caused by Dempsey's free use of the rabbit punch. As a result of this, Brennan developed trouble at the base of his skull, and a partial paralysis of his legs, which confined him to a hospital bed for over two weeks.

William Muldoon, head of the Boxing Commission, then issued a decree barring the use of the rabbit punch in New York State rings. This was a much needed reform, which has since become universal, the rabbit punch being banned by every boxing commission in the U. S.

* * *

THERE were few restrictions as to the use of dangerous punches before the boxing commissions came into power. The pivot punch was barred by universal consent, after George La Blanche, the Marine, knocked out Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, middleweight champion, with it, in the thirty-second round of a battle at San Francisco, on August 27, 1890.

Had the victim been anyone but Nonpareil Jack, it is probable that the pivot blow would not have excited such general condemnation. Many another boxer had been pivoted into temporary oblivion, without any action being taken toward outlawing the blow. But Dempsey was such a hero in the eyes of the ring patrons, that both promoters and public were bound to show their detestation of the punch that brought him misfortune, and they acted accordingly!

England and Australia followed America's lead in declaring the pivot blow a foul. Yet on March 11, 1895, when Frank Slavin, the great Australian heavyweight, knocked out Frank Craig, the "Harlem Coffee Cooler," before a London club, it was a part pivot punch that whipped him.

Craig, a fast and clever boxer, jabbed Slavin with straight lefts, as the Australian rushed him, at the first tap of the gong. Slavin missed swings repeatedly, and Craig staggered him to the ropes with a left hook on the jaw.

Slavin's back was against the rope, as Craig pounced upon him. Frank let go a furious right swing which whistled over Craig's head. Immediately Slavin brought back his right in a half-pivot. The white man's muscular forearm caught Craig across the jaw.

It was like being hit with a club! Craig stiffened, fell face forward on the floor and was counted out. The while affair didn't last a full round, and so quick were the blows exchanged on the ropes that probably nine out of ten of the spectators didn't see just how Craig was knocked out. At any rate, the referee, if he was aware of the fact that Slavin's pivoted forearm delivered the kayo, took no notice of it, and Slavin was duly declared winner.

* * *

NOWADAYS, with rules enforced as sternly as they are, it would have to be a supernaturally clever cuss who could follow professional boxing and get away with unethical tricks.

The fighting men of the nineties were less hampered in this respect. Unless a boxer did something absolutely outrageous, such as deliberately striking a man in the groin, or jabbing an elbow in an opponent's eye, the old-time referees were not likely to disqualify a man.

George McFadden, a great lightweight in his day, was known as "Elbows" McFadden, because of the sly use he made of the elbows in question when blocking, and occasionally breaking an antagonist's hand. Many a chap busted his knuckles all to pieces trying to break through McFadden's bony guard. And many a fellow was badly jolted in a tender spot by an intruding McFadden elbow.

Bob Fitzsimmons, when engaged in a meeting-all-comers tour, had a trick that shortened his nightly labors considerably. Fitz would get in close to his opponent and slipping by a right lead, stiffen his left forearm and bring it sharply across the jaw. The effect was much the same as though he hit his victim with a blackjack, and the bout generally terminated right then and there. Fitz called it a "stiff arm wallop!" and thought it was a great joke on the other fellow.

Maybe—but it wouldn't pass as a jest nowadays! Times have changed, and so have referees and battlers!

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 17)

that is being persecuted by the German nation, for taking the part of Joe Louis, a Negro, in this matter, but I'm sorry to say, Nat, that your sense of sportsmanship has fallen to a low degree judging by your attitude in upholding the so-called fair play displayed in Louis-Schmeling fight," is a paragraph of a letter I received from Johann Meinker of Johannesburg, South Africa, following the knockout of Schmeling by the Brown Bomber.

* * *

THESE and hundreds of others of a similar nature have gotten under my skin because of the most unfair attitude assumed by those who had not seen the fight and had taken for granted the word of the man whose pride had been hurt when a non-Ayran, a Negro, handed him the worst beating a heavyweight champion had ever received. To question the fairness of that fight is something I cannot fathom. To attack Joe Louis or anyone else associated with the bout is most unjust.

After what has happened in Germany, I trust that the biased readers who have attacked THE RING and its Editor for upholding the fairness of the Louis victory, will study the meaning of the word "sportsmanship" before hurling any more attacks.

Would they call sportsmanship an attempt to show in Germany the "frozen" pictures that depicted Schmeling having all the better of the milling until the crash of Louis' right to Max's kidney?

Does a real sport attempt to peddle in his native land a doctored picture that contains the most favorable action scenes of the first Schmeling-Louis fight and only a very small part of the second in which the German is bombarded with lefts and rights at a mile-a-minute clip?

What have these dyed-in-the-wool sports who always find fault with American treatment of foreign fighters, got to say about the dastardly attempt to belittle Louis' great triumph by such foul means?

Even the German government wouldn't permit the use of those films in the Fatherland, primarily, I suppose, because of the American protests, yet I doubt that under any circumstances would the Nazi regime sanction the showing of the legitimate films.

Sportsmanship! Let's not talk about that any more unless we can do so with an open mind. Not only do I hold in contempt those who attempted to place that film into circulation in Germany to belittle Louis' great victory, but also those in America who had any part in aiding the culprits to prepare the picture.

That the film was not permitted to go on display does not alter the situation any.

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LETTERS *from* *Our* READERS

I READ with amazement, Nat, the story of George Pencheff in the July issue of the magazine. When Pencheff and Tommy Nilan were here in England, I begged them for a story, but neither seemed to be interested in giving a story to THE RING. Now, out of the clear blue sky of South Africa, comes the story of Pencheff full of fabrications. Pencheff says that he beat Douglas Clark in Australia for the British Empire heavyweight title. This is wrong, Nat, and for the sake of the reputation that THE RING has for authenticity, let me just clear this matter up.

I have before me as I write a letter from Douglas Clark and a clipping containing the report of this match. Pencheff, then a junior heavyweight, was disqualified for punching. This contest, my own records show, was the only meeting between Clark and Pencheff.

Clark has a very impressive record here in England and is almost unbeaten.

Sorry to create this fuss, Nat, but I, like the rest of the RING magazine correspondents, have the interest of the magazine at heart.

Earl McCready opened big time wrestling here in London at the famous Holborn Stadium and later showed at the Albert Hall, the card being one of the best seen in England in many a day.

Must close now, best regards to you and Eddie Borden from Johnny Sharpe and yours truly. Hoping you are keeping fit.

CHARLES "SPIDER" MASCALL,
London, Eng.

* * *

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

AFTER several years as an amateur boxer and an ardent RING follower, I am persuaded to concede that your publication has reached the all time tops with your July, 1938, number. There is no doubt but what your most excellent photographs have played an important part in bringing THE RING to the heights. Your sincerity and straightforwardness in your writings make fight fans in this country look upon your opinions of decisions, foul blows, etc., as the authority.

However I would like to make a slight suggestion for the improvement of your magazine. I realize, Nat, that your publication is a man's magazine; but I notice at quite frequent intervals slight grammatical errors such as a couple of disagreements in number in your "Fleischer Picks Louis to Stop Schmeling." True, these are minor errors; but due to the world-wide circulation of your magazine, no doubt you could find time to check them.

As photographs and pictures are so popular now with the entire public, especially the boxing world, why wouldn't it be a desirable plan to publish some complete "picture books"? For instance, a book on the rise of Joe Louis. If the cost of production was not prohibitive, why wouldn't it be a success? Wishing you continued success.

ARCHIE ANDERSON,
Brookings, So. Dak.

[*We are getting up a Louis and Armstrong book. The story of their careers and 60 action pictures. It will be ready September 15. —Editors note.*]

* * *

WHEN I read in THE RING recently of the death of Nick McInerney, I was taken back to the days of my childhood when I drove a dray for his father. I grew up with the McInerneys—a fine lot of people. They were all fighters and splendid athletes. I saw Nick and Tom in many of their fights, bare-knuckle affairs, and I never saw them beaten in such contests. I saw Nick fight Prof. Starlight and Australian Billy Smith, against whom he came through with a victory.

Tom McInerney's fight with Val Quork for the welter championship in the amateur ranks was a classic. He had one eye closed and broke his hand, yet put up a great battle that will be remembered as one of the toughest I ever saw. On one occasion Fred Preston, a heavyweight, was billed to fight King, but on the night of the fight King was unable to appear because of a severe injury. They were seeking a substitute when the promoter spied Tom who weighed only 11 stone against 13 for his opponent.

Tom readily accepted and was almost put out of the running in the second round by a terrific back-hand punch. Preston thought that Tom was feigning grogginess and that alone saved McInerney from being knocked out. Preston won but the great battle that Tom put up gained for him practically all the applause. He fought for many rounds with a broken jaw. When the fight was over, a surgeon stepped into the ring and set the jaw while a dumbfounded gathering looked on. And all Tom got for his beating was his percent of 14 pounds which was split in half with the winner.

Is it any wonder therefore that we old timers keep harping on the fact that the fighters of our days were more courageous and more willing than are those of this era? When this letter reaches you I will be on my way to Victoria to pay a visit to Tom McInerney and his brothers. For the benefit of Nick McInerney's army of Australian friends, I trust that you will see fit to publish this little tribute on a great fighting family in "Letters From Our Readers."

L. DRISEAL,
Freemantle, West Australia.

* * *

I'LL introduce myself as one who although not always in entire agreement with the opinions expressed by you and the writers who work for you, still can't do without the darn "mag." My twenty-five cents is handed over only after a futile search for something better. This is the first time I have attempted to put my disagreement on paper and so I hope you'll air it for what it's worth.

In "New Faces" (THE RING, June '38), you mentioned a West Indian fighter John D. Fitzpatrick, better known as Al Tunney and gave his ring record in capsule form mentioning that he has a K.O. victory over Kid Tanner of British Guiana.

I'll enlarge on the subject a bit. Al Tunney is a native of the Isle of Trinidad and as you stated, is 5' 7" tall. At first glance one would never accuse him of being a boxer. The decision that he is a sword swallower is more likely. He has had three battles with Tanner, who won the first in British Guiana on points; a points decision went to Tunney in Trinidad on the second occasion and in their third engagement Tunney won on a knockout in Tanner's home country. Now, because this fellow Tanner has had the opportunity to go to England and knock over a couple of lads there, Eddie Borden has seen fit to rank him tenth in the world. Doesn't the fact that he has licked Tanner twice count in Tunney's favor? Or is he to be ignored because such defeats took place in some obscure West Indian ring? I cannot remember reading any explanation of yours in a similar case, hence shall see if you will give one following receipt of my letter.

OLOF JOHNSON,
Corozal, Canal Zone.

[*Thanks for your message. Eddie Borden appreciates same but doesn't know which version to believe. When the original story appeared in* RING, *we said that Tunney won the last fight and following that, we were flooded with letters informing us that the reverse took place. Now comes your version, saying that Tunney had scored a kayo in the third fight. We based our rating on the victory of Tanner over Tunney in their last engagement and Tanner's good showing abroad. Perhaps our readers from Trinidad will correct us if we are wrong on Tanner's victory over Tunney. At any rate, no harm was meant and we simply accepted what a reader had sent us, for what we thought it was worth.— Editor's note.*]

I DO not like to see you criticized as you were by Haydn Berry in "Letters From Our Readers" the issue of August. I have known you long years now, and not from any distant place, which has afforded me opportunity to judge your actions closely. You are the last to be arbitrary about anything, the least setting up champions. You desire nothing better than finding the best men and giving them the benefit no matter from where they come. You welcomed McAvoy as a real fighter and you wished at the time England could send over more like him. It is up to matchmakers to place an Apostoli-McAvoy fight, and in the meantime anyone can draw their own conclusions.

Your comments about my letter to you in the same issue are very fair and quite to the point. I really hated to see Ross fail, but I'm inclined to believe any fighter with a slugging type of attack and strength to back it up can master a boxing type of man. I still love the science in the game over the crowding slam-bang style. I think it places boxing better where it belongs and removes the gutter from the sport.

I think your magazine should contain in each number some story in detail of a great fight. I believe you have a relative who has witnessed many. Readers like a full story on real events. Too much fancy creeps in without them. I read recently how Fitzsimmons had Jeffries face cut to pieces in the San Francisco scrap, and he was practically out on his feet. That is not true, as a ringside seat spectator I'll say Jeffries was always crowding his man and finally got him. That is fact and not fancy. That is one reason why I welcome fair review of big fights written by those who either saw them or from statistics gathered.

Your success is crowned because today you rank equal to the fairest sport minded man in our boxing world. Some of your old RING stories should be reprinted in your present issues. Remember you have reached a new generation of readers. How about it, Nat?

VINCENT WOODBURY,
Timmins, Ontario, Canada.

* * *

THE boxing game here in Manila is not a success at the present time. It is my opinion that it is due to not having a boxing commission. It would be quite a boon for successful boxing if some one could prevail upon President Quezon to have a law passed that boxing throughout the Philippines would be under the supervision of a duly constituted boxing commission appointed by the president. The bouts that I saw at the Rizal Stadium were very unsatisfactory.

While I couldn't put my finger on the cause, I couldn't help but feel that some unseen hand was preventing them from being what they should have been. With a commission, this reprehensible state of affairs would cease to exist. I do not say that the bouts are crooked, but I do say that the boxing fan is not protected from unsatisfactory contests. The Philippine Archipelago is the birth place of some of our greatest fighters in the lighter weights and if the fighters' interests are protected, there is no reason why the Philippines, Manila in particular, shouldn't be the hub of boxing from flyweights to and including welterweights. I admire the Filipino fighter for he gives the game all he's got.

Well, Nat, I disagree with you concerning the outcome of the Schmeling-Louis fight. It is my opinion that Louis will give Schmeling the worst beating given any challenger in the history of boxing. Schmeling was lucky in his previous fight with Louis. He will never catch Louis napping again. I will go a bit further and stick my neck out in making the prediction that Max Baer will beat Schmeling if they ever fight again. I am not belittling Schmeling, for I think that he is par excellence when it comes to fighting, but there are certain factors that will cause his undoing—age and over-anxiety to be the first heavyweight to regain his championship.

I am well pleased with the Philippines. These Islands have been a revelation to me. I had the idea that jungles, marshes, nepa shacks, snakes and carabaos predominated. The country is mountainous, innumerable paved highways, high state of agricultural development, up to date buildings, the jungles are few and far between—in short it is one of the most up and coming places you could think of.

And what is more, if it continues to be governed as wisely and justly as it is now, the future will bring forth wonderful progress, making the Philippine Commonwealth second to none. This outburst is not empty mouthing but based upon facts. Of course I believe in the U. S. A. giving them their independence but I also believe we should let the world know in no uncertain terms that if they encroach upon the rights of the Filipinos that it will mean war with us. They are our responsibility and it is up to us to protect their national integrity.

LIEUT. COL. PAUL E. SHEPPARD, U. S. A.,
Fort William McKinley,
Philippine Islands.

[*Thanks Colonel, glad you like your new post. Hope you get your commission. You picked it right in Louis-Schmeling fight.—Editor's note.*]

* * *

I THANK you for your reply to my letter. Your race certainly has no reason to love the Germans. Their inhuman treatment of the Jewish people is not only cruel in the extreme, but insane. In spite of this, you have always given Max Schmeling a good hand. That is very sporting of you, I assume you were at the ringside during the fight; consequently would be in a better position to judge conditions than those who have to rely on the pictures. The statement that Schmeling was scared stiff came as a great shock to me, and I was very impatient to see the pictures. I simply cannot understand how a man who has given another such a pasting as Schmeling gave Louis, could ever be even slightly nervous about meeting his victim again. Certainly Louis had done nothing in the meantime to throw a scare into anyone. He merely travelled 15 rounds with a light hitter and knocked out a couple of second raters, some of whom Max had accounted for. Well sir I have seen the pictures four times and most certainly something was very wrong with Schmeling. He was dead before a blow was struck. He didn't even try to defend himself. In short Louis had nothing in front of him to beat. What that something was, which had taken all the life from Schmeling, makes one wonder! It was painful to watch a great fighter in such terrible condition. You have no doubt seen the pictures and would of course observe the two kidney punches from Louis' right. However, Schmeling already was beaten.

I am still of the opinion that Schmeling is a better man than Louis. This last fight was not Schmeling at all as you know. The fight proved conclusively that Louis, while a hard and fast hitter, does not pack the punch of a Dempsey or Langford. It took him about sixteen smashes with all he had to stop a helpless opponent. Dempsey or Langford would have used two or three.

Now the sport writers can continue on their merry ways telling us that no heavyweight has ever regained the title. But the public knows that this is one case in which that very thing would have been done if the champion had not run away from Schmeling for two years. Yes, it would have been a pretty easy thing for Max.

J. KARN,
The Royal Cape Breton Yacht Club,
Sydney, N. S.

* * *

I AM a constant reader of the magazine you are editor of, THE RING. I do not think a better or cleaner magazine is published anywhere. Your criticisms are fine and must certainly help the fighter who is mentioned a lot more than if it were his own manager who was criticizing him.

Your article on "Gunshyness" must have made some impressions on Joe Louis. The best article I think you ever wrote was on "Ring Courage" after the Buddy Baer-Barlund fight. I saw a similar thing here when Lefty "Satan" Flynn fought Henri Ferret the ex-welterweight champ of France. The end came suddenly. After going down twice in the third session, he pulled himself together for four rounds. In the eighth, he went down again, and was apparently resting for he jumped up at the count of eight, and after a few seconds of shuffling he threw arms in the air and walked to his corner. The only thing wrong was his right eye was closed. I hope Henri Ferret read the article you have written!

J. E. BRADLEY,
Plymouth, England.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

G. Winwood, New Zealand

Q.—Did Tom Heeney ever fight Max Schmeling?

A.—No.

Milton Newirth, Granart Club, N.Y.C.

Q.—Is Max Baer Jewish? What is his religion?

A.—Baer is of German-Jewish extraction. His father was a German Hebrew. His mother is Scotch. He is married to an Irish girl.

Johnny Daughety, Selma, Ala.

Q.—I am 18 years of age, weigh 155 pounds and am 5 feet 10 inches tall. I would like to know in your opinion where would be the best place for a fellow to go within several hundred miles of this vicinity? I have never boxed in public. Do you think it would be best to start as an amateur, if so, where would be the best and quickest way to start? And how?

A.—You have a very fine build for one of your age and I think you will develop into a heavyweight. Write to Jimmy Erwin, c/o Boys Club, Birmingham, Ala. He is running shows there and is interested in coming talent. He will give you a tryout and advise whether you need amateur experience or can step right into the pro ranks.

A Dubbo Reader, Dubbo, Australia

Q.—Is bicycle riding a good exercise for boxers, and is punching a bag any good for taking off weight? Would you tell me of another exercise for reducing? How much would it cost me in Australian money to buy "Training for Boxers."

A.—Bicycle riding is essentially a good exercise but not necessarily for boxing. Bag punching is good training to develop speed and quickness of the eye. Road work and gymnasium exercise will help to reduce, especially handball. Five shillings.

Roy Dawson, Wimbledon, London, England

Q.—Will you please print where I can locate Jack Sharkey, the former heavyweight champion, Young Terry, and Izzy Jannazzo by mail?

A.—Sharkey—293 Washington St., Trenton, N. J. Terry—The Arena, Trenton, N. J. Jannazzo—Pioneer Gym, 344 West 44th St., New York City.

Roy Hunter, London, England

Q.—I am 18 years of age, stand 5 feet 8½ inches in height and weigh 136 pounds. What height and weight will I be at maturity? How can I gain in height and weight? My reach is 69 inches, how can I lengthen it? I have been told that some people grow until they are 26. Is this true?

A.—147 pounds and 5 feet 11 inches. By outdoor exercises and clean, wholesome food. Stretching exercises. Very seldom. 23 years of age is the limit.

Blair Fraser, Toronto, Canada

Q.—Has Baby Yack a chance of becoming world's bantam champion? How many seconds is a fighter allowed to have in his corner between rounds?

A.—Yack is a good looking prospect and his chances are as bright as any of the present contenders. Three seconds for main events, four in a champion bout while in preliminaries two is the customary rule.

A Ring Reader, Ireland

Q.—Please give me the addresses of the following: Tommy Burns, Jess Willard, Jack Sharkey, Max Schmeling and if James J. Jeffries is still alive? What height was Bob Fitzsimmons and what was his usual fighting weight? Where can Danno O'Mahony and Steve Casey be located?

A.—Burns, Vancouver, B. C., Canada. Willard, c/o American Legion Stadium, Hollywood, Calif. Sharkey, 293 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Schmeling, 745 Seventh Ave., New York City. Jeffries is still alive and can be reached at The Barn, Burbank, Calif. Five feet 11¾ inches in height and he weighed between 155 and 170 lbs. Both O'Mahony and Casey may be reached by writing to them in care of Jack Pfeffer, Times Bldg., New York City.

Staunton Fan, Staunton, Va.

Q.—How many times has Henry Armstrong won by a knockout? How many has he lost? What chance has John Henry Lewis against Joe Louis? Why haven't they fought?

A.—About fifty knockouts. He has never been knocked out. A very good chance. They would not draw a big gate.

Seymour Nathanson, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—I am 14 years of age, 5 feet 4½ inches tall and weigh 135 pounds. How tall will I be and how much will I weigh when I am 21 years of age? Can acne, flat feet, poor eyesight and a slight murmur of the heart injure my ambition of becoming a fighter? Was there a fighter by the name of Phil Balleta who fought in the bantam, featherweight or lightweight class? If so what was his fistic ability? How is Joe Louis ranked among the greatest hitters that ever lived?

A.—Five feet nine inches and weight 160 lbs. In your present condition I would not consider the tough game of boxing for a career. We have no record on Phil Balleta. Among the best in all of boxing history.

Tony Lernaro, London, England

Q.—Would you please tell me who Max Baer fought first—Schmeling or Carnera?

A.—Baer knocked out Schmeling in 1933 and that earned him the right to meet Carnera the following year in which he won the title.

Joe Evans, St. Joseph, Mo.

Q.—I am 18 years of age. My height is 5 feet 8 inches and weigh 163 pounds. Will I be a heavyweight at the age of 21? When a fellow becomes punch drunk how long does he stay that way?

A.—Yes. Depends upon his general condition and medical attention. Often incurable.

Curtis Hale, Jr., Austin, Texas

Q.—If a boxer is wearing a Taylor Foul-proof cup and his opponent drops one below the belt line, is it counted a foul? Do you think that Max Baer will ever fight champion Louis?

A.—Yes. In most States the round is taken away from the offender. A foul is a foul no matter what one wears. He is matched with Joe.

Sam Deluise, Gary, Ind.

Q.—Where can I obtain an autographed picture of Tony Canzoneri? Who do you think would have won between Canzoneri and Benny Leonard in their prime? Who do you think was the greatest lightweight of all time?

A.—530 Seventh Ave. New York City. Merely a matter of opinion. I favor Leonard. Joe Gans, without question.

Owen Stephenson, Jamaica, B.W.I.

Q.—Who was the hardest hitting heavyweight in the world? Who would have won in the following bouts? Willard vs. Schmeling? Johnson vs. Dempsey? Louis vs. Dempsey? Schmeling vs. Dempsey? Braddock vs. John L. Sullivan? Steele vs. Stanley Ketchel? I am 12 years of age and am 5 feet tall, weigh 116 pounds and am very keen about boxing. Will I be a heavyweight at 21 and will I be a six footer at that age?

A.—Dempsey and Louis. Schmeling, Johnson, Dempsey, Dempsey, Sullivan, Ketchel. It is doubtful if you will reach those measurements. You probably will scale about 155 pounds and stand about 5 feet 9 inches in height.

Harry Lundi, Calistoga, Calif.

Q.—I am 17 years of age, 5 feet 10½ inches tall and weigh 146 pounds. What will my measurements be at 21? Where can I get information about entering the Golden Glove tournament?

A.—You should reach the 6 feet mark and scale 160 pounds at maturity. Write to the Sports Dept. "The Examiner," Los Angeles, for Golden Glove information.

Ronald Beaton, Scatch Lake, C. B., Canada

Q.—To settle an argument will you please answer, "how many times Jimmy McLarnin fought Tony Canzoneri and who won?"

A.—Twice. Canzoneri won the first and lost the second.

A Fan, Muskegon, Mich.

Q.—Who would have been favored in a fight between Stanley Ketchel and Kid McCoy?

A.—Ketchel.

Q.—I am 5 feet 7 inches and weigh 135 pounds and am 16 years old. Do you think I will even become a middleweight?

A.—Yes.

Q.—How can I enter the Golden Gloves tournament?

A.—Write to the Editor of the paper nearest your city that stages such shows.

Al J. Brumme Jr., Long Island City, N.Y.

Q.—Do you believe the use of the kidney punch should be prohibited as it may temporarily paralyze a man, and render him helpless, or it might even cause permanent injury. For example, Carnera in the second Haynes fight and Schmeling in the second Louis fight.

A.—It is prohibited. Apparently, you like many others, fail to distinguish between a kidney punch that is illegal and one that is legal. It is legal when the fighters are apart and illegal only when struck in clinches.

Joe Connors, Springfield, Mass.

Q.—I am 11 years old and weigh 77 pounds. Do you think I will become a featherweight?

A.—You are a little too young to worry about making the featherweight or any other class. School is more important right now.

Jim Carroll, Council Bluffs, Iowa

Q.—Have the lighter wrestlers a chance in the mat game? What is the height and weight of Jesse James, Dr. John Murphy and where can they be reached? I am 15 years old, weigh 130 pounds and am 5 feet 7 inches in height. What will I be when I am matured?

A.—Very little chance. James weighs 195 and is 5 feet 10½ inches tall. Dr. Murphy weighs 203 and is 5 feet 10½ inches. They may be reached at the Times Bldg. New York City c/o Jack Pfeffer. Weight 155 pounds and 5 feet 9½ inches all.

Philip Chase, Merced, Calif.

Q.—There are four styles of fighting. 1—Stand up and mix it. 2—Knock them dead. 3—Jab and clinch. 4—Jab and run away. What would you call the styles of the following? Tommy Farr, Harry Greb, Johnny Erjavec, Max Schmeling, Max Baer, Young Corbett and Kenny La Salle? What caused Harry Greb's death? Who do you think would win the following bouts? Armstrong vs. Garcia? Pastor vs. Barlund?

A.—Farr is a clever boxer and good infighter. Greb was a combination of everything unorthodox in fighting. He does not fit any description you listed. Erjavec is a slugger and a good hitter, Schmeling is a canny counter fighter with a good punch. Baer is a slugger who can box when the occasion demands. Corbett is a southpaw and also a boxer. La Salle is a very smart boxer. Operation on his eye. Armstrong, Barlund.

A constant reader, San Diego, Calif.

Q.—Can you tell me something about Remo Fernandez, Mike Ryan and Tommy O'Hara? Have you any record of a fighter named Battling Doty?

A.—Fernandez is the only one we have any record of. He is living in Chicago and meeting the good welterweights in that vicinity.

Ken O'Brien, Asbury Park, N. J.

Q.—I am 17 years and nine months old. I am 6 feet 1 inch in height and weigh 150 pounds. I would like to know if I can increase my weight by forty to fifty pounds by the time I am 21 if I trained with weights from now until I reach that age? It is my ambition to be a wrestler. What do you think my height and weight will be when I am 21? Do you think my measurements are up to par?

A.—Exercising combined with proper care and proper food may enable you to gain that much but it is quite a task. You are too tall and not heavy enough so you could stand some building up exercises. You will probably weigh 175 pounds normally and reach 6 feet 3 at maturity.

Melville Love, Port Arthur, Canada

Q.—Did Tiger Flowers win by decision when he fought Harry Greb or did he win by a knockout? Where did the fight take place? Would the blow which Joe Louis hit Max Schmeling in their recent fight be considered a foul according to the Marquis of Queensberry rules? Would you please explain the blow? Did Jack Johnson ever knock out Sam Langford?

A.—Flowers whipped Greb by decision in their last two matches in Madison Square Garden. No. Schmeling was turning away from Louis' punches and one of them landed on his right side. There was nothing wrong with the blow as the moving pictures clearly indicate. No. Johnson won the decision.

John Doe, Marquette, Mich.

Q.—Please settle this argument. A says there is no such thing as a right hook in boxing books. I say he is wrong. Armstrong is a hooker with both left and right, he sways with his shoulders and hooks at the end of his sway with short, six-inch punches, either with right or left. Weren't Terry McGovern, George Dixon, Abe Attell, Jem Driscoll and Young Griffo hookers? Isn't is true that the New York State Athletic Commission made Armstrong agree to weigh in over the lightweight limit or 136 pounds before they would let him fight Barney Ross for the welterweight title?

A.—The only right hook that is commonly used in boxing circles is owned by a southpaw. He stands with right foot and right hand extended and can either jab or hook with his right hand. An orthodox boxer seldom uses that punch because he has to punch in an off-balance position and leave himself open for counters. Armstrong has his own unique style and does use a right hook, but outside of Henry, I doubt if there is anyone today who could use that blow with effectiveness if he is an orthodox fighter. The great boxers of the past you named had their own styles. McGovern was a slugger; Dixon, a lightning jab and right cross artist; Abe Attell was a combination scrapper; Jem Driscoll was a wizard, and Griffo was amazing in his own right. They could hook with right, and often did, but they were exceptions. Armstrong had an agreement with Ross that he would weigh between 135 and 136, but when the fight was called off on account of rain, the agreement was waived and Armstrong was allowed to come in at his natural fighting weight, which was 133 pounds.

Jack McNiven, Centralia, Wash.

Q.—Before Marcel Thil was beaten by Fred Apostoli, how did he get the rating of champion and what was the mix-up? Could you give me the addresses of Primo Carnera, Jack Johnson, Allen Matthews, Bob Nestell and King Levinsky?

Q.—Thil won his claim to the world middleweight crown when he beat Gorilla Jones, who was recognized as the N.B.A. middleweight champion. Carnera—Sequals, Italy; Johnson—445 West 153rd St., New York City; Matthews—c/o Stadium Limited, Sydney, Australia; Nestell—c/o Gus Wilson, Barbara Hotel, Los Angeles, Calif.; Levinsky—Trafton's Gym, 180 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

Maxie Rosenbloomite, Waikato, New Zealand

Q.—What are the age, weight, height and measurements of Maxie Rosenbloom? Has he ever been world heavyweight champion? If so, what years? Where can I get a picture of him and how much will it cost? What percentage of his bouts has he won by knockout?

A.—Rosenbloom was born September 6, 1904. Weight, 185 pounds; height, 5 feet 10½ inches; reach, 73 inches; neck, 16 inches; biceps, 13¾ inches; wrist, 7 inches; chest, normal, 39; chest, expanded, 41; waist, 34; calf, 14½; ankle, 9¾; and thigh, 23. Rosenbloom held the light-heavyweight title from 1930 to 1934. Photos of Maxie can be purchased at THE RING Book Shop for $1.25 each, size 8 by 10 inches. Rosenbloom was not much of a hitter and has a very small percentage of knockouts to his credit.

George Godick, Comstock, N. Y.

Q.—Where did Benny Leonard beat Freddy Welsh for the lightweight title? Also give the name of the club where fight was held.

A.—On May 28, 1917, Leonard won the title from Welsh at the Manhattan Casino Sporting Club, 155th and Eighth Avenue, New York City, in a ten-round no-decision fight. He stopped Welsh in the ninth round.

Martin Broad, Philadelphia, Pa.

Q.—Where can I obtain the life story of Peter Jackson, telling of all his fights?

A.—In Nat Fleischer's latest book, "Black Dynamite," there is the complete story of the life of Jackson in Vol. I. You will also find "Black Prince Peter," by Hales, an excellent book, but Fleischer's carries more details of the fights. Both can be obtained from THE RING Book Shop.

Jeff Clark, Omaha, Neb.

Q.—Was there ever a fighter called the "Fighting Ghost"?

A.—Yes. Jimmy Bronson managed him. You'll find his life story in "Black Dynamite," Vol. 7.

Alice Wonderlust, Los Angeles, Cal.

Q.—Would a woman wrestler have a chance to appear on the stage in New York?

A.—Not unless in vaudeville. Women wrestlers are banned in New York so far as public exhibitions are concerned.

Margaret Wilson, Boston, Mass.

Q.—My father says that he is certain he saw George Godfrey, old Chocolate, fight John L. Sullivan in Boston, but a story that appeared in THE RING contradicts this. Which is correct? Is there any place where I can get the account of Godfrey's career for dad?

A.—Dad is wrong. They were matched for a fight in Boston, but the bout never took place. Perhaps your father's thoughts go back to that arrangement. In my book, "Black Dynamite," the first volume of which has just made its appearance, you'll find the career of Godfrey thoroughly discussed.

A "Ring" Reader, Springfield, Vt.

Q.—How many times did Sullivan defend his title? Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Burns, Johnson, Willard, Dempsey, Tunney, Schmeling, Sharkey, Carnera, Baer, Braddock?

A.—Twenty-five times, if we count his four-round exhibitions—otherwise only three. Corbett, two; Fitzsimmons, one; Jeffries, five; Burns, six; Johnson, six; Willard, two; Dempsey, six; Tunney, two; Schmeling, two; Sharkey, one; Carnera, three; Baer, one; Braddock, one.

Francis Bryan, New York City

Q.—I have just graduated from high school and expect to enter college this fall. I am 17 years old, 6 feet tall and weigh 135 pounds. Although I have a big frame, broad shoulders and chest, I know that I am underweight for my size. I have a sufficient and well balanced diet, but I cannot seem to put on weight. Could you advise me as to what to do to gain weight as rapidly as possible? Do you think that I might perhaps weigh 175 pounds at maturity?

A.—There is something wrong if you cannot put on more weight. Ordinarily you should scale about 165 pounds and at maturity you should weigh 180 pounds. I would advise you to get my book, "How to Train," and follow its exercises and read carefully the chapter on foods.

Victor Newman, Jamaica, B.W.I.

Q.—What is the no-foul rule? In the last Louis-Schmeling fight, why did not the referee stop the fight when Schmeling's seconds threw in the towel?

A.—It means that a man cannot win or lose a fight on a foul in New York State. He can be disqualified for illegal fighting but the fight cannot be terminated through a low blow. The offender loses that round only. A fight may only be stopped by the referee in New York State. The tossing in of the towel is not recognized by the referee.

John O'Shaughnessy, County Kerry, Ireland

Q.—Please explain the "no-foul" rule. What do you think of the new rule in amateur boxing? It is: A and B are fighting. A has taken every round on points. Then in the last round B lands a haymaker and knocks A out. But that does not count. A is the winner under the new rule. I am 18 years of age, weigh 140 pounds and am 5 feet 2½ inches in height. What will my measurements be when I am 21 years of age?

A.—No boxer in New York State can win a fight on a foul. If he is struck low, the round is taken away from the guilty party. The Foulproof Taylor Cup, the best on the market, the cup that saved boxing, prevents bodily injury. It is impossible for a boxer to become seriously injured if he uses the Foulproof Taylor Cup. Most boxers put on a good show for effect. Remember a courageous fighter never won or lost a fight on a foul. The new amateur ruling is rather vague. If A was counted out, then the fight is over and B is the winner by a knockout, regardless of such ridiculous rule. If A was on the floor when the bell rang, ending the round, then it is possible to give A the decision if he had a clear margin on points in the earlier rounds. You should weigh about 155 pounds and stand 5 feet 5 inches in height at maturity.

Earl Reeves, Delano, Pa.

Q.—Who would you say was the harder puncher—Dempsey or Louis? Who do you think is the greatest heavyweight of all time? Who do you think is the better man among Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney and Joe Louis?

A.—Louis. Jack Johnson. Louis.

Moorehead City, N. C.

Q.—While Jack Sharkey was champion of the world did Johnny Risko fight him to a draw in a title fight?

A.—Risko whipped Sharkey three years before Sharkey won the heavyweight title.

Ray Lindley, Onawa, Iowa

Q.—Can you tell me where I can get in touch with Gus Lesnevich? What chance do you think he would have against John Henry Lewis? Personally, I believe that he would give him a lot of trouble and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he lifted the crown from Lewis.

A.—Lesnevich has sailed for Australia for several contests. Evidently Eddie Borden shares the same opinion that you do with reference to Gus' prowess as he went along with him as his manager. They can be reached at the Stadium Limited, Sydney, Australia.

A Stroud, 44 Garden Reach, Calcutta, India

Q.—Is it not a fact that Tommy Burns in his prime would be knocked out inside of a round by Gene Tunney, Jack Dempsey, Joe Louis, etc.? Was Burns an indifferent type of boxer? He put up a very poor show against Beckett. Where is Tommy Burns today? Is it a fact that he is a rich man? Is it possible to write to any old-time boxer, if so, what address? I predict that Joe Louis will kayo Schmeling.

A.—Burns was too small for the average heavyweight, but he was a formidable fighter. He would have whipped any heavyweight today except Louis. He would have beaten Tunney, but I think would have lost to Dempsey. Don't underrate Burns. He was a good fighter. Burns was all through when he fought Joe Beckett. Burns is living in the northwestern part of the United States today. I doubt whether he is rich, but he is comfortable. Maybe someone will see your question and answer you. You were right on the kayo of Schmeling by Louis. Your letter arrived two days after the fight.

Louis L. Alpert, New York City

Q.—Can you tell me whether Jack Dempsey ever fought at Ebbets Field, giving the date and number of rounds fought? I believe he had Clay Turner as an opponent. Also if Soldier Bartfield ever fought Packey McFarland?

A.—Dempsey never fought at Ebbets Field and he never fought Clay Turner. Turner was his sparring partner for a long time. Soldier Bartfield never fought Packey McFarland.

H. Clayton, Bloemfontein, South Africa

Q.—Have Marcel Thil and Jimmy Braddock retired? Has Fred Apostoli ever beaten Freddy Steele? Did Ben Foord knock out Jack Peterson? If so, what round? Why is Van Der Walt, who has proved himself one of the world's best wrestlers, occupying such a low position in the ratings? Why is it said that if Schmeling had beaten Louis he would have been the first heavyweight to regain the crown when Sharkey lost his title to Schmeling on a foul and won it back two years later on points?

A.—Yes. Apostoli stopped Steele in their last meeting, which was an overweight match. Foord scored a three-round knockout over Jack Peterson. Van Der Walt received a very high rating during the past year. When Sharkey and Schmeling fought the first time the title was vacant and there was no champion recognized. They fought for the crown.

Ben Penard, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—How did Terrible Terry McGovern-Joe Tipman bout end in 1901 at Baltimore? Did Tipman run out after the first round?

A.—They fought an exhibition and Tipman dropped Terry.

A "Ring" Reader, Cape Cod, Mass.

Q.—Do you think I could start a successful ring career at the age of 27? I have boxed some in past years, but a rundown condition a few years back forced me to quit. I had an operation for the same cause and it cured me completely and I am much stronger and longer winded than ever. I am 5 feet 6½ inches tall and weigh 165 pounds and can easily shake off ten to fifteen pounds.

A.—I would not advise you to take up boxing at this time. It is too strenuous for you to start all over at your age.

Bill Roberts, San Francisco, Calif.

Q.—Do you think that Lou Nova may some day be the world heavyweight champion? If he fought Jimmy Adamick, who would win, in your opinion? How long would it be before Nova gets a main event in Madison Square Garden? Is it true that Nova's father was the pianist for the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra and composed a song and died when Lou was only six years of age?

A.—Hard to say. He is a good looking prospect but Adamick figures to whip him at this stage of the game. It all depends upon what future progress Nova makes before he can reach the Garden. Cannot accurately answer about Nova's father and his background.

Joe Victor De Jager, Benoni, T.V.L., South Africa

Q.—I am 16½ years of age and my weight is 120 pounds. Do you think I am fit to start training as a boxer? I am anxious to do so and wish you would tell me what course to get and how to train.

A.—I would advise you to wait until you are 18 before you start boxing seriously. In the meantime, you can prepare yourself by getting "How to Train" at THE RING Book Shop, which gives you every detail of what a boy should do at your age.

Mike Kirlangitis, Steubenville, Ohio

Q.—I recently became seventeen. I weigh 163 pounds, have a chest (normal), 41½; waist, 28½; height, 5 feet 8 inches; calf, 15½; neck, 15½; wrist, 7½; thigh, 22½; biceps, 13½, and forearm, 12. I wish to become a wrestler. Have I a chance? How much do you think I will weigh at 21? Can I get help or information as to how to get started in the wrestling game? I am a Greek boy and all I need is a start.

A.—It all depends upon how much ability you have. You can acquire the art of wrestling in a gymnasium by working with boys of your own ability until you develop. You should weigh about 185 pounds at maturity. There is plenty of wrestling activity going on in your section of the country and I would advise you to speak to the promoter there for a chance to show your wares. Get in touch with Jimmy Amann, 1144 Dayton St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

L. Smith, Sydney, Australia

Q.—Can you give me the information about the following boxers—The record of Willie Lewis, old-time middleweight star for 1912; Freddy Hicks for 1912, and Harry Mansfield for 1911 and 1912? Also when and where Harry Mansfield was born and when he commenced his career?

A.—Paddy Lavin, no decision, 10 rounds. Mike Gibbons K.O. by, in 2 rounds. Young Cashman, kayoed 7 rounds. Georges Carpentier, lost 20 rounds. Freddy Hicks, no decision, 10 rounds. Battling Hurley, draw 10 rounds. Tommy Gavigan, lost 12 rounds. Dai Thomas, kayoed 3 rounds. That is Lewis' record for 1912. Sorry, but we have no previous records on Hicks or Mansfield.

Andre Brady, New York City

Q.—What is the address of Joe Sekyra? What in your opinion was his most thrilling fight? Does he manage any fighters; if so, who? Is it true that he is a referee in Ohio? Has THE RING Book Shop any pictures of him?

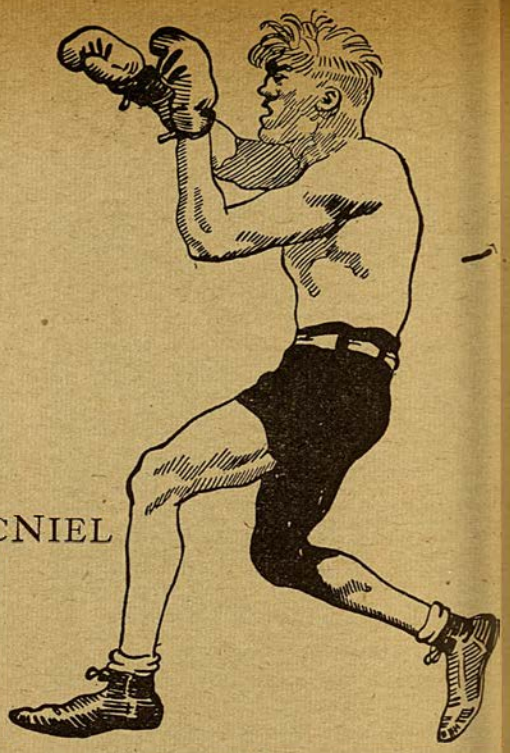
A.—Joe can be reached by writing to him at Dayton, Ohio, where he is living. His most thrilling fight was his victory over Charley Retzlaff, when everyone expected him to get knocked out and he turned in a brilliant victory. He was fighting until recently. He may be handling some amateur boys in Dayton. He may also be refereeing occasionally. Eight by ten size photos of Sekyra are sold for $1.25 each.

Robert Felker, Utica, N. Y.

Q.—I am 19 years old, 5 feet 7 inches in height, 38½ chest normal, 42½ expanded, 28½ waist, 22 thigh, 15 ankle, 9 calf, 15 neck, 13 biceps, 11½ forearm, wrist 7½. Do you think I have a good build? I had three amateur fights and won them all by a kayo within three rounds. Do you think I have a good chance of making good in the Golden Gloves? How much will I weigh when I am 21? What is the best way to discourage smoking? I also have brittle hands. Is soaking them in brine good for that?

A.—You didn't mention your weight. I imagine you must be around 147 pounds. No reason why you shouldn't make good. Chewing gum has been recommended by physicians as a substitute for smoking. Use brine for brittle hands.

The "RINGER'S" WATERLOO



By T. W. McNIEL

THE scene was in a small, ill-lighted, poorly-heated fight arena on the outskirts of Burkburnett, Texas, in the winter of 1919. Burkburnett is in the wild throes of one of the greatest oil "booms" of all time. Thousands of workers have crowded into the oil-drenched shack town. Law and order have been practically suspended. Crowds stamp madly through the knee-deep muck and mud. All is hustle and bustle. On every hand, roaring jets of oil are drenching the countryside. Money is flowing fast and free. Not even the palmy days of Dawson City, Goldfield or Cripple Creek had anything on this wild hell-roaring oil boom camp.

Little wonder, then, that entertainment in the form of fisticuffs should spring up. Boxing is illegal then, there in the Lone Star State. Prizefighting, the natives call it, but the law winked at a lot worse forms of amusement than boxing, so the sport prospered, though it was against the law.

On this particular night, the crowd is in an uproar. One of the main-eventers, a burly mule-skinner answering to the name of Ike Scroggins, has just scored a knockout over Jim Carhart, a 180-pound tool-dresser from Archer City. It is Scroggins' eighth consecutive knockout victory.

Weighing 170 pounds, Scroggins is a rough-and-tumble brawler for fair. He has no idea whatsoever of the art of boxing, and cares a lot less about learning any. Furthermore, his constant bragging on his fighting ability is beginning to wear on the nerves of the cash customers. They admit his fistic prowess, but detest his constantly reminding them of it.

* * *

CARHART has been imported for the express purpose of whaling the daylights out of this bragging teamster. One gambler has just lost in excess of a thousand dollars on the Archer City battler. And now Scroggins is in the center of the ring loudly proclaiming his willingness to lick h—l out of any guy that disputes his fistic ability. Waving a handfull of bills of large denomination, the teamster is likewise ready to back his judgment with his money.

"Here's fifteen hundred smackers that says I can lick any man you can bring in here a week from tonight!" he roared, while on one side of the ring a number of his bosom cronies yelled their approval.

The gambler who has just lost better than a thousand dollars on the teamster's opponent grows tense.

"That's purty stiff dough for a guy like that to be wavin' around," he mutters.

Suddenly he snaps off the rubber band on a huge fistfull of bills and, leaping into the ring, accepts the bet.

"Your dough is as good as any man's," Scroggins growls as the two place their money with the promoter of the show.

"I'll furnish the opponent for this mule-skinner," the gambler tells Hack Strong, who does the promoting. "And I'll furnish him gratis. I'm gonna see this bragging whelp licked if it's the last thing I do."

* * *

NOW to find somebody to give Mr. Scroggins a good, old-fashioned ball park licking. The search turned to Fort Worth, Texas, where Harry "Texas" Tate and Bob York were training for a coming battle. York, a Pueblo, Colorado, battler, was propositioned. He was agreeable. The five-hundred-dollar guarantee was alluring. But York was suspicious. That was too much money for fighting a downright novice. He suspected that his opponent was some imported battler.

So he agreed to the fight only on the condition that he be allowed to fight under an assumed name. If he did lose, it wouldn't hurt the gate for the Tate battle. Under this arrangement, York became Battling Sanders of New Orleans for that one engagement.

York at that time was one of the best fistic prospects in the business. A graduate of Pueblo Central High School, where he was an all-round athlete, he turned to the mitt game on the advice of his fellow townsman, Jim Flynn. He was an instant success. He rang up a number of creditable wins over prominent Western heavies. True, Jack Dempsey, then coming along like a house afire, had knocked him out in four rounds of a bout at Provo, Utah, but while it lasted, York had made a dandy showing.

Following this, York continued his fighting with such success that he was induced to try his skill in the Texas fight mart, which just then was featuring such performers as Gunboat Smith, Sam Langford, Fred Fulton and Willie Meehan, among others.

In spite of the fact that authorities frowned on the sport, the roaring gushers of the Burkburnett, Ranger, Desdemonia and Cross Plains oil fields poured such a lavish stream of gold into the country that boxing prospered despite its illegality. The fact that bouts were limited to ten-round no-decision affairs kept Texas from becoming the most fertile field in fistic history.

* * *

CAME the night of the fight, and a cruel Texas "norther," sweeping down out of Oklahoma, accompanied by intermittent flurries of rain and snow, kept the attendance down to a minimum. The preliminaries over, one of which was a battle between two savage bulldogs—yeah, they didn't cater to sissy business in the oil fields—Ike Scroggins and "Battling Sanders" prepared to get down to business. It was frightfully cold in the ramshackle building, the spectators standing and shivering while waiting to see the despised mule-skinner get the hiding he had been asking for.

Snow, the gambler, had promised them that this was just what fate awaited Mr. Scroggins. Apparently that worthy had different ideas as he and a group of his cronies were taking all bets with reckless abandon. If confidence was worth anything, then Ike Scroggins was headed for better things than driving an eight-mule team by day and pitching punches by night. He fairly bubbled over with confidence and self-esteem.

Finally the bell clanged, sending the shivering pair into action. That first round was a nightmare for the crude teamster. York fairly punched him dizzy with an *(Continued on page 61)*

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

AL HOSTAK grabbed the fistic spotlight of the month by his fine knockout victory over Freddie Steele in the first round to annex the world middleweight championship. Jackie Jurich, who won the flyweight title at the scales when Benny Lynch couldn't make the weight, fought his first overweight battle since gaining recognition as the champion, and defeated Phil Milligan. In the heavyweight division, Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom continued to thwart the advances of the younger men by holding Bob Pastor to a draw. There was little activity of national importance in the other classes. The month's ratings show several new faces in addition to the advance of some boys previously listed who are making splendid headway.

With the outdoor season rapidly coming to an end, the boys are priming themselves for a busy winter campaign in an effort to gain national recognition. The rapid rise of some of the youngsters during the summer months will mean the addition of many "new faces" in headline attractions when the indoor clubs swing into action. Now that Joe Louis has decided to do no more campaigning this year, the boxing activity is expected to center around the little fellows, with lightweights, welterweights, middleweights, and light-heavyweights holding the spotlight here, while our European friends settle the matter of supremacy in the flyweight division.

Bob Pastor and Maxie Rosenbloom led the heavyweight brigade with their draw battle on the coast. Lou Nova knocked out Domingo Valin in seven rounds. The latter also lost to Hans Birkie. Alberto Lovell scored over Arturo Godoy to win the Argentinian heavyweight title. Buddy Knox whipped George Nicholson and Al McCoy, while the latter in turn scored over Harry Thomas. Nathan Mann scored a two-round kayo over Steve Carr. Chuck Crowell kayoed Hank Hankinson in two, and whipped Big Boy Bray. Tony Shucco scored over Dom Lydon.

Ben Foord kayoed Manuel Abrew in three. Walter Neusel whipped Hans Lazek. Eddie Blunt decisioned Henry Cooper, twice. Phil Brubaker and Eddie Simms was declared a "no contest" in the seventh round. The latter was then beaten by Johnny Whiters.

Bob Nestell kayoed Frank Rowsey in three. Johnny Paychek stopped King Levinsky and Al Glove in three and five rounds respectively. Italo Colonello knocked out Jake Friedman in the third. Matt Raymond whipped Gus Dorazio and stopped Billy Ketchell in four. He also kayoed Frank Zamoris. Bill Boyd knocked out Johnny Morris in the second. Frankie Edgren decisioned Robert E. Lee. Junior Munsell trounced George Sutka.

Al Gainer led the light-heavyweight division with his knockout of Dominic Ceccarelli in four rounds. Melio Bettina stopped Gene Bonin in two. Johnny Romero kayoed Killer Coates in four and was in turn whipped by Lloyd Marshall. Ralph DeJohn knocked out Bert Courage in the sixth. Larry Lane beat Al Zappalla and Bob Turner while the latter in turn scored over John Henry Johnson. Marty Simmons defeated Bill Raggio. Stanley Hasrato whipped Young Stuhley and knocked out Joey Parks in three.

Ralph Chong halted Freddie Eiler in the fifth. Jimmy Webb drew with Mickey Dugan. Buddy Ryan scored over Frankie Caris. Charley Eagle stopped Tony Celli in four. George Fitch whipped Steve Carr. Herbie Katz knocked out Johnny Rossi in two rounds. Tommy Tucker stopped Larry Wright in one.

Al Hostak became the new title-holder in the middleweight ranks when he stopped Freddie Steele in the first round. Young Corbett defeated Glen Lee. Ken Overlin drew with Atilio Sabatino. Teddy Yarosz whipped Billy Conn. Solly Krieger kayoed Swede Berglund in six and Ace of Spades in four. Ben Brown stopped Steve Kahley in seven and drew with Babe Risko. Al Bernard kayoed Tony Bruno in four while the latter whipped Chief Paris, who in turn drew with Dale Sparr. Sparr in turn whipped Larry Derrick who then stopped Dick Foster in the eighth.

Paulie Walker kayoed Vince DeAngelo in the first. Steve Mamakos beat Emil Calcagni and Ivan Nedomatsky. Billy Soose knocked out Eric Lawson in five, and whipped Al Quaill. Harry Balsamo kayoed Mario Caroselli in the second. Rudy Marshall and Haywood Storey fought a no-decision fight. The latter then lost to Jimmy O'Boyne. Joey Parks beat George Burnette. Tony Ciaccio beat Young Terry and Tommy Bland. Bobby Birch whipped Pancho Villa. Johnny Rossi kayoed Freddie Fitzgerald in seven rounds. Frank Castiglia beat Larry Marinucci and stopped Mike Licari in five.

Ceferino Garcia continued to set the pace in the 147-pound division by stopping Jackie Burke in two rounds. Mike Kid Frattini whipped Holman Williams and Bobby Pacho, who in turn scored over Willie Fool. Felix Wouters beat Carlo Orlandi. Saverio Turiello decisioned Milt Aron. Frankie Genovese won over Andre Jessurun while the latter scored over Frank Williams. Charley Burley stopped Leon Zorrita in six. Fritzie Zivic stopped Joe Lemieux in four and Phil Furr in three, while the latter was also beaten by Tony Petroskey who then decisioned Verne Patterson.

Cocoa Kid defeated Tommy Bland, who in turn whipped Jay Macedon. Sammy Luftspring beat Vincent Pimpinella who in turn scored over Johnny McHale. The latter was beaten by Jack Kid Berg, who also trounced Pete Cara, and was then beaten by Red Cochrane. Tony Zale beat Billy Celebron. Al Manfredo decisioned Carlos Garcia. Cerdan defeated Victor Deckmyn.

Omar Kouidri won over Gustave Humery. Ernie Roderick scored over Battling Parkin. Sonny Jones trounced Seaborn Ashley. Norman Snow was too much for George Odwell. Carl Dell beat Lew Raymond. Seigi Lander whipped Silvio Zangrillo. Billy Furrone scored over Steve Halaiko. Ray Napolitano defeated Johnny Horstmann.

Baby Arizmendi gained top honors in the lightweight class by whipping Jimmy Vaughn. Tommy Cross whipped Mickey Duca. Sammy Angott defeated Nick Camarata who in turn trounced Tiger Kid Walker. Lou Lombardi stopped Billy Beauhuld in three while the latter in turn kayoed Charley Burns in four. Enrico Venturi defeated Johnny Bellus. Maxie Berger whipped Phil Baker and Tommy Rawson. Paul Junior defeated Joey Greb and Mike Kaplan. Tippy Larkin stopped Eddie Zivic in one. Irving Eldridge beat Jimmy Murray.

Dave Crowley won over Minstos Grispos. Joey Ferrando trounced Pete Mascia. Chino Alvarez stopped Lew Jenkins in eight. Johnny Rohrig beat Lew Feldman and stopped Johnny Mirabella in the second. Red Cochrane whipped Phil Baker. Frankie Wallace defeated Maxie Fisher, who also won over Baker. Ginger Foran trounced Ray Ingram. Norment Quarles beat Lloyd Pine.

Yucatan Kid also trounced Lloyd Pine. George Crouch defeated Babe Brandelli and stopped Joe Milo in seven. Al Citrino kayoed Zeke Castro in one. Tod Morgan whipped Herb Bishop. Pete Lello scored over Bobby McIntyre. George Hansford whipped Andy Scrivani. Al Davis kayoed Bernie Friedkin in four. Orville Drouillard decisioned Phil Zwick. Eddie Dunne beat Howard Scott. Phil Siriani whipped Johnny Cabello. Mike Piskin beat Joey Greb and stopped Tony Strazzeri in the seventh. Honey Mellody drew with Johnny Mack. Sammy Julian drew with Joe Ghnouly. Nunzio Bisagnio drew with Tony Strazzeri. Young Chappie beat Tommy Grady.

Freddie Miller continued to head the featherweight class contenders with a victory over Jack Carrick and a disqualification win over Ronnie James in eight rounds. Leo Rodak defeated Sammy Angott. Dave Castilloux stopped Bert Stanley in three. Al Reid beat Nat Litfin and Paul Lee while the latter was shaded by Mike Belloise who dropped a decision to Joey Archibald. Tony Dupre beat Pete Scalso and Davey Crawford. Spider Kelly decisioned Tommy Hyams. Johnny McGrory whipped Jackie Hurst.

Benny Sharkey scored over Tom Smith. George Marsden whipped Cuthbert Taylor and Les Greenaway. Dan McAllister won on a disqualification in nine rounds over Benny Caplan. Pablo Dano beat Manuel Ortiz while he in turn lost to Richard Lemons. Pete DeGrasse drew with Umio Gen. Jimmy Fantini whipped Joey Green. Matt Perfetti trounced Skippy Allen and drew with Harold Valan. The latter was in turn beaten by Joey Wach. Johnny Marcelline scored over Cristobal Jaramillo. Joey Fontana stopped Jerry Mazza in the fourth.

Kayo Morgan led the bantamweights with a victory over Jose Santos. Henry Hook whipped Pancho Villa. Lou Salica stopped Emilio Magana in nine. Kid Tanner beat Len Hampston. Jackie Jarr while the latter stopped Bobby Docherty in six. Dick Titley beat Syd Parker. Jim Brady kayoed Pat Palmer in the eighth. Jackie Brown won over Battling Hayes. Claude Varner stopped Flash Syma in two. Joe Roche stopped Tuffy Pierpont. Kid Vengan beat Peter Miller. Tommy Forte kayoed Billy Passan in the eighth round.

Jackie Jurich whipped Phil Milligan in an overweight match. The latter stopped Jim Kelly in the seventh. Small Montana decisioned Katzumi Morioka. Little Dado beat Donnie Maes. Tiny Bostock kayoed Dick Lewis in four. Pierce Ellis stopped Willie Smith in the third heat. Jim McStravick beat Seaman Chetty. Paddy Ryan knocked out Frank Kid Bonsor in the first. Billy Nash beat Gaston Vanderbos.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight, Trevor Law, Australia.
Bantamweight—Herman Gauthier, New Orleans.
Featherweight—Shorty Roy, Birmingham.
Lightweight—Sammy Magro, Birmingham.
Welterweight—Seigi Lander, Palestine.
Middleweight—Buck Deckashaw, New Orleans.
Light-heavyweight—Ted Keating, Toronto.
Heavyweight—Nick Fiorentino, Philadelphia.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending August 17:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Joe Louis	World's Champion John Henry Lewis	World's Champion Al Hostak	World's Champion Henry Armstrong
1—Max Baer	Al Gainer	Young Corbett	Ceferino Garcia
2—Gunnar Barlund	Tiger Jack Fox	Fred Apostoli	Felix Wouters
3—Bob Pastor	Gus Lesnevich	Freddie Steele	Holman Williams
4—Tony Galento	Len Harvey	Solly Krieger	Mike Kid Frattini
5—Tommy Farr	Ambrose Palmer	Glen Lee	Gustave Eder
6—Maxie Rosenbloom	Melio Bettina	Walter Woods	Saverio Turiello
7—Max Schmeling	Jock McAvoy	Ron Richards	Kenny La Salle
8—Buddy Knox	Ralph De John	Fred Henneberry	Andrea Jessurun
9—Lou Nova	Eddie Wenstob	Ken Overlin	Frankie Genovese
10—Alberto Lovell	Young Herrera	Atilio Sabatino	Charley Burley

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Henry Armstrong	World's Champion Henry Armstrong	World's Champion Sixto Escobar	World's Champion Jackie Jurich
1—Lou Ambers	Freddie Miller	Kayo Morgan	Small Montana
2—Baby Arizmendi	Leo Rodak	Lou Salica	Little Dado
3—Pedro Montanez	Dave Castilloux	Henry Hook	Tut Whalley
4—Davey Day	Al Reid	Pancho Villa	Tiny Bostock
5—Tommy Cross	Johnny Hutchinson	Georgie Pace	Pierre Louis
6—Sammy Angott	Jackie Wilson	Benny Lynch	Jim McStravick
7—Tony Chavez	Tony Dupre	Peter Kane	Pierce Ellis
8—Wishey Jones	Joey Archibald	Kid Tanner	Paddy Ryan
9—Wesley Ramey	Mike Belloise	Johnny Gaudes	Valentin Anglemann
10—Tippy Larkin	Ginger Foran	Aurel Toma	Mickey O'Neill

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By MEYER ACKERMAN

A NEW middleweight champion came thundering out of the Northwest last month when Al Hostak, the Savage Slav, exploded fists laden with dynamite into the unsuspecting face of Freddie Steele to batter him into a beaten wreck in less than one round of fighting in what was scheduled as a fifteen-round championship bout in Seattle.

Coming from the same town and being built into a spectacular grudge battle by the astute matchmaker, Nate Druxman, some thirty odd thousand spectators paid in the vicinity of $90,000 to see Hostak live up to advance notices with a savage display of left hook power as he dulled the fighting spirit of Steele in 1 minute and 43 seconds of one-sided fighting.

Following Hostak's sensational victory, the New York State Athletic Commission found time to inject a humorous note into the middleweight ranks when they declared they would not recognize Al as the new king of the 160-pounders, despite the fact that they had recognized Steele as world champion. Regardless of their decision, Hostak will gain the necessary recognition internationally. As for Steele, his announcement that he will retire from any further ring activities came as a surprise to his friends. They have known for some time that likeable Freddie had lost his taste for pugilism with the death of his first manager, Dave Miller, about a year ago.

Neighborhood grudge battles seemed to be the order for the month as disputes for leadership between Brownsville lightweights Al Davis and Schoolboy Bernie Friedkin, and Bronxites Al Reid and Nat Litfin, featherweights, held the local spotlight.

After being rained out twice in their scheduled eight-round event of Dexter Park, Davis and Friedkin clashed in Madison Square Garden before a crowd that paid $8,677 to see young Al continue on his spectacular knockout spree when he stopped the Schoolboy with a left hook in the fourth round.

Outboxed by Friedkin, who had the edge coming out for what turned out to be the last round, Al suddenly found the range with a sharp left hook that sent Bernie to the canvas in his own corner in a sitting position. As he fell, the Schoolboy's neck hit the ringpost with a sickening thud, and although he managed to regain his feet at the count of eight, he reeled into the arms of Referee Billy Cavanaugh before Davis could advance. Cavanaugh would not allow Friedkin to continue, with the result that Davis is forcing a spot for himself in the spotlight of knockout prospects.

In the semi-final affair that was scheduled for eight rounds, Nickey Jerome floored Skippy Allen three times in the first round before a halt was called. Johnny Sharkey got off the floor to score a six-round decision over Silvio Zangrillo. In four-round bouts, Hymie Berg overcame two first-round knockdowns to flatten Eric Beisman in the second round of a real ring thriller, while Nono Cuebas knocked out Petey Della in one, Lee Harper whipped Lou Napoli, and John Gehring scored over Johnny Wishie.

Reid was not as fortunate as was Davis, in his battle with Litfin in the Dyckman Oval, but his superior in-fighting and incessant aggressiveness in a majority of the eight rounds clearly entitled him to the verdict. After allowing Nat to outbox him in the early rounds with a spearing left hand, Reid got going and set a blistering pace to the finish to win with something to spare. Although Litfin eliminated himself from the bantamweight class by coming in at 125 pounds, Reid continued his steady surge to the top of the featherweight heap. In the six-round semi-windup, Phil Siriani scored over Gerard De Lia.

Harry Balsamo, who has been given credit for reviving interest in the middleweight division, although he himself never lived up to the promise he showed when he was punching his way to the top, scored another knockout in his comeback campaign. Although a sharp left hook cut his right eye early in the second round, Balsamo dropped Mario Caroselli three times in that same round before the referee wisely intervened, and halted what was the scheduled Queensboro Arena feature. Carl Dell whipped Lew Raymond in the eight-round semi-final contest—Joey Ferrando, ranking Jersey lightweight, who can't get any work in his own backyard, trounced Ray Napolitano over the six-round distance at the Fort Hamilton Arena. Ferrando won as he pleased over his Brooklyn adversary. In other sixes, Tommy Bland whipped Ray Macedon and Sammy Julian boxed a draw with Joe Ghnouly—In a show that was practically washed out by rain at Long Beach, Irving Eldridge whipped Jimmy Murray in eight rounds.

Jackie Kid Berg continued his winning ways when he defeated Johnny McHale with comparative ease in the eight-round feature attraction at the Canarsie Stadium. After a slow first round, the former Whitechapel Windmill turned on the pressure to win pretty much as he pleased. In a six-round semi-final that created considerable interest, Harold Valon and Matt Perfetti fought a lively draw. In another six that was called at the termination of the first round because of rain, Joey Wach and Dave Crawford were the principals—Eddie Blunt, ponderous Negro, shaded Henry Cooper in the feature eight-round bout at the Queensboro Arena. It was a hard-fought battle and Blunt had to win the last two rounds to get a disputed verdict. Ted Christie whipped Tony Passaro in eight, while in a six-round bout, Anthony King scored over Jimmy Devlin.

Fort Hamilton featured Bobby Pacho and Willie Fool in a headline ten-round event and at its termination, the Mexican veteran was awarded the decision. In a six-round affair, Young Chappie drew with Sammy Santillo, while in another contest, Eddie Alzek kayoed Nick Pastore in two—Enrico Venturi returned to the wars on United States soil and scored in a nip-and-tuck battle over Johnny Bellus in the main bout of eight rounds at Dyckman Oval. The fight was closer than your next breath and there were many in the crowd who booed the decision. Walter Franklyn continued to show promise when he knocked out Eddie Ran in two rounds of what was scheduled to be the six-round semi-final. Managers Eddie Reilly, former classy 140-pounder, and Jimmy White may have something in the Bronx youngster.

Coney Island offered Jack Kid Berg, undefeated in New York, with Pete Cara in the main eight-round billing, and both boys provided a real thriller. They stood toe-to-toe in mid-ring in savage exchanges with Berg proving the stronger of the two. Bobby Birch made it two victories for the Frankie Jacobs' stable that night when he trounced Pancho Villa in six rounds. Birch obviously is ready for better company and figures to make a creditable showing with some of our better middleweights—Small Montana won decisively over Katzumi Morioka in their fifteen-round elimination battle at the Queensboro Arena. Montana, too smart and elusive for his less experienced foe, won fourteen of the fifteen rounds. Sonny Jones whipped Seaborn Ashley in a six-round semi-final—Eddie Blunt made it two in a row over Henry Cooper—This time they clashed over eight rounds at the Canarsie Stadium. In a six-round semi-final, Seigi Lander continued to show improved form by whipping Mickey Salem—Mike Kid Frattini upset Bobby Pacho in the Fort Hamilton ten-round feature, while in the semi-final contest, Eddie Kid Whalen stopped Eric Lawson in the first heat.

Joey Ferrando continued to show his class among the lightweights. Clashing with Pete Mascia in the main bout of eight rounds at the Queensboro Arena, Jersey Joey dropped his opponent in the first round and toyed with him the rest of the way. In another eight, Ray Napolitano jumped in as a last minute substitute for Frankie Cavanna, and floored Johnny Horstmann several times in earning the nod—Joey Fontana knocked out Jerry Mazza in four rounds at the Fort Hamilton Arena. In sixes, Young Chappie defeated Tommy Grady, and Matt Perfetti decisioned Skippy Allen—Long Beach featured Ginger Foran with Ray Ingram in an eight-round bout, with the former winning easily. In the semi-final of six rounds, Yoshio Nakamura defeated Angelo Gentile—Jim Howell went to an eight-round draw with Elmore Ray at Dyckman Oval in a savage battle, while in a companion eight, George Zengaras defeated Johnny Rinaldo.

Lou Wyman has plenty of reason for getting excited over Maxie Berger. His lightweight from Montreal flashed scintillating form in trouncing Phil Baker in the feature eight-round bout at Coney Island. In the semi-final eight-round affair, Vincent Pimpinella defeated Johnny McHale—Frankie Wallace, veteran Clevelander, whipped Maxie Fisher in eight rounds at the Long Beach Stadium. Hank Nakamura defeated Dominick Barone in the six-round semi-windup—Sammy Luftspring beat Vincent Pimpinella in eight heats at Canarsie. In the semi-windup, Seigi Lander trounced Silvio Zangrillo in six rounds—Teddy Yarosz finally whipped Billy Conn in twelve rounds at Pittsburgh.

Mike Belloise met a Tartar in Paul Lee over the eight-round route at Dyckman Oval and was lucky to win the decision. Lee kept forcing the fight throughout and many thought he was entitled to no worse than a draw. Steve Belloise, younger brother of the New York State featherweight champion, made his professional debut by knocking out Vincent Califano in four rounds—Joey Wach and Harold Valon met in an eight-round main event at the Canarsie Stadium, with the former receiving a well-merited verdict. Wach showed a surprising reversal of form as he set the pace all the way. Harry Ginsberg defeated Lew Manuel in the six-round semi-final—The Queensboro Arena featured Phil Siriani and Johnny Cabello in a slam-bang eight-round thriller, with Siriani gaining the award. Vincent Montana defeated Ray Carmello in the semi-final contest of six rounds.

Nate Lewis stopped off in town with an attempt to close for a featherweight championship match with Leo Rodak, his Chicago 126-pounder, and the title-holder, Henry Armstrong—Australian papers thought that Ken Overlin was entitled to the decision in his draw battle with Atilio Sabatino—Red Kinsella is finally gaining the recognition he deserves as a top-flight trainer. The former 140-pound sorrel-top is doing wonders with the material he has at hand and is in line for some good jobs with the real top-notchers in the business—Maurie Waxman, one of the better press agents in town, has one of the outstanding lightweights in the country in Joey Ferrando. The Jersey lad has been consistently evaded by Billy Beauhuld, Tippy Larkin and Lou Lombardi, although he is prepared to meet any 135-pounder in the country at any time—Izzy Zirling, the former East Side lad who aspired to fistic fame, is in the sporting goods business—Jimmy Brown is training Jerry Grieff, who may bring grief to many a young heavyweight hopeful.

Heavy downpours through the Eastern part of the United States, especially New York, have played havoc with the fight game. Many shows were wiped out by Jupiter Pluvius, with the result that promoters who were out of the red at the small clubs are now clamoring for help. Rain did as much damage to boxing as did Kid Depression several years ago.

Harry Gordon, former bantamweight star, who hit Bud Taylor with the hardest punch he ever received, according to the Terre Haute scrapper of another era, is doing a great job in getting Bob Olin into condition for a comeback campaign among the heavyweights. The former world light-heavyweight champion is training at the Napanoch Country Club with Johnny and Willie Pavlovich serving as the shock troops—The National Sports Alliance, which suspended meetings through the summer months, will hold a fall reunion shortly—Artie Rose, one of the better trainers, must be given credit for developing Jarl Johnson into a real heavyweight prospect.

A new light-heavyweight champion of Texas was crowned in Houston, Texas, when Stanley Hasrato, New York Syrian, stopped Joey Parks of St. Louis in the third round of their scheduled ten-rounder at the Wayne Athletic Club. Parks, who was ranked No. 1 light-heavy of Texas by the State Boxing Commission, was knocked down six times in the third and the referee awarded the fight to Hasrato. A long, looping left to the jaw sent Parks down for the count of nine and he never did recover from that punch, which put him on the canvas the first time. This is the first time Parks has lost a fight in Houston. In his other twelve bouts in the Texas city during the past two years, he claims eight knockouts and four decisions. Hasrato will continue fighting for Promoter Wayne and says he is ready to take on any light-heavy in the country—Tom Henry, light-heavyweight of Philadelphia, is a newcomer to Houston and has signed up to fight for the Wayne Athletic Club. He has been working out daily for the past two weeks and is expected to be given a bout with Stanley Hasrato, No. 1 ranking Texas light-heavy.

IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER
By I. Q. GROSS

BOXING fans throughout the world were stunned at the news of Tony Galento's serious illness on the eve of his fight with John Henry Lewis. Messages wishing for his recovery have come from all parts of the globe, showing the great following which Two-Ton Tony commands.

The greatest surprise of the month came when Billy Beauhuld, Jersey City lightweight, was technically stopped by his city rival, Lou Lombardi, in the third at Jersey City. Referee Joe Mangold stopped the fight after Billy was floored twice. In the semi-final, Jimmy Webb, Jersey City, flattened Tony Celli, Boston, in the second.

Freddie Fitzgerald, New Brunswick middleweight, kayoed Johnny Duca, Paulsboro, in the second round at Perth Amboy. It was the first outdoor show held in that city in eight years. Morris Parker, Newark, floored Eddie Capanna, same city, in the second for the full count, and Ralph Ivins, Jamesburg, decisioned John Morschini, Elizabeth.

Maxie Fisher, Newark Jewish lightweight, won a referee's decision over Phil Baker, Norwalk, Conn., at Long Branch. The bout was scheduled for 10 rounds but was called after the fourth because of rain. In the semi-final, cut from six to four rounds, Freddy Wilson, Pompton Lakes middleweight, decisioned Johnny Briggs, Long Branch. In one of the sixes our old friend, the fighting Romeo, Sid Peshkin, Long Branch middleweight, felled Kid Benson, Paterson, in the first. John Litt, Newark, flattened Jimmy Mingo, Hightstown, in the second of another six.

The experiences of Basher Dean, Newark heavyweight, who has trained the world's top ranking fighters, will be related by this writer in a coming issue of the *Topical Times* of London . . . . Sonny Banks reports that Vincent Reed will soon be back in action. Four months ago his jaw was fractured by Joe Lemieux . . . . Carmine Billotti is now handling Morris Parker, who is doing well as a pro . . . . Angelo Pucci is interested in Frankie Conn, Lyndhurst featherweight . . . . Several readers have asked for autographed pictures of Tony Galento. Because of the expense, readers are requested to send twenty-five cents in coin and a self-addressed stamped envelope to I. Q. Gross, 68 Huntington Terrace, Newark, N. J.

Tippy Larkin, Garfield's lightweight, never looked better than when he flattened Eddie Zivic in 1 minute, 40 seconds of the first round at Newark. Joe Lemieux, Montreal welterweight, although a gamester, was outclassed and should not have been in the same ring with Fritzie Zivic, who won by a technical knockout in the fourth. Al Ryll, Southwick, Mass., had the edge in a slugging six over John Cionis, Fairview, and in one of the fours, Danny Tauriello, Joe Grace's brilliant lightweight, decisioned Ben Berry, Newark.

Willie Skidmore defeated his fellow Newarker, Chang Collura, in a six at Mt. Freedom. On the same program Tony Maglione, Trenton, stopped Bob Farley, Newark, in three; Nick Cocuzza, Newark, won the same way over Dom Prunetti, Trenton, and John Rudolph, Flanders, outpointed Harry Burts, Newark, in four . . . . When is New Jersey and other states going to start a boxers' fund for indigent fighters?

After a lapse of seven years, Jackie (Kid) Berg, Whitechapel Whirlwind from England, returned to Newark and lost to Red Cochrane, the sorrel-topped lad from Elizabeth, in a ten-round bout at Meadowbrook Bowl, Newark. Berg had previously won nine fights and fought one draw in New York rings. After the bout it was learned that Berg entered the ring with two bruised hands.

Ray Arcel, one of America's greatest seconds and trainers, and Frankie Jay Jacobs, Berg's manager, worked in his corner. The attendance was announced at 3,500 and the receipts $2,724.

On the Berg show, Frankie Conn, Lyndhurst, stopped Frankie Birt, Newark, in the third of a six. In another six Phil Sharkey, Newark, decisioned Sailor Born, former Atlanta, Ga., fighter. Harry Friedlander's lightweight, Glabe Tee, Montclair, stopped Young Bucky, Bloomfield, in the first. Bill Ryans, Newark, flattened Red Rice, Elizabeth, in the first, and Johnny Phillips, Newark, had the best of Bill Walters, same city, in a four.

To Coy Turman, Hillsville, Va., Pete Kelly, Beverly, N. J., and Charles Duck, Fort Meade, Md.—We have sent you the name of a manager in Newark who will be glad to help you in getting fights here . . . . Harold Isherwood, Valleyfield, Canada—Don't know of any party named Tom Burke . . . . T. B. Crick, Norfolk, England—Enjoyed your interesting letter. Write again but don't forget to include coin for return postage . . . . Joseph Thomas, Atlanta, Ga.—No, the writer was never a fighter . . . . Charles Zalkauskas, Flemington, N. J.—For information on A.A.U. activities in New Jersey write to the A.A.U., 17 Academy Street, Newark, N. J. . . . . S. Novack, St. Louis, Ill.—Have lost your address. Please forward it . . . . S. Lo Presto—Your letter was much delayed. That explains the late reply. Hope you are feeling better . . . . Hope Sayles, Chatham, N. J.—Good luck to you in your new venture! . . . . Charles Kassiwitz, East Orange, N. J.—Your teacher, Jim Savage, was one of the best heavyweights ever developed in New Jersey.

Joe Ghnouly decisioned Nunzio Bisogno in eight at Newark. In other eights on the same show Larry Lane, Trenton, decisioned Bob Turner, Richmond, Va., and Lope Berman, Paterson Hebrew, bested Joe Sankey, Philly.

After announcing his retirement for the second time, Young Terry, Trenton middleweight, changed his mind again and lost a 10-round decision to Tony Ciaccio at Norristown . . . . Joey Ferrando, Jersey City welter, is another battler in the midst of a comeback. He outpointed Ray Napolitano in New York.

Nunzio Bisogno, Newark lightweight, fought a 10-round draw with Tony Strazerri, Philadelphia, at Long Branch . . . . Frankie Williams, Newark, lost a 10-round decision to Andre Jessurun at Atlantic City.

Allie Stolz made a successful debut on the West Coast when he stopped Joe Mendiola in four at Los Angeles . . . . Jimmy Brady has made some fine improvements at the Arena Gym, 104 Mulberry Street, Newark.

Vince Dundee, former middleweight champion, who now operates an automobile repair shop in Union, has applied for a referee's license in the state . . . . Lope Berman decisioned Eddie Guerra, New York, in eight at Garfield . . . . Joey Ferrando whipped Pete Mascia in New York.

Mac Cohen and Norman Guritsky will soon introduce Tommy McDougal, Elizabeth lightweight . . . . Red Lambert of Newark claims to represent ten fighters . . . . Sam Rose is still boosting Teddy Dalton and is now handling Pete Kelly, Beverly featherweight . . . . Stony Jackson, Frostburg, Md.: Six rounders here get from $25 to $50.

Willie Skidmore, Pete Van's battler from Newark, went six rounds to a draw with Bobby Ruffin, Bridgeport, Conn., at Elizabeth . . . . The writer has a list of promoters and fight clubs in New Jersey that will prove valuable to managers, boxers and promoters in all parts of the country. Copies may be obtained by sending twenty-five cents in coin with a self-addressed stamped envelope to the writer.

The writer will be glad to help fighters get work in New Jersey if they are free from any contract with managers and send in their records, clippings and photographs. Fighters must be willing to pay their own traveling expenses to Newark. Address all letters to 68 Huntington Terrace, Newark, N. J.

Paul Kiernan was happy when his Mickey Piskin whipped Joie Greb at the opening of the Ocean View A. A. in Long Branch where Jerry Casale is matchmaker . . . . Maxie Fisher lost an unpopular decision to Frankie Wallace, Cleveland, at Long Beach, N. Y. . . . . Leo Netreba, former Southern battler, is now running a restaurant in Bath, Maine. Old friends can write him at Box 89, Woolwich, Maine.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

OPEN air pro warfare was presented at the Walnut Beach Stadium for the summer season, starring Johnny Lasinski, light-heavyweight, and Melio Bettina. Referee Frankie Portell put an end to the slaughter in the fifth session when Lasinski was being badly beaten by Bettina.

The decision given to Johnny Lesko, Willimantic heavyweight, in his six-round bout with Marshall Grosso, Hartford battler, did not meet with the approval of the spectators.

Hard punches to Art Lloyd's jaw and head landed by Gene Standley brought Lloyd down to the canvas for the 10-count in the opening chapter of a billed six.

Paul Warren and Joe Triano slugged one another with both fists for four rounds in a humdinger. Triano was the victor. This bout marked their second slugfest.

At the New Haven Arena, George Fitch and Steve Carr, Meriden mauler, met in their return ten-round conflict. A hurricane finish gained the official award for Fitch.

In an eight-round semi-final, Jimmy Fantini won a decision over Joey Green.

A four-round decision was scored by Unknown Morgan, New Haven, over Jimmy Weed, while in another four-rounder, Frankie Young, New Haven, and Sal Canata swapped punches to a draw.

Johnny Compo, featherweight, came through a victor on points over Mon Rodriguez in a sixer.

In the top bout at the Walnut Beach Stadium, Louis "Kid" Cocoa was an easy winner over Tommy Bland, Toronto, Canada, in the 10-round bout.

Johnny Lesko, Willimantic mitt slinger, banged out a decisive victory over Johnny Destephano in a six-round scrap.

In another six-round contest, Julie Kogan, New Haven lightweight, whipped Roy "Sailor" Born.

The Eddie Guerra and Freddie Pease battle was ruled an even thing at the end of a four-round affair.

At the White City Stadium, West Haven, Dominick Ceccarelli proved to be no match for Al Nelson Gainer, New Haven Negro, and was rocked to sleep in the fourth session of a billed 10-round star bout when Gainer drove a hard right to Ceccarelli's jaw.

Carlos Guggino, Hartford lightie, pounded his way through to gain the verdict from Joe DeJesus, Puerto Rican fighter, in the semi-final of eight rounds.

Jimmy Stewart, New Haven, and Pete Mikowski, Meriden clouter, went to a draw in a four-round bout.

George Pepe unleashed a torrent of blows against Irish Johnny Grant, New York boxer, to stiffen him in the opening round of a scheduled six.

Another six-round scrap failed to go the distance when Bobby Cummings, New York lad, stopped Freddy Pease on a technical kayo in the third canto.

Jackie Martin, Torrington leather pusher, won his bout over Eddie Lee on a decision in a four-rounder.

At the Walnut Beach Stadium, Charley Eagle, Waterbury fighter, outpunched Gene Standley to score a decisive win in the feature eight-round bout.

In a rematch, Johnny Douguillo came through a winner on points over Joe Triano in a six-round battle.

Cal Christy was put away in the third round when Paul Warren, Meriden, clipped him with stinging blows to the jaw.

A six-round victory was won by George Harper, New York, over Sammy Santelli.

Eldridge Eatman flattened Dave Milinsky in the second round of their four-rounder.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

ROLAND LECUYER of Holyoke lost a decision to Leroy Flowers of New York in a six-round main bout at the Valley Arena. Billy Campanelli of Worcester K.O.'ed Frankie Dias of New Bedford in the first round.

Ritchie Gibbons of Springfield won over Sammy Athas of Springfield in a four-rounder. Joey Woishnis of Agawam won over Petey Burke of Chelsea in four rounds. In the three-rounders, Al Frieda of Worcester won over Al Castonquay of Holyoke, Teddy Bogash won over Clarence Yates of New Bedford, and Al Wallack of Holyoke K.O.'ed Bobby Ransom of New Bedford. Domingo Montario of Holyoke technically K.O.'ed Henry Barnes of New Bedford.

Bobby Little of Holyoke won over Jimmy Weed of New Haven, Conn., in a six-round main bout. Billy Campanelli of Worcester won over Lou Fisco of New Bedford in a companion six. Frankie Walsh of Worcester K.O.'ed Joey Dillon of New Haven in the second round of a four. Gene Gregory of New Haven won a decision over Sammy Athas of Springfield in four rounds. Tommy Burns of Springfield won over Pal Leduc of Holyoke. Phil Mirabelli of Providence won over Al Wallack of Holyoke in three rounds. Tony Burke of Holyoke won a three-round decision over Billy Adams of Worcester. Boots Brewster, Thompsonville, Conn., won a decision over Domingo Montario of Holyoke in three rounds.

Al Ryll of Southwick is doing well in New York and New Jersey. He won two starts in Thompsonville, Conn., by K.O.'s, disposing of Marshall Grosso and Mike McMahan.

Al Gauthier of Ludlow won a six-round main bout over Doug Murchie of North Adams. Jackie Blair of Albany K.O.'ed Joey Woishnis of Agawam in the third round of a six. Roy Carvell of Springfield won over Romero Ducharme of Easthampton in a four-rounder. Battling Buck scored a K.O. over Francis Carter of Worcester in the first round. Jackie Dupont won a decision over Tommy Grady of Springfield. Jimmy Stathis of Springfield K.O.'ed Billy Adams of Worcester in the opening round. Al Blondi of Thompsonville K.O.'ed Patsy Motto of Albany in the second round. Sammy Athas won a split decision over Lou McQuire of Worcester.

Danny Buckley of Holyoke gained a decision over Jackie Blair. Fred Orman of Holyoke and Harry White of Schenectady fought a three-round draw. Domingo Montario of Holyoke K.O.'ed Tommy Lewis of Albany. Dave Duquette of Ludlow K.O.'ed Al LaFlame of Woonsocket in the first round. Richie Gibbons of Springfield lost a decision to Ji Tachereau in a four-round bout, and Gene Gregory of New Haven won over Roland Lecuyer of Holyoke.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

THE world's flyweight title was lost on the scales at Paisley, Scotland, when Benny Lynch, the recognized holder, weighed in and was found to be six and one half pounds overweight.

He was given one hour (according to rules) to get the surplus off, but as he did not show up at that time, the British Boxing Board of Control official, who was present, declared the title vacant, and Jackie Jurich, American champion, and challenger, was ruled to be the first contender for the flyweight title.

After a lengthy discussion, Johnny Rogers, manager of Jurich, decided to allow the bout to go on at catch-weights, and in a thrilling match with Lynch showing greater punching power, Jurich was counted out in the 12th round, but not before he had taken several counts from Benny Lynch's formidable fists.

It is a pity that such a great fighter as is Benny Lynch should disregard contracts, and it may be the means of keeping him out of further title bouts. "Get wise to yourself, Benny, before it is too late."

A smart performance must be credited to Johnny McManus of Glasgow for scoring a K.O. over Jimmy Warnock of Belfast in the third of a 10-round bantamweight bout. Joe Connolly, the ex-amateur bantamweight from Glasgow, outpointed Jackie Brown of Manchester over eight rounds.

Dan McAllister of Belfast was given the decision over Benny Sharkey of Newcastle when the latter was ruled out after many cautions for boring his opponent through the ropes in the ninth of a 10-round bout at Belfast.

Jim McStravick, Belfast, outpointed Seaman Chetty of South Africa over 10 rounds, and Pat Malachy of Belfast, who recently returned from U.S.A., outpointed Bill Hardy of Leicester over eight rounds.

Benny Caplan, St. Georges, gained a narrow points win over Jackie Hurst of St. Georges after 10 rounds at the Mile End Arena.

A crowd of 3,000 weathered the storm at Reading Stadium to witness the first open air show staged by J. L. Bamford, a local sportsman, and those who were brave enough to go saw a very good fighting bill, although the top liner between Frank Hough of Battersea and Charlie Bundy of Wales ended in the first round when Hough was disqualified for an alleged low blow.

Dave McCleave of Battersea and Dai Jones of Wales put up a sparkling scrap over eight rounds before the former won on points.

Fred Simpson of Basingstoke, former amateur champion, had his first professional bout, and scored a T.K.O. over Johnny Jones of Jarrow in the sixth and last round, when the referee intervened with Jones in a bad way.

George Marsden of Nottingham cleverly outpointed Cuthbert Taylor of Methyr over eight rounds, and Syd Hardy of Deptford outpointed Mike Kavan of Ireland, also over eight rounds.

Jeff Dickson staged a bout between Andre Lenglet, the French heavyweight, who performed with success in California, and Leroy Haynes, who holds a victory over Primo Carnera.

The bout was staged at the Palais des Sports, and Jeff made a wise move by having the most popular boxer in France as referee, Georges Carpentier. The latter handled the bout extremely well. Lenglet proved the winner on points after 10 rounds.

There was a disappointing ending to the bout between Al Delaney, the Canadian heavyweight, who was conceding 2 pounds to Jack London of West Hartlepool, when the latter was ruled out for striking Delaney a low blow in the fourth round.

Delaney, although the smaller man, was the aggressor, and had London fumbling all over the ring. In the third round a low blow put Delaney down. The referee was unsighted and began to count. The bell came to Delaney's rescue, but when, however, London transgressed again he was ruled out.

Eddie McGuire of South Africa outpointed George Davis of Notting Hill in a spirited eight-round bout.

Freddie Miller, the Cincinnati southpaw, again pleased the fans at Swansea when he performed there at the expense of Ronnie James, who was ruled out for an alleged low blow in the eighth.

Johnny McGrory, British featherweight champion, was given an armchair ride when he met Tommy Bruce of Edinburgh at Parkhead Arena and the bout concluded when McGrory landed a right to Bruce's jaw in the fourth.

Johnny Jenkins of Glasgow showed good form when he K.O.'d Ginger Stewart of Glasgow in the sixth round after putting the latter down for several counts.

Jake Kilrain, welterweight champion of England, had an easy task when he forced Jack Phillips to retire at the end of the seventh at Cowdenbeath.

Bobby Magee of North Shields took things for granted in his bout with Bob Bates of Coxhoe, at North Shield, and allowed the latter to get a big start. To the surprise of the crowd and Magee, Bates held on to that lead and deserved the decision he received.

Tommy Stewart, the sturdy Belfast flyweight, knocked out Taffy Jones of St. Helens in the fourth of a 10-round bout at Belfast after a hurricane battle.

Dave Crowley, the new British lightweight champion, soon got into action, one week after winning the title, when he met Misto Grispos of Greece, over 10 rounds, and won well at Sheffield, on points.

Tommy Hyams of Kings Cross and Freddie Morris of Mile End put up a strenuous bout at the Mile End Arena and both suffered badly cut eyes. The referee stopped the bout in the ninth round when Morris suffered a cut over his other eye and was bleeding profusely.

George Odwell of Camden Town failed in his challenge for the Southern Area welterweight title when he met Norman Snow in the latter's home town, Northampton.

The bout went the whole 15 rounds, and after one of the fiercest and hardest battles that either had ever been in, Snow was declared the winner.

Paddy Ryan of Manchester won his battle against Frank Bonsor of Nottingham in the first round when the referee stopped the bout within five seconds of the end of the round as Bonsor had taken two counts and was in a bad way.

The new bantamweight champion of the Southern Area is a Scotchman named Jim Brady of Dundee, who knocked out Pat Palmer of Battersea in the eighth of a 15-round bout at Dundee, for the title.

On the same card Benny Caplan of St. Georges was outpointed by the Glasgow lightweight, Johnny Jenkins, over 10 rounds.

Len Wickwar of Leicester defeated Johnny Finnerty of Glasgow in the 11th of a 12-round bout at Glasgow when the latter retired with a cut eye.

I should be most grateful to any of my readers in any part of the world if they could find time to send me their local newspapers with boxing reports. Thanks.

Billy Walker, the young Stratford featherweight, boxed well to score a points victory over Phineas John of Wales after 10 hard rounds, at the Mile End Arena.

Tommy Brown of Hackney stopped Jack Roberts of Gravesend in the third when the referee intervened after Roberts suffered a badly cut eye.

Len Wickwar of Leicester knocked out Billy Clements of Mitcham in the second of a 10-round bout at Market Harborough.

Capt. A. Prince Cox is to be given credit for finding places in the West Country to promote shows with success.

His venture at Gloucester Football Ground was a huge success and a crowd of 7,000 turned out to see the magnificent program. The bout between Ernie Simmons of Leicester and Joe Zeman of America was over eight rounds and at the end when Referee Albert Jennings raised Zeman's hand a shout of disapproval from the crowd, who thought that Simmons had done more than enough to warrant the decision.

Darkie Ellis of Bridlington and Cal Rooney of Canada fought their eight-round bout at a fast pace and the decision was a draw.

Another find in the West Country boxing was Hal Bagwell of Gloucester, a bantamweight with a bright future. His opponent, Bert Kirby of Birmingham and former British flyweight champion, gave him a good fight, but Bagwell won comfortably, so watch out for this lad, HAL BAGWELL.

Johnny McGrory of Glasgow, British featherweight champion, although not showing his usual form, did enough to outpoint Jackie Hurst of St. Georges in a 10-round bout at Glasgow.

Tiny Bostock of Leek took part in a return 10-round contest with Dick Lewis of Wales at Stoke on Trent, and after handing out a beating to Lewis the referee stopped the contest in round five and declared Bostock the winner.

Jimmy Wilde, who is now a prominent boxing manager, was given a rousing reception at Pontypool Park, where he stepped into the ring to look after one of his boxers, Evan John of Wales and Oxford, who met Jack Morgan of Newport, and had a hard bout over 10 rounds which ended in a draw.

Alex Bell of Edinburgh won the heavyweight championship of Scotland when he defeated Bob Scally of Glasgow over 15 rounds at Edinburgh.

Benny Sharkey of Newcastle won his bout with Tom Smith of Sunderland after an exciting 10-round contest at North Shields.

Kid Vengan of Durban outpointed Peter Miller of Gateshead in a sparkling 10-rounder at Skipton.

Kid Tanner, fly, bantam and featherweight champion of British Guiana, scored his 11th straight win in Great Britain when he showed his best form in outfighting and outboxing Len Hampston of Hull over eight rounds at Liverpool Stadium.

Both stood toe to toe and amid the cheers of the excited fans, swapped punches and at the end the colored boy, who has made himself quite a favorite on the Merseyside, was declared the winner.

Johnny McManus of Glasgow scored a knockout over Alex Knight of South Africa in the last 15 seconds of the 10th and last round after a hectic battle.

Boon! Boon! Boon! Again the Chatteris lightweight, Eric Boon, scored a one-round K.O. and his opponent, Raymond Renard, the lightweight champion of Belgium, did not know what hit him in the first 20 seconds of his bout at Chatteris.

A left hook to the eye and nose put the Belgian on the canvas and rising at nine with his glove to his eye, he shouted "Finis, Finis," and the referee led him to his corner.

Johnny Softley of Poplar and George Reynolds of Cardiff put up a smashing 10-round contest at Mile End Arena before a good crowd. With Reynolds fighting at close quarters, he seemed to be in the lead but Softley received Referee Mickey Fox's verdict.

Walter Neusel, the blond German heavyweight, won the European heavyweight title when he outpointed Hans Lazek of Germany (late Austria) in a 12-round bout at Stuttgart, Germany.

George James, Welsh heavyweight champion, beat Jacob Schonrath of Germany in the fifth of a 12-round bout at Brynmoor, Wales, when the referee stopped the bout with the German suffering a badly cut eye. James was well in the lead when the bout was stopped.

In the chief bout at the Engineers Ground, West Hartlepool, Jack Lord of Bolton outpointed Roy Mills of Sunderland in a 10-round bout, and in the chief supporter. Dan Donoghue of Sheffield scored a good points win over Ralph Fieldhouse of West Hartlepool at the end of 10 rounds.

Harry Graham of Camberwell, former R.A.F. bantamweight champ, scored a T.K.O. over Nat Stewart of Belvedere in the second round at the Stadium Club, Holborn, when the referee stopped the one-sided bout.

Johnny Kilburn of North Shields is a busy boy these days. He defeated Al Capone of West Hartlepool in four rounds at West Hartlepool, and four days later he won on points at the end of 10 rounds over Joe Gans of Hamilton at North Shields.

Jack London of West Hartlepool fought strongly against Harry Lister of Tynemouth at Easington, Co. Durham, and London, who was the heavier, scored repeatedly with body blows. Lister weakened toward the end and went down in the 10th and last round without receiving a blow, for which action the referee disqualified him.

Bert Chambers of Widness is a lad who will go a long way in his profession as he is a constant winner and a big attraction in the north of England.

At Morecambe he again defeated Ray Wood of Failsworth, this time in the fifth round when the latter was forced to retire with a badly cut eye.

Jack Daley of Wigan and Vince Homulas of Canada fought a thrilling 10-round bout at Leigh (Lancs) in which the former was declared the winner.

Belfast Arena is a busy place these days, running shows three times a week at cheap prices to a good crowd.

Tommy Stewart of Belfast outpointed a worthy opponent in Colin Warren of Stoke-on-Trent, over 10 rounds.

Another lively 10-rounder was between Pat Kelly of Belfast and George Wood of Stoke-on-Trent, and the former was a worthy winner on points.

After Manuel Abrew, the Edinburgh colored heavyweight, had gone down four times in his bout with Ben Foord of South Africa, at Laxey, Isle of Man, Referee Jack Smith stopped the contest as Abrew went down again without receiving a punch and disqualified him in the third of what was to have been over 10 rounds.

Albert Sharpe of Belfast and Billy Tansey of Middleton went over 10 rounds at Belfast at a fast pace with neither in the lead so that it came as no surprise when the referee declared a draw.

Charlie Brown, a Belfast bantamweight, who will be heard of in the near future, again showed to advantage when he outpointed Jack Hawkyard of Castleford over 10 rounds at Belfast Arena.

When Benny Lynch lost the world's flyweight championship on the scales at Paisley, recently, the stewards of the British Boxing Board of Control ordered Lynch to appear before them and after a lengthy discussion, Lynch was ordered to pay £200 within 21 days to the Boxing Board of Control and forfeit any claims he had on the British and European flyweight titles.

They further stated that any future contests entered into by Benny Lynch must first be approved by the Board, and also that the Board's representative should have access to Lynch's training camp and if the representative should report adversely the stewards have the right to cancel the said bout, and Lynch be held responsible for any expenses incurred by the promoter and other license holders.

The aftermath of the Benny Lynch vs. British Boxing Board of Control affair is that Lynch refuses to pay the £200, and will go to America to try to get a match for the world's bantamweight championship. More anon.

Freddie Miller of U.S.A. and former world's featherweight champion, outpointed Jack Carrick of Hull, Northern Area lightweight champion, over 10 rounds at the Liverpool Stadium.

Miller looked an easy winner early on, but had to defend desperately in the middle session against a boxer who concentrated on landing a knockout.

Ernie Roderick of Liverpool gained an easy point victory over Battling Parkin of Mansfield at the end of 10 rounds.

Two 12-rounders shared the top line at the Mile End Arena and both were fought with plenty of vigor.

Alec Burton of Hoxton dealt out severe punishment to Jackie Stevens of Hoxton which caused the referee to stop the bout in Burton's favor midway during the last round.

Johnny Hughes of Worthing and Arnold (Kid) Shepherd of Wales fought a hard 12-rounder with the former receiving the duke.

Spider Kelly, featherweight champion of Erin's Isle, met with unexpectedly tough opposition when he met Tommy Hyams of Kings X over 10 rounds in the open air at Belfast.

Kelly was down for two counts in round four and again in the seventh but afterwards used the ring to advantage and was given the decision on points.

The Mile End Arena was packed to capacity to see Eric Boon, the Chatteris K.O. king, score a spectacular K.O. over Billy Masters of Scotland in the second of a 10-round bout with a terrific left swing to the jaw that put the Scottish boy down on his back for the full count.

Harry Silver of Clapton stopped Kid Chocolate of Jamaica in the third round of a six-rounder when the referee intervened to save Chocolate punishment, on the same card.

Readers wishing to receive The Ring Magazine monthly should send a P.O. for one shilling and fourpence to John S. Sharpe of 3 Edward Street, London, E. L., England, and if they wish a Price List of The Ring Bookshop, in English currency, please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

HAVANA, Cuba—Golden Glovers, eight in number, journeyed to Florida and scored six knockouts, won one on points and lost one via the foul route. Oscar Conteras, bantamweight; Young Canzoneri, flyweight; and Guillermo Barrios, bantam, were the outstanding ringsters.

Luis Gutierrez, delegate of the Boxing Commission, supervised the tour, and reported that all the Cuban lads showed splendidly. Mr. Gutierrez is doing some meritorious work and was complimented by Commandante Jaime Marine, President of the Boxing Commission. Johnny Cruz, boxing instructor, and Carlos Estruch, trainer, did good work.

Alex Yanes, Cuban lightweight of note, scored a seven-round technical knockout over Young Zouval, the champion. Yanes, ex-feather champion, outboxed and outpunched his rival all the way. Manolo Gomez, sturdy southpaw, lost a close six-rounder to Luis Candales, and Bernabe Quintana won openly from Guajiro Salvage, in eight rounds.

Baby Oriental was crowned new featherweight champion of Cuba by a 12-round victory over Conrad Conde. Conde scored a knockdown in the sixth session but failed to follow up his opportunity. The Baby won easily, and looks like he will hold the title for some time. Rayo del Ring and Berbage Quintana, two dusky lightweights, drew in a hot six-rounder and received a big ovation from the huge crowd.

Pedro Medina, flyweight and bantamweight champion of Cuba, in a return bout won from Pablo Conde. The contest was full of action and Medina showed that he has all the goods to make him popular in any part of the world.

Fillo Echeverria, after his setback at the hands of Salica, is training for some bouts.

IN CHICAGO
With GENE ENGEL

ONCE again Promoter Billy Cepak has presented the outstanding attraction in the Windy City, with the assistance of Eddie Purvis in his usual role as matchmaker. Buddy Knox, fast-rising Dayton, Ohio, fisticuffer, was presented as the headliner against the formidable Al McCoy, sleek boxer from Boston, Mass., in a ten-rounder before 2,300 fight enthusiasts, who poured $2,310 into the turnstiles. Knox attained nation-wide attention by scoring a hair-raising decision over the Boston Frenchman.

In the semi-windup, the popular Johnny Barbara, Italian welterweight protege of Ross Mullen, son of the famed promoter, James C. Mullen, blasted Indian Bill Lee of Milwaukee into oblivion in the sixth canto. A beautifully executed left hook to the mid-section ended the proceedings. In a six-round confab prior to the slated eight-round semi-final, Al Globe, Bill Jensen's pleasing light-heavy, toppled Lou Presto, from Buffalo, N. Y., in round four.

In the fours, Sammy Sullivan, featherweight, was befuddled by Sam Buxbaum's Sonny Batson. The opener revealed Petey King's classy 126-pounder, Gene Spencer winner over Chuck DeFranco, Jimmy Christopher's young lightie, who is making a comeback after a sparse professional indulgement a while back.

The Marigold Gardens Arena offered its fight patrons a rematch between Milt Aron and Saverio Turiello of Italy, on one of its weekly presentations. The elusive Turiello made it two-out-of-two over our Milt, this time flooring Milt for a six count in the fourth marker, but Milt pressed Saverio in a more impressive fashion on this occasion. This was their second ten-round conflict. In the semi-feature, Ray Harris of South Bend beat Frankie Agnes, Danny Spunt's red-headed Irisher, for five rounds . . . . King Levinsky, one-time celebrated boomerang artist, attempted a comeback against Johnny Paychek, who formerly cast his lot as Pacek, in Chicago, at Des Moines, Ia. Levinsky was clearly out of condition and received a battering to his features which did him no good. The bout terminated in the third round.

In a ring "natural" at the Marigold Gardens Arena, Billy Celebron fought Tony Zale, newly acquired protege of Sam Pian and Art Winch. It was a hectic battle, Zale being fortunate to receive a draw for his efforts. The Rockford middleweight, Celebron, clipped the Gary Bohemian for a nine count in the second round. In the semi-attraction, Tommy Howell, from Danville, Ill., gained the nod over Georgie White, another Spunt prodigy, for five heats, and in an interesting four-rounder, little Eddie Lander, also a Spunt color-bearer, lost to Lou Lauri by the narrowest of margins, but in a return go at five rounds, Lander punched continuously from gong to gong to eke out a mastery. Eddie is just seventeen years of age, scaling the featherweight limit.

Leo Rodak, Chicago's leading featherweight challenger, engaged in two top-flight bouts during the past month, meeting lightweights. He defeated Sammy Angott of Louisville, Ky., at Pittsburgh, Pa., for 10 rounds which was no mean accomplishment, but lost to Wesley Ramey, from the State of Michigan, at Dallas, Texas, at the same distance. Incidentally, Rodak's ascension to the No. 1 spot in his class is due to the contention of the boxing moguls that Armstrong can't and will not attempt to make the 126-pound weight limit under any circumstances . . . . Al Globe, the aforementioned Bill Jensen's light-heavyweight from California, met and was kayoed by Johnny Pack at Des Moines, Ia., in round five, and in an upset on that card, Sandy McDonald, veteran Dallas, Texas, heavy, outmaneuvered Russ Wasser, from Minneapolis, Minn., in eight rounds. Wasser had just recently bested Thomas, thus this achievement will put McDonald in good stead, temporarily.

Over at the Marigold Gardens Arena, three eight-round encounters and a four were presented for its fight enthusiasts' approval. Pete Lello, Izzy Kline's up-and-coming lightweight, rained plenty of leather on Bobby McIntire of Detroit, Mich., to win handily; Verne Patterson, dusky colored lad from the south side, was harassed no less than six times to the canvas in his eighter with Tony Petroskey, from Muskegon, Mich.; Willie Joyce, Kline's other young stalwart, blasted into oblivion by a technical variety, Billy Miller of Pittsburgh, Pa., lightweights, and in the opener, Henry Wacker, Chicago, catapulted over Jack Pumphrey via T.K.O. in three frames . . . . Buddy Knox, Dayton, Ohio's contender in the heavyweight ranks, repeated in an encore over George Nicholson at Buddy's home town in 10 rounds. Andy Scrivani, young Chicagoan, who is a C.Y.O. stalwart, received his first setback in a Pacific Coast invasion, losing to a seasoned veteran in Georgie Hansford of Los Angeles, 10 rounds. This bout was offered at Hollywood, Cal.

In the other fight performances to be presented at the Marigold during the month, Tony Petroskey was pitted against Phil Furr, veteran top-notch welter from New York. Tony flashed leather round after round, Furr never taking a back-step but catching quite a few of the fighting Pole's famous boomerang wallops to be declared the loser in 10 innings. In a special four-round event, Chester Rutecki, 1936 United States Olympic boxing champion, engaged in his first pro attempt against Jimmy Sheppard, from Peoria, Ill. Sheppard's only weapon was a peppering left jab which found its mark for the first two stanzas, but which proved inefficient as Rutecki's ripping uppercuts all but upset Sheppard.

Joe Delya, middleweight from Bisbee, Ariz., who is gaining attention in the preliminary ranks at our local rendezvous, avenged a previous loss to Sherman Edwards and won a corker from Bob LaMonte, slugging Italian middie of Bob Capocy's. Tony Musto chalked up two more victories in his quest for national recognition. Tony took the measure of Sandy McGraff at Dallas, Texas, and stopped Leonard Bostick in the sixth round of their 10-round fiasco at St. Louis, Mo.

CHICAGO SLANTS IN FISTIANA: Davey Day, third ranking lightweight in the statistical ratings of The Ring Magazine, is ready for action after reconsidering his mistake by his non-acceptance to fight Nick Camarata . . . . Larry Amadee, popular experienced trainer of light-heavyweight champion John Henry Lewis, has been training pugs for the past fourteen years. He has conditioned such former gladiators as Ray Tramblie, Bobby O'Hara, Johnny Phagan, Mickey Patrick, Prince Saunders, Babe Keller, Charley Belanger, Dave Meier, Battling Bozo, Tommy Corbett, Geno Salvatore, Danny Delmont, Jimmy Mollette and a host of others too numerous to mention. Besides conditioning the much heralded J. H. L., Amadee readies Holman Williams, world ranking welter, and Lem Franklin, clouting ebony-hued boy from Cleveland, Ohio . . . . Eddie Kapp, State of Illinois Y.M.C.A. handball champion in 1935, 1936 and 1937, who was defeated in the finals of the 1938 tourney, is the competent ring announcer at co-promoters Sam Spunt and Mike Hechinger's Northwest Stadium, 4848 Irving Park Blvd., where shows are presented every Tuesday and Friday evening.

Babe Herman, former trainer of Harry Thomas and Leo Rodak, is reputed to be working for a promoter down in Texas. If so, Babe, success and good health on your new position . . . . Dick Sisk, brother of Johnny Sisk, halfback on the Chicago Bears pro football team, is contemplating a comeback under the guiding supervision of a former Bear center and proprietor of Chicago's only professional boxing gymnasium, 180 West Randolph Street. Dick's pugilistic reputation doesn't need any assistance of his athletic brother as he has completed sixty battles. One of the highlights in his career is his annihilation of Ruby Goldstein.

Izzy Kline, dapper manager-trainer of fighters, is all het up over the accomplishments of his two lightweights, Pete Lello and Willie Joyce, both former Golden Glove champions. Incidentally, Don Davis, a famed 135-pounder a decade ago, is conditioning Dick Sisk and improving his ethics in boxing . . . . Doyle (Kid) Carnahan, from Wooster, Ohio, is a sturdily built lightweight, who with conscientious effort will capitalize on his ability.

Don't forget to have your notes in not later than the first of the month in care of Yours Truly, 5340 Winthrop Ave. See you next month.

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UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES
By TOM EPHREM

PINKIE LOU MASTERS, sportsman and writer from Savannah, Ga., is doing good with Chino Alvarez since he bought the latter's contract several months ago. Alvarez is hailed as one of the hardest hitting lightweights in the world. Recently both returned from Dallas, Texas, where Chino participated in five bouts, winning four of them. Three were by the kayo route, a decision and his lone loss was to Wesley Ramey, seventh ranking lightweight of the world, by a narrow margin. Pinkie Lou is lining up a return bout for his charge with Ramey, this time at Savannah where Chino is a great favorite, and a record crowd can be expected.

Ben Brown, Dixie's No. 1 middleweight, was not ranked by the N.B.A. ratings but watch him climb back up there. In his home town Atlanta, Ben defeated Battling Burroughs and held the former middleweight champion, Babe Risko, to a 10-round draw.

Any fighters, good lightweights, middleweights and heavies are requested to get in touch with Pinkie Lou Masters, P.O. Box 1396, Savannah, Ga. Please enclose in your first letter your complete record with results and pictures.

An ex-governor of Florida is one of Jacksonville's biggest boosters of boxing. Mr. John W. Martin is often seen at the ringside pulling just as hard as anyone for his favorite to come through. Sure would like to see many more regular fellows like him come to the aid of this great sport.

LAST MONTH'S PERFORMANCES IN SOUTHERN RINGS — In Atlanta . . . . Ben Brown, local middleweight contender, outpointed Battling Burroughs, 151, in the main event, 10 rounds, and held the former middleweight champ, Babe Risko, to a neat draw . . . . In Baltimore, Paulie Walker, 154½, won from Jimmy Jones, 158½, in 10—Frankie Lift, 140, decisioned Young Raspi, 145, 10 rounds—Eddie Dunne, 140, won from Pete Galiano, 143½, in 10 rounds—and Lou Transperenti, 125, outpointed Johnny Litto, 125, in another tenner . . . . At Houston, Texas—Wishy Jones upset the dope by winning the nod over Wesley Ramey in a lightweight duel—Young Suthley, 165, outpointed Jack Moran, 160, in 10, and lost a decision to Stanley Hasrato, 160—Marty Simmons, 168, decisioned Bill Raggio in 10—Tony Bruno, 159, won over Chief Parris, 154, in 10 rounds, and in turn was stopped in four heats by Al Bernard, 160 . . . . At Dallas—Danny Doran, 159, outpointed Buddy Scott, 164, in 10, and Wesley Ramey, 132, won the nod from Leo Rodak, 130, in another tenner . . . . At Port Arthur—Charlie Jerome, 155, stopped Sebastian Gonzales, 152, in the sixth . . . . At Corpus Christi—Manuel Villa, 153, stopped Danny Doran, 151, in three . . . . At Louisville—Billy Miller, 124, won over Frankie Jarr, 122, in 10, and outpointed Cecil Powell, 131, in 10 . . . . and at Richmond, Va.—Yucatan Kid, 130, decisioned Lloyd Pine, 129, in a tenner.

Boxing activities in Savannah, Ga., took a big jump when the newly selected boxing promoter turned out to be none other than E. B. Peters himself. Good luck, "Pete."

Any good fighters can get to show their wares in Savannah by writing to Mr. E. B. Peters at Bay and Whitaker Streets.

WITH ART RILEY'S POPULAR AMATEURS—Lyle Karnarth, 176, kept his record clean by eking out a close decision over Lew Allen, 180, of Daytona Beach. Fritz Ard, 122, former Southeastern A.A.U. champion, made his debut and trimmed Morris Futch, 126—Lewin Williams, 114, lost by a T.K.O. to Kurt Shope, 118, but won from his old rival, Jackie Stebbins, 116—Dutch Flynn, 160, was a T.K.O. winner against Jack Waldron, 160, and won the decision in his bout with Ralph MacGhaghan, 165—Maxie Coleman, 118, kayoed Dominic Scantillo, 119, in one round—Eugene Villaneuve, 133, decisioned Eddie Summersill, 136—Marvin Cumbie, 124, gained a T.K.O. win over Billy Roberts, 126, and followed with a slashing victory against LeRoy Barry, 126—Jackie Stebbins and Talmadge Parr renewed their feud and Stebbins took a hard win. Both bantams—Jimmy Stebbins, 136, decisioned Melvin Hunter, 138, Daytona Beach, but was on the losing side in a bout with hard punching Truby Permenter, 140—In a battle between two Jacks, Jack Futch, 135, earned the nod over Jack Moseley, 133—Two former holders of the Southeastern A.A.U. diadem met in a bout crammed with action throughout. Chick Dedmon, local feather king, had a hard time in winning from Fritz Ard, the other title-holder, in a great scrap.

I understand that a widely known manager will take up young Tom Sharkey, a fighting U. S. Navy middleweight, when the latter's term expires with Uncle Sam. Sharkey hails from Jacksonville, Fla.

THISSA AND THATTA—Jimmy Erwin and his stable heading east . . . . Tom Sharkey, Jacksonville's great scrappin' sailor, about to become a proud daddy . . . . Chino Alvarez has a good manager in Pinkie Lou Masters. Petey Sarron now out of the hospital . . . . Houston, Texas, drawing larger crowds than before at its excellent boxing shows . . . . Carl Sivers, Jacksonville lightweight, making a good name for himself in Texas rings . . . . George Moye, a former Southern bantam contender from Jacksonville, helping the kiddies with their boxing at Camp Foster . . . . calling all lightweights—watch out for the Yucatan Kid.

Note to Carl Sivers, Houston, Texas—Don't fail to write your pal, Tom. My address, 605 W. Forsyth St., Jacksonville, Fla.

Note to Johnny Deeb, 380 Elm St., Lawrence, Mass.—Write to your buddy at above address.

Promoters and managers, please send in your notes to me before the 15th of each month. Address: Tom Ephrem, 605 W. Forsyth St., Jacksonville, Fla.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

WITH former heavyweight champion Jim Braddock acting as his chief second, Walter (Popeye) Woods of New York won all the way from Jimmy Clark, sepia Jamestown scrapper, in 12 rounds before the Queensberry club in the first open air show of the season at Offermann Stadium.

Scoring two knockdowns and leading in practically every round by a wide margin, Woods conclusively proved once and for all that Clark is not in his class. Jimmy was punched from pillar to post and narrowly escaped a knockout. The beating will do him no good and certainly will take months off his ring career. He was foolish to be conned into this sort of match. Woods annihilated him in their first encounter and there was no good reason to believe the Negro had a chance to win from Popeye.

The prelim bouts offered were terrible. Some of the names such as Roy Gore, Jimmy McCoy, etc., were familiar to fans of the early 1930s and even then these fellows were not considered good enough to use in four-round curtain raisers. To offer fighters like Roy Gore in semi-finals is an insult to the boxing fans of this city.

Jim Braddock was given an ovation by the 5000 present when he was introduced. The game Jersey heavy is gaining in popularity even though he is stripped of his title. Like Jack Dempsey he is proving himself a popular hero in defeat. Braddock has a dandy personality and should still make plenty of money.

The complete results of bouts on the Clark-Woods card follow:

Walter Woods, 161, New York, defeated Jimmy Clark, 153, Chicago; twelve rounds, official decision.

Jimmy Gilligan, 121, Hamburg, defeated Joe Tambe, 118½, Buffalo; six rounds, official decision.

Ford Stovall, 134, Buffalo, knocked out Tommy Tedesco, 142½, Niagara Falls, in eleven seconds of first round.

Marvin Cicero, 130, Niagara Falls, scored technical knockout over Lenny Dever, 123, Jamestown, in 48 seconds of second round; bout stopped by referee.

Billy Hughes, 157, Buffalo, scored technical knockout over Jimmy McCoy, 148, Buffalo, in 2:10 of first round; bout stopped by referee.

Referee, Jimmy Goodrich; judges, John Krysinski and Dan Russo; timer, Frank E. Klipfel; announcer, Manny Weitz.

Jack Herman, hustling matchmaker for the Buffalo Sporting Club, which is the outstanding wrestling club here, is planning all sorts of important matches and tournaments for the Fall and Winter season. Many of the game's best grapplers have not shown here as yet and with such stars as Iron Talun, Ed George, Bob Wagner, Lou Plummer, Danny O'Mahony, etc., to build around, Matchmaker Herman is certain to have another successful year.

Toronto, like Buffalo, goes for both wrestling and boxing. Promoter Playfair Brown has boxing at the Crescent A. C. in the Ontario metropolis and Jack Corcoran of the Queensberry club stages both wrestling and boxing.

A PUZZLE OR TWO . . . . One paper says that Red Carr will matchmake for the Queensberry club when Charlie Murray is busy with pro football . . . . In another paper Carr challenges George Burke in behalf of his heavyweight, Big Boy Brackey . . . . Inasmuch as the Boxing Commission rules prohibit a matchmaker from managing fighters it won't take a Sam Lloyd to dope out this one.

Boxing will soon be booming around Buffalo, Toronto and Rochester . . . . Good boxers, especially star bantamweights and heavyweights, will do well to write Hugh Shannon, 144 Wallace Ave., Buffalo, N. Y. Boxers must be free from managerial tieups or contracts.

Joe Lewis, Cleveland promoter, expects to get back in the game this Fall . . . . Joe is an experienced boxing man, one of the best, and the game needs his type badly.

The defeat of Bert Courage, college boxer, in his first pro start against the experienced Ralph De John is not surprising. The youngster is said to possess plenty of ability although he was most unlucky in his Buffalo appearances . . . . De John has fought some great fights here and—a few bad ones . . . . Matched right, the Syracuse lad is a fine attraction.

Unless your correspondent is all wrong it will be Rudy Stiller, crack young heavyweight, who'll be the town's best card during the 1938-39 season . . . . Stiller is now working for the Parks Department, not so much for the money, but because he wants real hard work to properly strengthen his leg which was broken in his victorious bout with Lou Presto last Spring.

Manager Tommy Timlin has plenty of gold in front of him with Stiller if he does not allow the boy to be overmatched.

Bert Finch, the heavyweight second, will be a busy fellow again this year . . . . Bert is readying up for the coming indoor season by signing a number of promising youngsters . . . . Bert does not want to bother with any of the old-timers, who are done . . . . Finch will also have a new downtown gym in the near future.

Professor Jack Singer's training quarters and Billy Michael's Olympia gym are in the business section . . . . Sam Mimeo's gymnasium is at Jefferson and East Eagle Streets.

HERE AND THERE . . . . Many thanks to D. W. Chester of Surrey, Eng., for British newspapers . . . . And to Miss Margaret Austin of Ottawa, Canada, for Montreal and Ottawa periodicals . . . . Your correspondent would like to receive some papers from Australia, South Africa and London, England . . . . The Buffalo *Times*, formerly controlled by Scripps-Howard, has been sold to George H. Lyon, editor, and E. J. Gaines, business manager . . . . Just who are their financial backers has not been divulged . . . . Editor Lyon made a remarkable record by supporting Mayor Tom Holling and practically electing him to this high office . . . . Mayor Holling is Buffalo's best chief executive since Grover Cleveland bossed our town . . . . Buffalonians should be thankful to Mr. Lyon for the part he played in the mayoralty campaign . . . . Mayor Holling has done wonders for Buffalo since January 1st . . . . He is a square shooter, cannot be bossed, and has a business head on his broad shoulders.

FACES ABOUT TOWN . . . . Ben Irvine, Tommy Timlin and Pop Needham can qualify for membership in the League of the Gray Eagle . . . . Skits Fitzgerald and Captain Jimmy Russell of the Police Department are palsy-walsies . . . . Jim O'Day's popular restaurant is the headquarters for sports devotees and politicians . . . . And Jim is an authority on both these important subjects . . . . Jimmy Duffy, it is said, has been ill at his Lockport home . . . . The former great lightweight is still remembered for his thrilling fights against Charlie White, Jack Britton, Ted Kid Lewis, Leach Cross and Soldier Bartfield . . . . Knockout Brennan is developing into a top-notch referee . . . . Old Kayo always gets a hand from the crowd when he steps through the ropes . . . . Jack O'Sullivan, Niagara Falls semi-pro, recently turned professional and won his initial bout in Toronto . . . . Lou Presto ran into a tartar in Chicago and was knocked out by Al Globe of Los Angeles . . . . Presto claims he swallowed a tooth which made him ill . . . . A year or so ago Presto looked like a real comer . . . . He may still come through but the youngster has not had proper management.

FISTIC MISCELLANY . . . . Frank Erne, lightweight champion of the world in 1899, visited his boyhood home here recently in order to be with his mother, Mrs. Barbara Erne, on her 90th birthday . . . . Erne was, in the writer's opinion, the greatest ringman Buffalo ever developed . . . . Frank looks great and is in splendid health . . . . Report has it that Ralph De John and Bert Courage drew a gate of $10,100 at Syracuse, which is going some . . . . The "take" for the Woods-Clark setto here was $4,716—a fine gate for a rematch . . . . Ford Stovall's 11 second knockout of Tommy Tedesco broke all records for speed . . . . It beat Al Foreman's 11½ second knockout of Ruby Levine . . . . Col. D. Walker Wear, commissioner from Binghamton, was at the Woods-Clark fight . . . . He predicts that Joe Louis and Max Baer will fight it out in New York in September . . . . And Wear ought to know . . . . Jack Singer, an authority on Greek and Latin, is doing his best to make money with his colored Aces, colored professional baseball club in the Negro National League . . . . Meanwhile Jack keeps the old gymnasium going at Washington and North Division Streets . . . . Tommy Paul, Jack's old featherweight, now retired from the game, hopes to re-enter as a manager . . . . Dan Rogers, old-time mentor for Rocky Kansas, is reported desperately ill at his home here.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

THE Elks' Club ran its first amateur boxing show and drew 3,500 fans, a fair house for the amateurs in Rochester. They draw big houses and the reason is "no pro boxing" in the city.

On the first outdoor show, Nello Nucelli won the city's 126-pound title by defeating Ossie Sussman, the Jewish buzz saw, in five rounds. Tony DiCarlo K.O.'d Enoch White of Nanticoke, Pa., in one round; Jim Curley, Toronto, defeated Henry Smith in five rounds; Bill Speary, Nanticoke, K.O.'d Ray Smith in five rounds; Steve Curley defeated Eddie Smith in five rounds; Vincent Kozak, Nanticoke, defeated Howard Spencerly of Toronto in five rounds.

Al Traino is going great guns. In his last fight, Traino defeated Billy Hughes of Cleveland in St. Catherines, Ont. Traino drove to St. Catherines to see the fights and one of the boxers didn't appear, so the promoter asked Traino to help him by taking the bout. Although Hughes weighed 155 pounds and Traino 142 pounds, the latter won easily.

Rochester fans are praising Tony Di Carlo as the next 147-pound champ. Tony has boxed 15 amateur bouts and won 13 by knockouts.

Billy Mitchie is promoting pro shows in St. Catherines, Ont. On his first show Billy drew $1,600. Not bad for a town with 10,000 people. The following boys fought on the card, giving the fans plenty of action: George Bird, St. Catherines, K.O.'d Al Walker, Newark, three rounds; Al Traino, Rochester, defeated Billy Hughes, Cleveland, six rounds; Mike Martyk, St. Catherines, K.O.'d Marve Cicero, five rounds; Mel Glionna, Toronto, defeated Henry Simmons, six rounds; Tony Sciolino, Buffalo, K.O.'d George Sharpe, three rounds; and Joe Tambe, Buffalo, defeated Bobby Long, six rounds. Referees were Tommy Paul, Lou Scozza and Jimmy Goodrich.

A LITTLE FOR ALL—Johnny Burba is lining up an all-star card and Bill Speary will top it . . . . Joe DeCarlo is planning a busy season and will defend his 147-pound title . . . . Tommy Paul is handling amateur boxers in Buffalo . . . . Tony Sciolino says that he is in great shape and ready for the best . . . . Tony and John DeCarlo are running a gym in Batavia and have plenty of good amateur boxers . . . . Mel Swartman is drawing packed houses at his weekly shows in Sudbury, Ont. . . . . Irv Robbins is planning on opening his weekly shows in Syracuse in September . . . . Al Miller blew in town last week and looks very good . . . . Hank Smith and Don Stevens are vacationing around Albany . . . . Frank Genovese is back in Toronto under the management of Sam Levy . . . . Playfair Brown is drawing good houses at his shows in Toronto . . . . Bill Mitchie is planning to visit England again with his heavyweight, George Bird . . . . Frankie Flynn of Batavia is married and staying in Batavia . . . . Joey Stefano says he will lick Kenny Horton the next time they fight. They have fought 11 times, Stefano winning seven and Kenny four. That's all.

MAILBAG—Harold Isherwood, Valleyfield, Canada: I don't know the whereabouts of Tex O'Rourk, but if you send a stamped envelope to the RING office at New York City, I am sure they'll help you.

Mr. Ernest A. Filbury, Wellington, New Zealand: Don George wrestled in our city in July and I asked him about your country. He said that he enjoyed himself while in New Zealand and said that your fans treated him swell and about the story he told your sports writer, is right. George eats two good meals a day. For more details write THE RING office, New York City.

George Brown, Bethlehem, Pa.: Write me a line and let me know if you are in shape and have a New York license. If so, I'll use you.

Sam Levy, Toronto, Canada: Al Traino is in great shape and ready for anybody in the world at 142 pounds.

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IN THE NORTHWEST
By DAVID CAVADAS

UNDER the floodlights in Seattle's vast Civic Stadium, 35,000 fight fans watched with amazement as Jack Dempsey, the old Manassa Mauler himself, counted the fatal "ten" over Freddie Steele.

Thirty-five thousand fans saw Albert Paul Hostak, commonly known as Al Hostak, win the world's middleweight champion from Steele in less than half a round.

The 22-years-old Hostak, who hails from Georgetown, a brewery district of Seattle, used a murderous right hand to win the title from the Tacoma boy in 1 minute, 43 seconds of a scheduled 15-round contest.

Steele started out by landing a hard right to Hostak's head. Steele had the best of the first minute of sparring. Then, from nowhere, the savage Slav used a terrific left hook that travelled about eight inches, hitting Freddie on the chin and putting him on the canvas. Startled and dazed, Steele jumped to his feet without taking a count. Hostak kept coming in with both fists swinging fast and connected with Steele's chin again. Steele went down, and reeling and glassy-eyed, rose to his feet again.

Once again, Al bore in and put Steele on the canvas for the third time. Climbing to his feet, Hostak rushed in and sent Steele to the floor for the fourth and final time. Left hooks to the chin and hard rights brought about the downfall of Steele.

Despite offers from leading promoters around the country, including Mike Jacobs, it seems as though Hostak will stay in Seattle and fight only in his own back yard. Eddie Marino, manager of the Slav, made the following statement to the press: "Sure, we'll fight Apostoli, BUT in SEATTLE and not in New York."

Promoter Nate Druxman, who spent five years in building these fighters into a "natural," was well rewarded as 35,000 fans came from far and near to pay from $1.15 to $5.75 to witness this fistic extravaganza. The former salesman who tried his luck at promoting, counted over $90,000 cash money at the box office, contributed by this vast crowd for the privilege of witnessing the Steele-Hostak fight.

Young Corbett and Fred Apostoli both came up from San Francisco to see the fight and challenge the winner. Corbett seems to be particularly anxious to meet Hostak.

In the preliminary bouts Billy Buxton kayoed Emilio Rodriquez in the second round of a scheduled six-round fight. Bobby Yannes outpointed Roscoe Manning, six rounds.

Hostak weighed in at 158 and Steele tipped the scales at 159¼.

AUSTRALIAN NEWS
By STANLEY R. PRING

MICKEY MILLER, 8.12¾, defeated Claude Varner, 9.3, in Melbourne over twelve three-minute rounds. Miller is bantam and feather-weight champion of Australia, and a great little fighter. He plans to go abroad later in the year.

Wrestlers are invading almost every stadium in Australia. Leichhardt and Sydney Stadiums are drawing big crowds with the grapplers, and even at suburban rings the "beeg fellas" are doing well. Melbourne, Brisbane and smaller towns are also in the fun. A lot of women are attending the wrestling and sometimes outnumber the men.

Ken Overlin made his Australian debut against Fred Henneberry, former Australian middleweight champion. In a twelve-round contest, Henneberry got the verdict on points. The fans were not unanimous about the decision, but Henneberry fought a forward battle and finished more strongly than his opponent. Overlin won the early rounds, but from the sixth on, Henneberry's in-fighting was better than Overlin's. Henneberry weighed 11.4¾, and Overlin, 11.7½.

Ken Overlin (11.6¼) clashed with Atilio Sabatino (11.1¾) at Sydney Stadium. After twelve rounds, the referee, Joe Wallis, declared it a draw. Except for some of Overlin's blows landing in doubtful territory, he may have received the decision.

Tommy Jones (10.9½, U.S.A.) gained a points decision over Bluey Jones (10.2, Newcastle) at Newcastle Stadium. It was a fifteen-round match. Bluey once held the welter championship of Australia.

Joe Hall (9.1) and Maxie Richards, big Ron's little brother, fought a weary battle at Brisbane Stadium over fifteen rounds. The referee, Pat Hill, tried to save the boxers from being counted out by urging the gloved men to turn on the pace. Joe Hall was given a points decision.

Stadiums, Ltd., announced that Teddy Yarosz, former middleweight champion of the world, is signed up to visit Australia.

Ambrose Palmer, heavyweight champion of Australia, has another daughter. She was born in June, and is his second child.

Llew Edwards, once featherweight champion of the British Empire, received a rousing welcome at West Melbourne Stadium when, with "Pop" Johnson, he seconded Harry Summers, Victorian featherweight. Summers stopped his opponent, Fred Taylor, in short time.

"Young" Gildo, Filipino featherweight, during three months in Brisbane, has had eight contests in that city. His last two fights took place within twenty-four hours and he secured a win and a draw. He flew from Brisbane to Rockhampton to fight Maxie Richards, Queensland feather champion, on a Friday night. It was a hard fought contest for eleven rounds and was declared a draw. Next morning Gildo was flying south. At night, in Brisbane, he fought Tommy Morris in a fifteen-round battle to win the decision.

Gildo returned to New Zealand to meet "Snowy" Clarke at Auckland. Gildo won on points, twelve rounds.

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IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA
By GENE VINASSA

LOS ANGELES will have an outdoor boxing show of national significance in September—but Mr. and Mrs. Fan will not attend!

Joe Triner, chairman of the Illinois Boxing Board, will promote the show for American Legionnaires. Triner will arrange and promote the boxing card for the Schenley Distillery, which annually finances and conducts an all-star fight program exclusively for Legionnaires during the American Legion convention.

The show will be held on Monday night, September 19.

Triner is dickering for Al Hostak to box an outstanding middleweight. He also plans to sign other top-notch fighters for the show.

Triner, speaking for himself and not for the Illinois Boxing Board, declared that as far as he was concerned, Hostak was the middleweight champion despite the ruling of the New York Commission in which they refused to recognize the Seattle youth's claim.

Jimmy McDaniels continues to wade through the four-round welterweights fighting in Los Angeles. He is a protege of Charley (Shang) Welch, brother of Suey Welch, mitt boss of the Olympic. McDaniels, who is a classy boxer and a good puncher, is undefeated in twenty-seven pro fights.

Charley MacDonald may pair Glen Lee with Solly Krieger for a September shot at the new Legion club. Krieger knocked out Swede Berglund at Gilmore Stadium recently.

The new Legion stadium will be ready for occupancy early in September. It will cost approximately $300,000.

The Hollywood Legion is the second richest post in the United States. Besides the new arena which will resemble London's historic Sporting Club, it owns a $275,000 club house in Hollywood.

Jimmy Garrison, crack Kansas City lightweight, may be brought out to box either Nick Peters or Georgie Hansford for one of MacDonald's September cards in the new arena.

Some juicy shots are in line for Lou Salica, two-gun Brooklyn Italian, who flattened Emilio Magana at Gilmore.

After three months on the sidelines with a fractured jaw, Paul DeBello will be ready for the ring wars some time late in September. DeBello scored a hit in his local bow, whipping the classy Negro, Georgie Crouch, in a 10-round thriller at Gilmore Stadium.

Henny Andrews, DeBello's pilot, may land a Baby Arizmendi fight for DeBello at the Olympic.

Bob Cowan, portly manager of Big Boy Bray, towering Negro heavyweight, comes up with a good one. Cowan says he'll prove that Bray is a better fighter than Joe Louis.

Bray knocked out Hank Hankinson, who defeated Maxie Rosenbloom twice. Maxie beat Leroy Haynes twice. Haynes flattened Primo Carnera, who knocked out Jack Sharkey, who beat Schmeling, and of course the world knows Schmeling knocked out Joe Louis.

DOTS AND DASHES—Jackie Jurich writes from England that he likes it over there and plans to remain until the end of the year . . . . Georgie Crouch handed Babe Crandelli a one-sided licking in 10 rounds at the Olympic . . . . Crouch now flies the colors of H. R. Holsborg, Los Angeles sportsman and businessman . . . . Jimmy Vaughn may make a trip to Australia this fall . . . . his pilot, Henny Andrews, has been dickering with Australian promoters for the past month.

Bobby Evans is giving San Francisco fans some real club fights at Dreamland Arena . . . . Georgie Hansford, a short ender, easily shellacked Andy Scrivani at Gilmore Stadium . . . . Eddie Borden is taking Gus Lesnevich to Australia . . . . Gus has a pleasing style and is a first flight mittman . . . . he should make a lot of dough in the Antipodes.

Boxers coming to Los Angeles, who are not under contract to anyone, can get action on the Coast by contacting Gene Vinassa, Barbara Hotel, Sixth and Westlake Ave., Los Angeles.

IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO
By SHERIDAN BROWN

UTILIZING an inexhaustible supply of ringcraft, Young Corbett III, the ageless portsider from Fresno, completely bewildered Glen Lee, tough Nebraska middleweight, throughout all ten rounds of their meeting at the Fresno State Teachers' College Stadium in Fresno and took the decision by a wide margin before a sizable gathering composed chiefly of Corbett's admiring fellow-citizenry from Fresno.

Working with magnificent precision, Corbett took every round, Lee scoring forcefully only in the third stanza when he reached his elusive foe with three good overhand rights to the jaw. Otherwise it was all Corbett, as he outboxed, outgeneraled and outpunched Lee from bell to bell. To Gren's credit, it must be said that he never stopped trying although his task was a hopeless one from the third round on.

Corbett must be reckoned with when they start looking up contenders for the crown now worn by Al Hostak, the Slugging Slav from Seattle.

Phil Brubaker, the Dinuba problem child, and Eddie Simms, battle-worn Polack from Cleveland, engaged in one of those things at the Oakland Municipal Auditorium when Referee Billy Burke walked out on the heavyweights in the seventh of ten scheduled rounds and waved the bout "no contest."

Carrot-Top Dale Sparr, Ray Carlin's two-fisted middleweight, who graduated from one of Uncle Sam's battle-wagons into the ranks of professional boxing, provided the prize upset of the month when he shellacked Larry Derrick, the colored knocker-outer, in a ten-round set-to at the Oakland Municipal Auditorium.

In a second full-length feature, Domingo Valin of Haywards and Hans Birkie, shopworn German heavyweight, mauled through ten listless rounds to a draw.

Young Joe Roche, the bantamweight pride of San Francisco's famous North Beach sector, slugged Tuffy Pierpont of Oakland into submission in the fourth round of a slated tenner at the Dreamland Auditorium. Roche brought the East Bay halfpint down with a two-handed body attack after they had battled furiously for three rounds.

Johnny (Bandit) Romero, the left hook artist from San Diego, clipped Charley (Killer) Coates, Akron, O., Negro, with a left on the jaw in the fourth round and Coates promptly lost all interest in proceedings. It goes down in the books as a kayo win for the Lower California Mexican.

One week after his victory over Pierpont, Roche met up with an old rival, Bobby (Pancho) Leyvas of Los Angeles in a ten-round headliner at Dreamland. Leyvas, the first boy ever to whip Roche, was giving Joe plenty of trouble when an accidental butt inflicted a nasty cut over Roche's left eye and the bout was called a draw.

"Red" Farmer, whose terrific performance in knocking out Allen Matthews made him a prime favorite hereabouts, has fully recovered from injuries sustained in his thriller with the St. Louis Negro. He returned to the wars after a three months' layoff and looked none the worse for wear in flattening Bobby Yannes of Los Angeles in the third of ten scheduled rounds. Yannes, a Mexican boy, who is under the tutelage of Gus Wilson, did very well for the first two rounds, stabbing Farmer repeatedly with a nifty straight left, but early in the third, the redhead got home with a right hand smash to the heart and the Mexican went down for a nine count. A left hook to the jaw dumped him for another nine-second interval and then a right to the jaw wound matters up.

Lester Morris, the fast-rising young middleweight from Milwaukee, won another start when he whipped Sydney Brent, hard-hitting Negro veteran, in the six-round semi-windup.

Frankie Martin, Chippewa Indian lightweight from Los Angeles, was robbed of a rightful victory when his six-round go with Soldier Ed Stanley was waved a draw.

HERE 'N' THERE—'Tis with a tear in the eye and a lump in the throat that you learn of old Maxie Rosenbloom's retirement from the ring . . . . The Harlem Harlequin went out in a blaze of glory before thirty thousand fans in Los Angeles' Gilmore Stadium when he went through ten rounds to a draw with Bob Pastor, the New York heavyweight star . . . . Long a colorful personage in the world of Fistiana, the Slappy Warrior looks to have a future as a movie comedian from what I've seen of his efforts on the screen.

George Latka, young lightweight prospect from San Jose, won an easy ten-round decision over Frankie Martin, Indian slugger, in a Dreamland headliner . . . . On the same card, Johnny Fasano, rugged North Beach welter, took an unpopular eight-round decision over colored Sydney Brent, and Billy Latka, middleweight, brother of George, dropped one to Les Morris, the Milwaukee comer . . . . A few nights later Billy lost another six-rounder, to Loren Hunt, at San Jose . . . . Al Citrino, popular Italian lightweight, knocked out Zeke Castro, Los Angeles, in four heats at National Hall . . . . In the semi-windup, hard hitting Henry Paz, another San Jose product, flattened Pinto DeSa, veteran Portuguese, in the initial inning . . . . Al Manfredo, welterweight cousin of Young Corbett III, downed Carlos Miranda of Los Angeles in a tennor supporting the Corbett-Lee shindig at Fresno . . . .George Latka scored over Soldier Ed Stanley in a six-round affair at Dreamland . . . . Johnny (Bandit) Romero of San Diego chilled Johnny Rossi, Boston veteran, in two rounds at Dreamland . . . . But two weeks later Romero receipted for a terrific shellacking at the hands of Lloyd Marshall, Negro light-heavyweight . . . . Marshall dropped Romero seven times in their 10-round meeting at Sacramento.

Jack Moran, a middleweight from Texas, arrived here seeking a match with Fred Apostoli . . . . Davey Paul, flashy Toronto featherweight, whipped Ray Morales of Redwood City in a six-round top at National Hall . . . . Lester Morris (he's in again) whipped Len Blanchard and Lloyd Deluchhi at the Hall during the month . . . . Tomboy Romero, slambang little Sacramento featherweight, outwalloped Jimmy Boullard in six.

The Ace of Spades, a colored gentleman from Wisconsin, rose to sudden prominence through his kayo wins over "Sunny Jim" McVey and Al Laboa . . . . His next effort will be against Solly Krieger, and from what I've read and heard of Krieger, the Ace is likely to be trumped . . . . Joe Ybarra, El Cerrito Mexican 135-pounder, whipped Lester Marston of this city in an eight-rounder at Oakland . . . . Pat Guglielmi, the heavy-hitting ex-amateur star, looks as though he might develop into something as a professional performer . . . . Five straight knockouts to date for Tommy Cello's protege . . . . Will J. Ranen of England please write me at 444 Fair Oaks Street, this city?

IN THE COAL FIELDS
By JOE BRADY

IN the only professional boxing show the past month in the entire Coal Regions, Matt Raymond, Mt. Carmel light-heavyweight, protege of Tommy Loughran, former world's light-heavyweight champion, decisioned Guz Dorazio of Philadelphia in the ten-round feature at Hobbs Arena, Shenandoah. The Raymond-Dorazio match drew a capacity crowd of six thousand boxing fans. The battle was hard fought throughout the entire distance.

Promoter Frank Hollister was given a "gold-egg" when the Boxing Commission granted him permission to hold the much-delayed Guz Dorazio-Matt Raymond affair. Dorazio pulled out of the Raymond match six weeks previously when it was originally booked for Mt. Carmel.

In the semi-final, Paulie Griffiths of Carbondale punched Johnny Sayers of Shenandoah from pillar to post to see the verdict rendered against him. This match was put on after the wind-up and was full of action throughout the six rounds.

At Scranton (amateurs)—The Chicago C.Y.O. amateur champions traveled to the Coal Regions to defeat the Lackawanna County boxing team. They won ten out of eleven matches. In a bantamweight match, Billy Dolphin of Scranton outscored Jesse Garcia, Mexican midget from "Chi." In the flyweight bout, Billy Moon beat Eddie Tomcheck of Scranton. Featherweight match: Ed O'Connell bested Bob Kane. Eddie Long, Scranton colored lightweight, lost to Joe Dupont. In the junior welterweight scrap, Joe O'Connell beat Tom Francis. In the welterweight bouts, Tony Motolis of "Chi" defeated Ray Karlonis of Benton. Stanley Muzeck kayoed the pride of Moosic in the second round. Jimmy O'Malley, National A.A.U. champ from Chicago, was forced to go the limit to gain the verdict over James Cooney of Wilkes-Barre. In the middleweight bout, Hiner Thomas decisioned Jim Corbett of Minooka. Cornelius Young, Chicago light-heavyweight, outpointed Charlie Collins of Wyoming. In the heavyweight scrap, Joe Downey of Scranton extended Fred Washington of Chicago, only to lose a close verdict.

The show was conducted by Father Cummings, Rector of St. Theresa's Roman Catholic Church of Wilkes-Barre. A crowd of eleven hundred was on hand to cheer their favorites.

WITH THE COAL MINERS—The writer has joined forces with the Armory A. C. in Scranton, of which John (Dinty) Waleski is head man and promoter. The match-making department has been turned over to the writer. Shows will be conducted weekly at Rocky Glen Bowl for the remainder of the summer. Starting late in September, the club will move to its indoor quarters at the Scranton Armory and stage high class fistic shows twice monthly . . . . The Armory A. C. has a seating capacity of five thousand in their outdoor spot. Their indoor club holds twelve thousand. Any fighters or managers wanting to display their wares in Scranton can do so by contacting the writer at Boxing Enterprises, Scranton, Pa. . . . . Chester Palutis, Scranton light-heavyweight, was kayoed in Newark by Larry Lane of Trenton in three rounds. Lane must be some puncher to put the skids on the rugged Palutis . . . . On the same show, Wally Sears of Minersville was T.K.O.'ed in three heats by Joe Wagner . . . . Jackie Munley of Old Forge traveled to Philadelphia to battle Jesse Pierce in a ten-rounder at Johnny Burns' Cambria Stadium. The judges voted a draw and the referee cast his ballot in favor of Pierce. The announcer gave the "duke" to Pierce. In Pennsylvania, when both judges agree, that is the decision. When they disagree, then the referee's vote is final . . . . Another Coal Region gladiator met defeat the past month; Steve Kahley of Hazleton traveled to Asheville, N. C., to get kayoed by Ben Brown in seven rounds. A bad month for the Coal Miners in out-of-town rings! . . . . Matt Raymond of Mt. Carmel T.K.O.'ed Frank Zamoris in four rounds at Philadelphia . . . . Joey Brandon, colored middleweight from Pittsburgh, has placed himself under the writer of this column. Brandon has a fair record and has met some of the better men in his division . . . . The writer has fighters from bantamweights to heavyweights. Any promoter wanting to use "tough" Coal Region fighters should contact the writer . . . . THE RING is on sale at Spec's Book Shop, Scranton.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

TED GARCIA, Colorado's lightweight king, scored a five-round technical kayo over Ross Romero of Durango in what was scheduled as a ten-round go.

At Alamosa, Colo.—Wrestling came back to southern Colorado with the veteran Ira Dern of Salt Lake City tossing Bill Zicoff of Bulgaria in straight falls. It was the feature attraction of the annual Alamosa Alarado Fiesta celebration.

At Denver, Colo.—R. J. Lewis, fast-stepping young Denver middleweight, added the name of Al Singer to his long list of kayo victims by scoring a two-round knockout. Ice Mancinelli copped a decision over Joe Armijo in a torrid six-round semi-final.

At Denver, Colo.—Frankie Edgren, veteran Denver heavyweight, won an unpopular eight-round decision over Jack Dempsey's latest "white hope," Robert E. Lee, in a bruising contest.

At Alamosa, Colo.—Before the largest throng ever to witness a sporting event in the San Luis Valley, Everett Marshall of La Junta, Colo., defeated 276-pound Pat Clary in straight falls.

Joe M. Roybal writes in from Corpus Christi, Tex., to the effect that Ted Garcia is going like a house afire in the Lone Star State.

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For those who like historical ring lore, I can heartily recommend "Black Dynamite" as a masterpiece of its kind.

Remember, the writer has a list of active promoters in this region that you can have for a two-bit piece. Will also be glad to answer any questions relative to the mitt industry in this locality. Address all mail to T. W. McNiel, P. O. Box 126, Blanca, Colo.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

BUDDY KNOX, Dayton heavyweight threat's ten-round decision over Al McCoy of Boston at Chicago tops the individual honors in this locality.

Another highlight of the vicinity was the activity of Dick Detrick's Fort Wayne, Ind., junior featherweight, little Frankie Jarr. In successive matches, Frankie defeated Leo Rittenour at Akron, O.; stopped Bobby Docherty of Canada in six sessions at Detroit and then lost a close eight-round verdict to Jackie Callura up in Toronto.

The month also witnessed the stopping of Johnny Stevens' string of sixteen straight victories when Stevens was given a shellacking in ten rounds by Charlie Burns of Erie, Pa., on Herman Katz's top bout at the Parkway Arena in Cincinnati.

Floyd Gibbons, the Northwestern heavyweight, proved a thorn in the side of Young Harry Wills, promising Cincinnati Negro heavyweight, at Columbus. Gibbons, previously a loser to the colored ace, won a close ten-round verdict. In the preliminary matches, Charlie Banks, Cincinnati middleweight, stopped Cliff LaRue of Toledo in two rounds, and Gene Luker ended the comeback aspirations of Al Hamilton by winning the six-round nod.

Another promising scrapper in Cincinnati is in the person of Herschell Joiner, a colored featherweight and a former amateur star. Joiner won on a technical knockout over Joe Poindexter of Indianapolis in two rounds. On this same Cincinnati bill, Joey Palmo again defeated George Hahn in six rounds.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Two well-known fight figures passed away during the month of July . . . . Billy O'Brien, former Armory promoter, and Frankie Nessler, the old-time lightweight ace . . . . rumor has it that Don Koons, the Hamilton heavyweight, and his management have come to a parting of the ways . . . . R. E. Heffner of Alliance, Ohio, is priming his lightweight star, Harry Weekly, for a series of big-time shots . . . . Weekly showed his metal at Akron, O., when he held Frankie Wallace to a ten-round draw . . . . Manager George Griffing is pointing to an Eastern tour for his protege soon after the Ernie Collins-John Henry Lewis shindy scheduled in August . . . . my exclusive result system of boxing results from all over the country, for which there is but a small service charge of $1.00 per year, is clicking with managers and promoters all over the country . . . . those interested in securing this result service can do so by enclosing $1.00 either in cash or Money Order to Jimmie Amann, 1144 Dayton St., Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . watch Bobby McIntire, the flashy Detroiter, who scored over Kid Sila in his last start . . . . strings are now being pulled for a meeting between Johnny Gaudes, Peter Bass' tough Milwaukee bantamweight, and Herbie Gilmore, the Cincinnati ace . . . . for 50 cents in cash or Money Order, any reader can secure my boxing promoters' guide, in which are listed nearly 400 fight promoters all over the country . . . . Billy Meyer, young Cincinnati sportsman, has a swell layout in his newly organized Western A. C., which is located at 1605 Western Avenue . . . . visiting boxers are invited to train at the new West End club.

Billy Saffin had Alabama Kid and Jimmy Brown fighting for the colored middleweight championship of the world on his bill at Mount Washington. Alabama won the decision in ten rounds. In the semi-final, Tommy Brown, lightweight, knocked out Willie Rice in round five of an interesting scrap.

Larry Lane knocked out Chester Palutis in three rounds in his latest start and also beat Bob Turner.

Another claimant to the mythical title was George Burnette. However, Burnette's loss to Joey Parks of St. Louis automatically pushed Burnette out of the picture.

Lloyd Pine, Coventry, O., junior lightweight, dropped a pair of close decisions to lightweights. Pine was beaten by Billy Marquart at Chicago and by Yucatan Kid at Richmond, Va. Manager Joe Basco plans to keep young Pine in the featherweight division in the future.

Mt. Washington—Sonny Hatame, Dayton, won an eight-round decision over Harry Kellar, Batavia, O., in the bantamweight division. Jack Barry, Norwood, knocked out Kid Formelry, Forestville, in the five-round semi-final.

Louisville, Ky.—Billy Miller, Pittsburgh featherweight, won a ten-round decision over Cecil Powell, Frankfort.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

K. O. MORGAN turned in another one-sided triumph over Jose Santos in a 10-rounder at Toledo promoted by the Shea brothers.

Ted Keating, Toronto, participated in one of the most sensational bouts seen in these parts when he was dropped three times in the early rounds, but came back to score a fifth round knockout over Henry Palmeri, rugged Cleveland Italian. In a rematch three weeks later, Keating left-jabbed his way to a 10-round decision over Palmeri.

George Sutka, Wyandotte's leading luminary, went down to Tulsa, Okla., for his third meeting with Junior Munsell, and dropped the decision after a hard fight.

Louie Newman's weekly shows at Arena Gardens here have been doing pretty well. He had something of an upset when Henry Hook, the Hoosier Hurricane, came through with a clean cut decision over Pancho Villa.

Frankie Jarr, Fort Wayne, Ind., topped the card at Arena Gardens, and came through with a kayo over Bobby Docherty, Toronto youngster, who had previously outpointed Jarr. Two weeks later Jarr turned up in Toronto, where he battled eight rounds with Jackie Callura and lost the decision.

Walter Sharp has been offering some high class attractions to his patrons at Mack Park. He had Johnny Whiters in there stopping Joe Sofi, roly-poly Philadelphia heavy, in a round. The following week Kid Sila lost a 10-round decision to Bobby McIntire, Detroit stylist.

Gene Molnar, who has been boxing around Detroit for the past year, climaxed his efforts in a Mount Pleasant show, winning all the way in his bout with Orville Drouillard, Windsor gamester.

Bobby McIntire, Detroit 132 pounder, showed Chicago fans why he is fast becoming one of the better lightweights of the Middle West, when he fought Pete Lello in a Marigold Gardens headliner. The busy Indianian came through the winner in a photo finish, copping the nod by the narrowest of margins.

Speedy Johnson, flashy colored lightie from Pontiac, won seven of the 10 rounds to take a Mack Park windup from Ray Sharkey, former Cleveland amateur.

Billy Bengal, Detroit 152 pounder, boxed three times in six days, stopping Harry Robertson at Peck, Mich., beating Elmore Barnes in Detroit, and boxing an eight-round draw with Ward Snider in Canada.

Joe Sutka, rough going Wyandotte middleweigh had to turn on full steam in winning over Carl Sonnyboy" Akers, Kansas City, in an Arena Gardens bout. Eddie Sedliar, featherweight stablemate of Sutka, has been winning regularly since turning pro, his latest being over Bobby Thomas, Saginaw veteran.

Eddie Scott, colored featherweight flash, scored a kayo over Pete DeLuizza at Mack Park, and won by a technical kayo over Bert Artt, when the latter suffered a badly cut eye.

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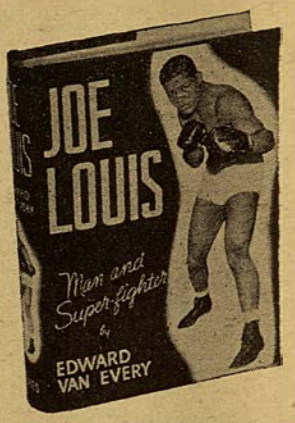

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IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

WITH Sioux City's outdoor boxing season in full sway, plans for a number of indoor boxing cards are in progress. There is only one club operating here, the Riverview Park punch bowl, and fighters wishing to show their wares here during the winter months would do well to keep in touch with this arena.

I have had so many letters from fighters and managers regarding the sport out here, that no doubt many of my readers will think their mail has gone astray. Each and every letter received will be answered, so just bear with us for the time being. When writing, please address all mail to the writer at 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., Sioux City, Ia.

Gregory, So. Dak.—A team of amateur boxers from Sioux City defeated a squad from Gregory, four bouts to two, here Monday. One of the visitors' setbacks was an unpopular decision given Billy Smith of Gregory over Phil Bernard of Sioux City. The other loss was suffered by Marvin Uhl, who was beaten by Henry Davis.

Bob Morley, 135, decisively defeated George Prapeau, 133, Gregory, in three rounds; Walter Brey, 147, knocked out John Gooney, 156, Gregory, in the third; Mickey Dolan, 143, defeated Jack Downs, 143, Gregory, in three rounds; and Johnny Clemens, 118, defeated Jimmy Bernie, 119, Gregory, in three.

Sioux City, Ia.: Riverview Park Arena—Andy Miller, Sioux City light-heavyweight and light-heavyweight champion of Iowa, dropped a close six-round decision to Georgie Hill of Hot Springs, Ark. In another sixer, Tuffy Dial, Sioux City heavyweight, dropped a decision to Lee Savoldi of St. Paul. Denny Pleches, Los Angeles heavyweight, defeated Phil Shaddy of Omaha in four. Jack Jersey of Jersey City, N. J., stopped Bud Foremann of Milwaukee, Wis. George Henry, New York welterweight, scored a one-round kayo over Curley Heath of Clinton, Ia.

Des Moines, Ia.: King Levinsky of Chicago was knocked out by Johnny Paychek of Des Moines in three rounds. A towel tossed in during the third round saved the Chicago heavyweight, who was making a comeback, from further punishment. Robert E. Lee of Provo, Utah, punched out a decision over Frankie Jones of Milwaukee. Henry Jones of Fort Dodge, Ia., fought to a draw with Al Globe of Los Angeles.

Graettinger, Ia.: Jimmy Johnson, Sioux City welterweight, punched out a decision over Swede Allen of Graettinger in six rounds. Bud Lymer, Sioux City welterweight, stopped Jimmy Wooten of Omaha in three rounds. Young Newsboy Brown, Sioux City lightweight, knocked out Jackie Ludlow of Graettinger in five rounds. Eddie Reynolds, LeMars lightweight, stopped Claude Petitt of Emmetsburg in five.

Sioux City, Ia.: Riverview Park Arena—Lee Savoldi, Sioux City heavyweight, knocked out George Hill of Hot Springs, Ark., in five rounds. Webster Epperson, Chicago heavyweight, won a decision over Tuffy Dial of Sioux City in eight; Phil McQuillan, Denver welterweight, drew with Buddy McCrae of St. Louis in six; George Henry, New York, won a close decision over Ray Mann, Sioux City middleweight; Wilbur DeCora, Winnebago, Indian middleweight, scored a sensational kayo over Izzy Cohen of Chicago in four rounds.

Waterloo, Ia.: Andrew L. George, Waterloo boxing and wrestling promoter, was married to Miss Vivien V. Siemen of Sioux Center, Ia. THE RING Magazine extends best wishes.

Des Moines, Ia.: Johnny J. Paychek, Des Moines, heavyweight comer, won his tenth straight fight when he knocked out Al Globe of Los Angeles, Cal., in the fifth round. In scoring the kayo, Paychek injured his right hand and will be out of the game for a month. Results of the other bouts were as follows:

Sandy McDonald, 207, Dallas, Tex., shaded Russ Wasser, 198, Minneapolis, eight rounds; Happy Graham, 185, Atlantic, Ia., scored fourth round technical knockout over Bill Block, 190, Waterloo, Ia.; Howdy Dawson, 133, Waterloo, Ia., outpointed Jimmy Belasco, 135, Des Moines, four rounds; Don Milligan, 142, Des Moines, scored technical knockout over Sonny Strand, 140, Cedar Falls, Ia., fourth round; Joe Cerky, 160, Granger, Ia., knocked out Billy Carpenter, 161, Waterloo, Ia., first round.

Sioux City, Ia.: Results of other bouts staged here on the Riverview Park cards were as follows: Andy Miller, Sioux City light-heavy, won by a decision over George Hill of Hot Springs, Ark., in six rounds; George Henry, New York, won over Buddy McCrae of St. Louis in six; Phil McQuillan, Denver welterweight, won by a decision over Johnny Rock of Chicago; Ray Mann, Sioux City middleweight, knocked out Frankie Jandt of Chicago in one round; Wilbur DeCora, Winnebago middleweight, won by a decision over Storlin Henry of Kansas City, Mo., in six rounds; Lee Savoldi, Sioux City heavyweight, knocked out Frankie Jones of Milwaukee in five rounds; Ray Mann punched out a close six-round decision over Henry Jones of Fort Dodge, Ia.; Jackie Kramer, Omaha middleweight, fought to a close one with Wilbur DeCora in six; George Henry scored a T.K.O. over Artie Stokes, Sioux City welterweight; Henry Mel Rice, Winnebago Indian, won a four-round decision over Eddie Reynolds of Le Mars, Ia.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS—Billy Colbert, St. Paul, Minn., boxing manager and promoter, has decided to open up a new club at Mankato . . . . Wally Richmond is promoting cards at Armstrong, Ia. . . . . Frank Paccassi, well known boxing trainer, was in Des Moines to confer with Pinkie George about a proposed refereeing tour for Benny Leonard . . . . George Barton, sports editor of the Minnenapolis *Tribune*, has a son that is on the air at KMOX, St. Louis . . . . Lee Savoldi, St. Paul heavyweight, is now making Sioux City his home . . . . Ted Garcia, Sioux Falls, lightweight, who has been showing his wares with success around Texas, plans to return north soon.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

YUCATAN KID, young Mexican boxer, took the measure of Charlie Gomer in a ten-round feature in Baltimore. Gomer flashed in spots but seemed content to let the Kid pile up a sufficient margin in most of the rounds to grab the duke.

Cowboy Howard Scott had an easy time with Frankie Litt in a ten-rounder at Baltimore.

Tony Dupre of New Hampshire surprised Washington fans by taking a split decision over Pete Scalzo in eight rounds at Washington. The semi-final of eight rounds that was also fought in a downpour of rain was the best fight seen in Washington in many a day with Cal Cagney of New York belting Steve Mamakos, the Washington Greek, with everything he had for three rounds only to have Mamakos come back and all but finish Cagney and win a unanimous decision.

Norment Quarles and Cowboy Howard Scott fought a terrific battle at Virginia Beach before a handful of people, with Quarles taking the decision.

Al Reid of New York won in eight rounds over Tennessee Lee at Washington.

George Mamakos, young Greek fighter of Washington, and Ivan Nedomatski, promising youngster of Baltimore, were finally brought together by Matchmaker Ahearn in Washington and Mamakos handed the Baltimorean the worst pasting seen in Washington in many a day. George, who is not supposed to be a puncher, bounced Ivan on the deck three times during the eight-round encounter and it was only Nedomatski's sheer gameness that kept him in there. In the eight-round semi-final, tough Toney Ciaccio of New York was entirely too rough for Tommy Bland of Canada.

PICK-UPS—Goldie Ahearn, the Washington matchmaker, has retired from the haberdashery business after fifteen years at the same stand in Washington . . . . Pete Sarron, the former featherweight title-holder, has recovered from what the doctors term a "tennis elbow" and is back in the gym getting ready for a fifteen-round encounter with Yucatan Kid for the mythical lightweight championship of the South . . . . The bout will be staged in Washington under the direction of the Police Boys' Club and is a certainty to draw thirty grand, the majority of which will go to charity . . . . Les Sponsler, Baltimore matchmaker, is back in the swim in the Monumental City giving the fans fifty rounds of boxing each week . . . . Gabe Mendenez, Washington fight manager, is now located in the Atlas Building in Washington, D. C. . . . . The weather has played havoc with the outdoor shows in this locality this summer . . . . In Washington, eight shows have been postponed thus far . . . . At Virginia Beach, it has just about ruined things, not to mention the scheduled shows for the Stadium in Richmond, Va. . . . . Recently at Richmond over ten thousand fans turned out to see Yucatan Kid lick Norment Quarles, the local favorite.

George Abrams, Washington middleweight, who recently licked Teddy Yarosz, has returned from the Pacific Coast, where his manager sought a bout with Young Corbett, but to no avail . . . . George has been matched with Ken Overlin for the first week in September . . . . This will be Ken's first fight on his return from Australia and unless Ken is at his best, it is liable to be a poor homecoming reception . . . . Phil Furr, Washington welterweight, who broke his right arm in training some three months ago, got back into action against George Abrams in Washington . . . . Phil spotted Abrams some ten pounds in weight and took a severe beating for his generosity . . . . Chris Dundee, New York fight manager, who is a graduate of Norfolk fight circles, is just about the busiest fight manager in the game today . . . . Of Chris' entire stable, which includes the likes of Ken Overlin, Norment Quarles, Bob Turner, Toney Ciaccio, and many others, one Nick Cammaretta, a young lightweight from New Orleans, looks like the best prospect these days.

Ivan Nedomatski and Jimmy Jones, the Baltimore middleweight, are brothers . . . . Heinie Miller, secretary of the District of Columbia Boxing Commission, has devised a lighting system to inform the fans who is the winner after each round . . . . He has installed the same at the Griff Stadium in Washington and it will not be long before the system will be universally adopted if it continues to take the way it has in Washington . . . . Baltimore sports writers are demanding its installation in the Baltimore clubs.

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CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

AL McCOY, Boston heavyweight, finds Montreal, where he originally climbed into light-heavy prominence, his most successful stamping grounds this year. In his four starts this year McCoy got an even split. He dropped 10-round verdicts by good margins to Bob Pastor at Boston and Buddy Knox at Chicago, being floored a few times early in each bout, and won in his two Montreal appearances. His Montreal bouts were under the promotion of Jules Racicot, the first being an easy two-round knockout over Jack Kranz, Detroit, in an outdoor show at the ball park in July, while the other was a more creditable victory, a clean cut 10-round win over Harry Thomas, rugged Eagle Bend, Minnesota, heavy, who fought Louis, Schmeling and Adamick last winter.

Though balancing the ledgers on the pair of shows, Promoter Racicot might have done much better with better breaks from the weatherman. There were about 8,000 at each show, but with the sites or elements reversed another 4,000 or more could have been figured.

McCoy had less trouble with Thomas than expected as the Eagle Bend scrapper failed to live up to advance notices. McCoy appeared to have too much speed and flash for the Minnesotan, stabbing him incessantly with alternate left hooks and jabs, stepping in and out with monotonous regularity and shaking Thomas up with occasional crossfires. Ray Arcel certainly had McCoy in peak condition, which could not be said about Thomas, who pawed and groped at times like a "blind" or near-sighted fighter.

In the ball park show McCoy had a brief warm-up with Jack Kranz, cutting loose with a couple of heavy wallops that floored Kranz for the count in the second stanza after a tame initial canto. In the co-feature on this card, Maxie Berger, Canadian lightweight king, had a handful of trouble with his Boston rival, Tommy Rawson, but held a narrow margin at the end of their entertaining 10-rounder. Rawson proved an awkward, unorthodox but pleasing battler with a tendency to ambidextrous action and had Berger off-stride much of the time. Maxie showed enough of his rapid-fire punching prowess in spots to earn the verdict, however.

A pair of lively eight-rounders rounded out the ball park card. Jackie Callura, Hamilton's hustling performer, was too aggressive for Harry Gerson, Montreal's Jewish bantam, in a battle to determine the foremost threat to Baby Yack's Canuck title. Tony Dupre, New England feather champ, had too much on the ball for Dave Crawford, colored New Yorker, in the opener.

The supporting bouts to the McCoy-Thomas setto were fair. Harry Gerson came from behind with a two-fisted finish to score over Carlos Cuebas in the eight-round semi-final. Tommy Osborne, former amateur heavyweight star, notched another easy knockout victim, No. 2 on his pro record, when he stopped Eddie Coderre in the second stanza. Oliver White, a likely looking colored lightweight from New York, kayoed Camille Gosselin in four heats, and Desse Green scored a close win over Paul Harvey, his local flyweight rival, in the six-round opener.

Aurelien Lamothe won the Canadian flyweight title back from Vianney Gauthier, who captured it from him a month before, in the 12-round feature of a show at Quebec. Dave Castilloux kayoed Bert Stanley of Portland in three rounds of the semi-final and Gamelin Dumais whipped Al Castilloux, brother of the Canadian featherweight king, in an eight-rounder. Al Shank, colorful middle, continued his rise by scoring his fifth straight knockout, stopping Paul Travers of Portland in 1 minute and 14 seconds of round one.

Oliver Shank sustained a grave accident that nearly terminated his career among the heavyweights. A carelessly thrown umbrella struck his eye, causing an emergency operation requiring eight stitches in the eyeball. He was lucky not to lose the optic.

STRAY SHOTS—Al Shank made a hit in Quebec, where he scored knockouts in every appearance. They want Joe Marsh to oppose him in a 10-round headliner . . . . He is booked for a main bout with Bill Sparks, colored Amherst, N. S., light-heavy, with Babe McLeod, unbeaten lightweight, meeting Kid Parsons of Halifax in the eight-round semi-final . . . . these bouts feature the four-day Fireman's Tournament at Amherst . . . . Oliver Shank is anxious to meet Al McCoy, Harry Thomas or Tiger Warrington . . . . the punching Paul brothers ran into trouble at Toronto . . . . Packy lost an eight-rounder to Johnny Benison of Detroit and Danny was stopped in the fourth with a fractured jaw . . . . tough . . . . Ken Ferguson, our Miami correspondent, puts in a strong plug for Wishy Jones, Irish lightweight from Louisville . . . . will the party who wrote me from P.O. Box 144, Sydney, N. S., kindly write me again and tell me his name . . . . he forgot to sign his letter . . . . Orville Drouillard, walloping Windsor lightweight, is still going strong . . . . a tough nut to crack and about the most colorful club fighter going . . . . if his uncle-manager, Patsy Drouillard, wanted to he could keep Orville busy every week without a rest as his services are constantly in demand . . . . Eddie Coderre should be stopped from fighting before it's too late . . . . Eddie is a likeable chap and we would like to see him get into some other occupation as he's only a punching bag and stepping stone for ordinary fighters now . . . . his performance against Osborne was the most dismal we've ever seen him produce . . . . a big show is planned for Montreal Forum on Sept. 13 during the N.B.A. Convention here . . . . we'll be on vacation when this is off the press but we haven't decided yet whether New York will be the stamping grounds as usual or not.

Al Shank fought a gruelling draw with Big Bill Sparks, colored Amherst, N. S., light-heavy, in the main bout . . . . Shank crowded Sparks continually, forcing the pace with an aggressive two-fisted attack . . . . Babe McLeod retained his unbeaten status by pounding Clyde McInnis, Halifax lightweight, into submission in the fourth of a scheduled eight-round semi-final . . . . McLeod may land a title bout with Maxie Berger, Canuck king.

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A Fighting Demon

(Continued from page 12)

period did Marino allow Hostak to use anything that even resembled a left hook. There was to be plenty of time for that after he had learned some of the rudiments.

When the time came for his amateur debut, Hostak had been given a good preliminary training. He had something that the other youngsters lacked and it was evident from the time he started to box. He zoomed through his amateur fights, scoring seventeen kayos in twenty-four bouts. The rest were decisions in his favor.

He started his first pro bout like he was set to go places. It was with Alan Frank, a youngster who was regarded as one of the better boys around Seattle. The fight lasted three and a fraction rounds with Frank knocked as cold as a frozen haddock.

In his next few fights he impressed the fans as being a good boy. But yet he gave no indication of being able to scale the heights. Ring fans who had seen him develop from the grammar school boy, then to the high school student were loathe to commit themselves.

* * *

BUT there was one person in the Pacific Northwest who was willing to bet that he had the goods. That was Eddie Marino, his constant companion, manager and trainer. To some of his close friends, Eddie would confide that he had the future middleweight champ.

After his first few fights, Hostak began to draw the crowds. But all this time he was playing second fiddle to another Seattle favorite, Champion Freddie Steele. And while he was playing second fiddle, he attracted Nate Druxman, Seattle's shrewd promoter and competent judge of boxers.

As a result, Druxman gave him the chance to work to the top. After all the first class opponents in the Northwest had been disposed of, Druxman reached out to all parts of the country and brought in the top-notchers. That is how Hostak came to meet Mike Bazzone, Young Terry, Al Fisher, Leonard Bennett and a number of others. And the result was always the same—a kayo for Hostak.

* * *

SUBSEQUENTLY, he met his first crucial test when he was pitted against Babe Risko, former middleweight title-holder. Hostak came through with flying colors when he scored a knockout in the second round—a feat that Freddie Steele was unable to accomplish in forty rounds of battling against the same rugged Risko.

This boosted Hostak's stock considerably but Al was not content to rest on that achievement. He continued his activity and faced another headliner in the tough and hard hitting Allen Matthews. He put Allen away in nine rounds after going through a gruelling test. Both boys were considerably messed up after the fight, but one thing was certain—Al Hostak had arrived.

Many fans have asked the secret of Hostak's rise. It can be attributed to his constant schooling in boxing fundamentals. He knows how to feint, how to sidestep, and roll his punches. He is a straight from the shoulder socker—no telegraph punches for him. And those who have faced him know now that his punches seldom travel over eight inches.

So there is a brief sketch of a boy who has knocked Steele from his high perch to become the leader of the middleweight division. His record for the last two years follows:

1937

January 12—Tony Fisher, Seattle; knockout, 2 rounds.

February 16—Leonard Bennett, Seattle; knockout, 8.

March 9—Johnny Sykes, Seattle; knockout, 2.

April 13—Young Terry, Seattle; knockout, 2.

July 13—Babe Risko, Seattle; knockout, 7.

August 10—Allen Matthews, Seattle; knockout, 9.

October 14—Otto Blackwell, Tacoma; knockout, 3.

November 2—Bob Turner, Seattle; knockout, 2.

December 2—Don La Rue, Tacoma; knockout, 2.

1938

January 11—Jack Hibbard, Seattle; knockout, 1 round.

March 1—Swede Berglund, Seattle; knockout, 2.

April 12—Chief Paris, Seattle; knockout, 4.

July 26—Freddie Steele, Seattle; knockout, 1.

The "Ringer's" Waterloo

(Continued from page 48)

assortment of smooth flowing punches such as Scroggins had never faced before. This was just what the patrons had been looking for. For once, the bragging teamster had no remarks to make to the ringsiders, or if he did have, that darting left of York's beat such a perfect tattoo on his mouth that he was unable to express them.

Scroggins was no quitter, though, and he dragged himself back for the second round. Arms dangling at his side, he staggered toward his opponent. Suddenly he let fly with a long, looping right-hander that was aimed at no particular object. A blind man could have evaded it. But by the same miracle that occurs once in a million battles, that one punch got through York's near-perfect guard. It caught him full on the point of the chin, nearly tearing his mantlepiece off his shoulders. He hit the deck colder than an Arctic herring. Counting "ten" was a mere formality. The referee could have counted a hundred and ten for all the difference it would have made to Mr. York.

Giving one contemptuous glance at his erstwhile opponent, Scroggins strolled back to his corner, pulling off his gloves with his teeth.

To say there was more than one disgruntled bettor in the crowd that filed out into the now raging snowstorm would be putting it mildly. But Snow, the gambler, the one man who probably lost more than all the rest combined, paid over York's five-hundred-dollar guarantee without a whimper, even adding twenty-five dollars for traveling expenses, patted the down-hearted Pueblo boy on the back and told him that he'd never reveal his identity.

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News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 37)

Al is the father of wrestling in the Hawaiian Islands. He introduced the game in the Islands and he keeps it humming at top level. In 1931, when wrestling was just being introduced in Hawaii, it was Al Karasick who tackled heavy Gus Sonnenberg and drew a $9,000 gate. That gate proved definitely that Honolulu fans liked wrestling. And the game has flourished since. Not a single week goes by without an attractive card being presented by the former wrestler.

Al calls Honolulu the mecca of wrestlers. He ought to know. "Wrestlers who come here don't like to leave," he says. And he has brought quite a number of them to the Pacific resort since he started promoting. Some of the outstanding are Strangler Lewis, Joe Savoldi, Floyd Marshall, Don George, Chief Chewaki, Gus Sonnenberg, Brother Jonathan, King Kong Cox, Arjan Singh, Joe Tonti, Count von Buesing, Chief Little Wolf and Count Fouche. Recently he imported the world's champion, Bronko Nagurski, and Vincent Lopez. To bring the champion, Al had to put up a guarantee of $2,500, plus boat fare, perhaps chicken feed to the great "Nag," but nonetheless a lot of dough to Al and for a purse to be offered in Honolulu.

Nagurski engaged in two bouts while in Honolulu. In his initial appearance he beat the huge 250-pound Brother Jonathan before a large gate of 3,800 customers who went home well satisfied.

Nagurski's second match was with the Hawaiian champion, Oki Shikina, for the championship of the world and there wasn't any joke about it. Hundreds of customers were turned away because the Civic Auditorium, the only covered stadium in Honolulu, could only hold 6,000 people.

* * *

EMIL DUSEK, member of wrestling's Riot Squad, is a handy man with his fingers. He has carved out numerous fancy designs from nut shells. Emil also is proficient in the basket weaving and bead ring making art . . . . Abie Coleman, the Sawed Off Shotgun of Grappledom, is a constant contributor to charitable organizations. Coleman doesn't believe in making known his donations to the unfortunate, and this information came to the writer through channels unknown to the inventor of the drop-kick . . . . Sammy Menacker, the ever-smiling bone bender, confessed that he is an expert repairman on typewriters, check protectors, addressographs and mimeograph machines . . . . Pat Reilly, rugged Bostonian, was a hod carrier prior to becoming a gripster. Reilly confessed that he had the choice of being a policeman or a grappler and chose the latter profession as it gave him a chance to travel throughout the world . . . . Andy Meixner quit being a bouncer in a burlesque theatre for a mat career. This rough and tumble grabsmith found tussling to his liking and grabbed the first chance to show his wares within the squared circle. Today he is acknowledged as one of the most brutal wrestlers in the profession . . . . Ed Strangler White is at his best when he is at his "worst." The Alabaman simply "goes to town" when he slambangs his rivals in unmerciless fashion. The Southerner has 260 pounds of bone and muscle to aid him in his onslaughts on his rivals.

Bill Middlekauff has rightfully earned the moniker "Talahassee Terror." The Florida Flailor, prior to becoming a gripster, was one of the greatest footballers who ever represented the University of Florida . . . . Reports coming this way from Australia state that Bobby Roberts, the rugged Grand Rapids star, is making things very uncomfortable for his opponents in the Down Under Territory. It won't be long before the Michiganite will be embarking for the States again and see action in the rings along the Atlantic Seaboard . . . . Irish Jack Kennedy is also wowing them in Kangarooland. Fans hereabouts are eagerly awaiting his return to the mat wars in this territory . . . . Gino Garibaldi, the Larruping Latin, has turned farmer. He purchased a massive estate located on the outskirts of Lindenhurst, L. I., and there he tills Mother Earth, tends to the cows and chickens and eats the food that comes right from his own back yard . . . . Incidentally, Chick Garibaldi, Gino's youngest brother, recently joined the ranks of married men. He wed the sister of Gino's wife in a ceremony performed at the Garibaldi farm . . . . Cliff Olson, burly Swede and one-time claimant of the world grappling championship, is proficient in two branches of entertainment. The ex-University of Minnesota all sports luminary is a master of the mat and a master of the baton, for he is the leader of a fourteen-piece orchestra.

* * *

DIXIE DOIN'S, by Bernice Sandboe, follow: Perhaps there is something in a name after all. At any rate, it seems that the names of Lee and Daniel are lucky ones for the state of Texas. Not only has the Lone Star State been the Sang-re-lei for our bewhiskered behemoth, Leo Daniel Boone Savage, but it is now the proud possessor of a new hillbilly governor who is titled W. Lee O'Daniel. The connection is remote but still a bit amusing, don't you think?

However, leaving our new governor to grapple with his gubernatorial duties, let's consider the case of our old friend, Leo. This gentleman has been devoting his time to the entertainment of the Texas fans and a grand time has been had by all. Outstanding among his successes was his hard fought victory over Chief Little Beaver, one of his most formidable foes. His only defeat came at the hands of a hulking individual known to all as Fearless Frank Foster and this black mark was made only on a disqualification. Leo forgot his own strength and whilst gently pushing Fearless aside pushed him out of the ropes. The decision paved the way for a spectacular rematch. The rematch was spiced with the news that the defeated one would be shaved clean as a whistle (I forgot to mention that Fearless Frank also sprouts shrubbery) and the fans came from far and near to view the butchery. However, the event—and the whiskers—came off without casualty and at the final chapter, Fearless' face was unveiled for all to behold.

Not content to give us all this mat excitement, Mr. Sigel, the genial promoter, offered a new type of match for the fans and its reception was so enthusiastic that an

encore was presented. A modified version of the battle royale, the new style in mat entertainment, is called "team wrestling." Four boys (meanies against scientists) are pitted against each other. The first match of this sort teamed Ivan and Pete, the Managoff boys, against two snarling meanies named Wee Willie Davis and Lew Plummer. Inasmuch as Wee Willie is not permitted out in public without his manager and mentor, the exuberant Count Pietro Rossi, the affair took on the note of a young revolution when all these boys, plus two referees milled about the Auditorium. However, the dignity of the White Russians was upheld and the Managoff boys left the pit of punishment the victors. The second bout of this type presented an entirely different story and Bull Hefner and Angelo Cistoldi managed to subdue the Russians in a fiery three-fall battle.

* * *

BRISTOL BROADCAST—Promoter Pete Moore is certainly one promoter who doesn't let any grass grow under his feet. Already the energetic little promoter is scouting about for new and interesting talent for his fall and winter shows, and judging from the ones he has his eye on now it should be a successful and entertaining autumn for the Southeastern fans.

The first arrival on the program will no doubt be Leo Daniel Boone Savage, returning once again to the scene of some of his most sensational wins. Promoter Moore has been combing the wrestling ranks for some suitable foes.

The story of stocky Johnny Marr's career could certainly be entitled "Country Boy Makes Good." Johnny hails from the little hamlet of Mendota, Virginia, which boasts some 300 citizens and is located about twelve miles from the headquarters of the Southeastern corporation. Some ten years ago Johnny decided to become a boxer but to everyone's surprise, when he returned home he was a star wrestler instead, having gotten his start from that grand veteran, Tony Stecher. He's practically a sensation now and they say that when Johnny's name appears on a card in Bristol, the entire population of Mendota, all 300 of them, can be counted sitting at the match.

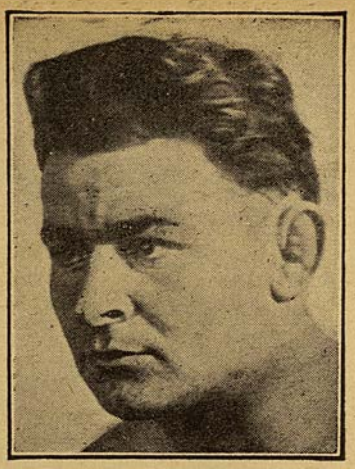
Our two outstanding meanies at this time are Chief Saunooke, the big 300 pounds of choice Cherokee beef, and the Masked Marvel.

* * *

LITTLE BITS ABOUT BRISTOL—Jim Wright, the Texas "Frankenstein," recently "middle-aisled" it . . . . his big brother, Rube, is en route to England . . . . Babe Zaharias, the fiery Greek villain, is antagonizing fans and foes here now . . . . Jack Johnson, the Black Panther of the boxing game, is refereeing Negro fights in the Southeast now . . . . the femme fans certainly crowd the place whenever Pete Peterson is around . . . . Chief Saunooke was given a "chair shower" in Roanoke recently.

* * *

LITTLE THINGS ABOUT BIG MEN—Jack Humberto, who has fought his way up from the light-heavy field, is rapidly becoming one of the top-notchers in the mat game . . . . he's speedy and cagy and has a superb knowledge of scientific wrestling . . . . wish he'd use it more often and let the rough stuff for the



Henri DeGlane, who is one of Europe's best matmen. Henri, former Canadian champion and claimant to the world heavyweight title, is the best drawing card in France.

boys less versed in the scientific side . . . . comes now a letter from Dick Raines from Australia, where he says he is doing mighty fine . . . . The Ring says Dick is mighty popular over there as the folks are keenly interested in boxing and wrestling . . . . Ray Steele, Sammy Stein, Pat O'Shocker, Rudy La Ditzie, Billy Hanson, John Spellman and Matros Kirelinko are also barnstorming in Australia . . . . Dick's itinerary reads like a 'round-the-world-cruise. From Australia he goes to New Zealand, Bombay, India, South Africa, London, Paris, New York and finally back to Texas . . . . also a letter in the mail bag from the amiable young Hindu sensation, Rajah Ranjit, who is doing so well in Bristol, Virginia . . . . my fellow correspondent, Bill Davee, who writes the boxing news for The Ring, is certainly an affiable fellow . . . . and a clever writer, too . . . . Don't miss his monthly news of the Texas rings . . . . speaking of boxing, by the way, a new club has opened here under the guidance of Handsome Gene McMullen and is rapidly becoming one of the most popular and successful in the south . . . . McMullen is well known in the local sports circles. Here's wishing him luck.

* * *

Jimmy Amann's Ohio notes follow: National Wrestling Ratings can now be secured monthly for one year for only $1.00, payable in cash or money order to Jimmy Amann, 1144 Dayton St., Cincinnati, Ohio. The ratings are issued monthly in the heavyweight, light-heavyweight, middleweight and welterweight divisions.

George "Babe" Bruckman, Washington, D. C., heavyweight, will soon launch a campaign which he hopes will lead up to a titular match with Bronko Nagurski . . . . Bob Kenston, former marine, is the latest sensation on the Pacific Coast . . . . he is a light-heavyweight . . . . Ross Leader has been promoting indoor mat shows in an air-cooled arena in Cincinnati all summer . . . . breaking an old adage . . . . they don't come indoors in summer . . . . plans have been made for a second club to operate this winter in the Queen City . . . . independent wrestlers are invited to contact this writer in regard to bookings in this territory . . . . and also elsewhere.

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IN SYRACUSE RINGS

By BILLY SHAW

SYRACUSE'S "Battle of a Century," the light-heavyweight classic between Ralph De John and Belting Bert Courage, smashed all existing box office records for boxing in this city in 15 years, when a crowd of 8,324 fans paid $11,000 to witness the spectacle. De John won by a knockout in the sixth round of a scheduled eight-rounder.

The battle was staged at the Municipal Stadium, and drew fans from all over upper New York State. From the sound of the first bell it was a fight with Courage ripping into De John with both hands, battering Ralph for three rounds, during which they stood toe-to-toe, shelling recklessly, with no thought of defense, each with the idea of blasting the other into slumberland. De John rallied in the fourth, and bleeding from cuts over both eyes decided to revert to boxing. He drove his left to Bert's face, gashing a cut over Courage's left eye. From that moment on, De John was the master. He floored Courage three times for nine counts before putting him down for the full ten in the sixth.

Courage, the most popular amateur boxer ever developed in this section, made his pro debut in this match, and lost no friends in defeat. The boy who had kayoed 51 out of 60 opponents in the amateurs, was handicapped from the start by his weight. De John, fast and perfectly conditioned, weighed 164 pounds, while Courage, who usually fought at 185, came in at 179¾.

Another outdoor natural looms as the result of De John's sparkling triumph over the colorful Courage. A meeting of handsome Ralph and Walter (Popeye) Woods, pride of New York's celebrated Gas House district, would pull a gate of $15,000.

Steve Halaiko, Auburn veteran, met a tartar in Billy Furrone, Buffalo Negro welterweight, in the six-round semi-final, and was held to a draw, although some of the newspapermen thought Billy entitled to the nod. Eddie Saxon, local middleweight, beat Frankie Marino, Herkimer, in six; Joey Kolba, Utica middleweight, whipped Johnny Hoffman, Syracuse, in six; Joey Kushner, Syracuse, technically kayoed Earl Weaver, Syracuse featherweight, in two; and Louis (Kid) Oswald, Watertown lightweight, outpunched Frankie Flynn, Batavia, to win, in four.

Col. D. Walker Wear, senior member of the State Athletic Commission, was a ringside spectator, and thoroughly enjoyed the show. "One of the best fights I have seen in years," the Commissioner remarked after the De John-Courage fracas.

Eddie (Babe) Risko, former middleweight champ, boxed a 10-round draw with Ben Brown at Atlanta, Ga. That was the official "after fight" verdict. But, as so often has occurred in the past, the newspapers in the city where the contest was held said that Risko was actually entitled to the decision.

LEFT HOOKS—Joey Brown, completely recovered from a fractured rib, is back in the gym again . . . . Although he was kayoed by Ralph De John in his first pro fight, Belting Bert Courage is still the biggest drawing card in upstate boxing . . . . Rochester, Utica as well as Syracuse are after him again . . . . Benny Odell, former Baldwinsville, N. Y., heavyweight, who has been campaigning for three years in Florida rings, is back in town and seeks a bout with Courage . . . . Joe Simon, Syracuse *Journal* sports artist, drew a splendid cartoon of De John and Courage which was used in the Sunday *Journal-American* the day prior to the big fight . . . . Baby Salvy Saban, Greenwich Village welterweight, trained at Brady's gym here for his bout with Sammy Luftspring on the Ambers-Armstrong card . . . . Trumansburg, N. Y., De John's training quarters, is located on the Fair Grounds, twelve miles south of Ithaca and seventy-two miles south of Syracuse . . . . Irv Robbins, well-liked amateur boxing matchmaker, plans to resume his weekly Arena shows this month minus his biggest card, Bert Courage . . . . Abe Raff, Rochester amateur referee and prominent business man, may enter the pro promotion field this summer with a big show headed by Courage . . . . Ord Fink, former Syracuse University welterweight boxing star, is the latest to turn pro and will be managed by jovial Joe Netro . . . . Don Willets, Utica promoter, will put on two outdoor shows this fall . . . . Syracusans in the Cauliflower Industry are watching with interest the pro career of Billy Soose, former Penn State boxer, now partly owned by movie actor Dick Powell . . . . Sam Birney, handling the advance sale of tickets for the De John-Courage match, took in $4,500 in three days . . . . THE FIGHT GAME HAS MADE A REMARKABLE COMEBACK IN SYRACUSE AND IT IS NOW THE BEST SPOT UPSTATE . . . . Offices of the Olympic Boxing Club, Inc., at 403-405 Eckel Theater Building, have been a welcome haven for those dodging the extreme heat, and many are the stories woven there by old-timers and new-timers in boxing business . . . . The fact De John had been secretly wed for more than a year to the former Miss Mary Iacovino was brought to light a few days before the fight when Mrs. De John gave birth to a baby girl at St. Mary's.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS

By BILL DAVEE

HOUSTON'S enterprising fistic impresario, Hugh Benbow, apparently has set some sort of a record for consistency of promotion. Since the opening of the Olympiad Arena in 1936, Benbow has run 90 consecutive weekly boxing cards and is still going strong. Only one main bout substitution has marred his matchmaking and the shows, on the whole, have been highly pleasing.

Keeping the pace with her sister city is Dallas, where promoter Dick Griffin guides the game to bigger and better things. Formerly almost strictly a heavyweight town, Griffin has made Dallas what is probably the best spot for lightweights in the country. A horde of the best 135-pounders in the business, including such stars as Wishy Jones, Wesley Ramey, Leo Rodak, Lew Jenkins, Chino Alvarez and others have started the turnstiles clicking.

"Bomber" Al Bernard, who lost a decision to tough Tony Bruno last month, evened matters when he was credited with a TKO in their return meeting. It was an old-fashioned slugging bee for three rounds when Bruno received a deep cut over his left eye, necessitating a cessation of hostilities. The pair will probably be thrown back into the battle pit when Tony's optic has healed.

Lew Jenkins, pride of Dallas fight faithful, punched Chino Alvarez full of holes for six rounds only to fall a victim to the Cuban's right hand in the seventh. Badly cut about the face, Referee Benny Bickers halted the contest at the end of the round.

Here they are:

Wishy Jones, Texas lightweight contender, is back after a rest at his home in Louisville, Ky., and has several bouts lined up. Kenny LaSalle, state welter king, returned from California where he trounced Young Peter Jackson. Kenny is said to have exhibited real hitting ability, putting Jackson down for a nine count. Billy Deeg, LaSalle's nemesis, turned back Ted Garcia and stopped Sebastian Gonzales. Don Eddy, busy lightweight from Buffalo, N. Y., trimmed Chino Alvarez but lost to Ray Serrano. Young Stuhley jabbed out a decision over Jack Moran. Joe Tierney won over Cowboy Marlin Owens, only to have the referee call it a draw. Onyx Roach, popular manager, is in town with Gene Brooks, light-heavy, and Chief Evening Thunder, lightweight.

Fighters and managers wishing to show in Texas should contact Promoter Hugh Benbow, 214½ Main St., Houston, Texas.

K. O. Barrado, sensational 120-pounder from Corpus Christi, punched out easy victories over Red Hutchins and Stanley Adams . . . . Silent Sammy Musco, colorful feather, is back for a series of fights . . . . Pork Chops Alexander beat George Coffey and Frog Sheppard . . . . Marty Simmons decisioned Bill Raggio . . . . Charlie Jerome beat Babe Austin . . . . Austin knocked out Jimmy Hall and lost to Wild Bill McDowell . . . . Cullen Williams flattened Frankie Rao . . . . Billy Pereira stopped Bobby Reed and Johnny LaRue.

Tony Bruno took the measure of Chief Parris in a rousing slugging setto . . . . Matt Martinez gets the palm as the most promising kid around. He has won eleven straight since turning pro, latest victims being Ted Tellos and Myrko Balaban . . . . Eddie Boyle defeated Eddie O'Day and won via foul over Johnny Erjavac . . . . Coldon Aubert and Stanley boxed a couple of draws . . . . Buddy Millard beat Bill Bassett . . . . Jackie Griffin decisioned Kid Leva . . . . Grady Gentry beat Everitt Baker . . . . Clint Moran and Jack Marshall drew . . . . Eddie O'Day beat Johnny Dundee.

Tommy Concannon, Phoenix, Arizona, promoter and manager, is in town with Bobby Seigel, feather; "Bandit" Villaverde, welter; Tabby Romero, welter; and Bobby Gene, lightweight . . . . K. S. "Pop" Hubley is the demon publicity man for Hugh Benbow at Houston and Stanley Paul acts in the same capacity for Dick Griffin at Dallas . . . . "Bandit" Villaverde trimmed Pete Girolamo . . . . Bobby Seigel beat Coldon Aubert and Jimmy Maddox and drew with Kid Comite . . . . Tabby Romero looked good taking the measure of Jimmy LaCroix . . . . Bobby Gene defeated Pete Woods . . . . Lew Jenkins hung the 10-count on venerable Willard Brown . . . . Bobby Allen beat Lid Leva . . . . Winter season opens in Galveston around Sept. 1 with Phil Flake doing the promoting . . . . The writer's address: Houston Press, Houston, Texas . . . . all mail either answered promptly or given to the promoters.

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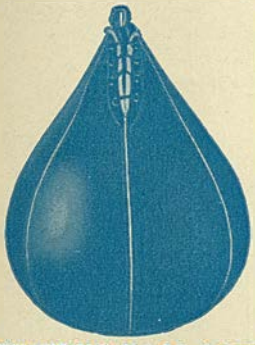

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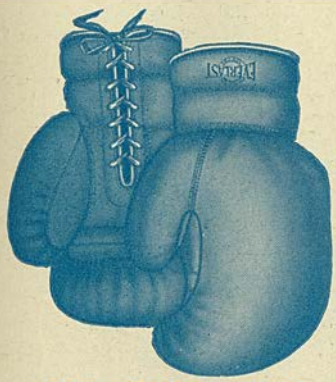

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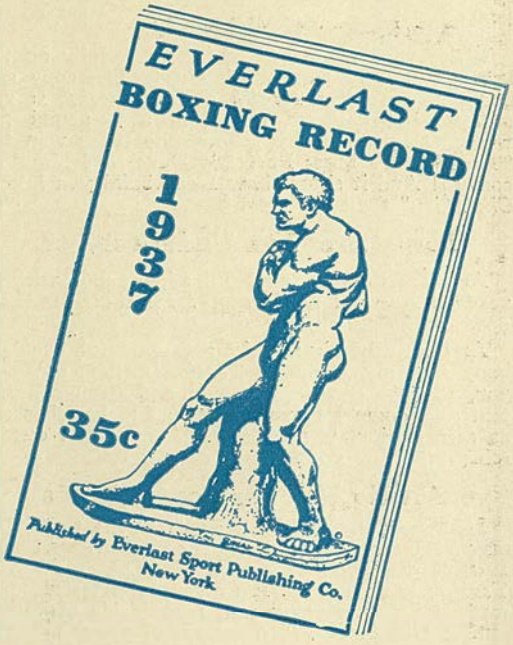

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